

# A Curious Life 1929



George Wehner and Talbot Mundy



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**GEORGE WEHNER**

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

**TALBOT MUNDY**

**A  
CURIOUS  
LIFE**



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## INTRODUCTION



**T**O THOSE who are familiar with Spiritualism in its higher and less sensational aspects Mr. George Wehner needs no introduction; to them he is known as a gentleman *sans peur et sans raproche*, whose acquaintances respect him and whose friends love him. He is in need of no apologies and no advertisement.

But there are probably hundreds of thousands of people who have never heard of Mr. Wehner, and whose opinions about psychics, clairvoyants, clairaudients and mediums in general were formed from sensational reports in newspapers or in conversation with other people who were equally ignorant and prejudiced. Amazing though the fact may seem to any one who knows even only a few of the simplest proven facts about Spiritualism, there are still innumerable people who believe, because they have been told so by somebody else, that nothing ever takes place at a mediumistic seance which cannot be explained away as either trickery or hallucination.

Many other people have been prejudiced by the mistakes of undeveloped, and now and then of dishonest mediums, whose unwise methods and unsatisfactory phenomena have aroused suspicion. And there are hundreds of thousands who yearn for definite assurance of life after death and for intelligible facts with which to

reënforce and confirm their faith in religious teaching, but who are forbidden by the rules of their denomination or the prejudices of their families and friends from investigating for themselves. As an incurable rebel against ungrounded prejudice and unproven authority I recommend this book as an antidote against that sickness of the human mind—that paralysis of common sense, which seizes on the best of us at times, and on some of us all the time, preventing us from accepting or even studying facts which the majority is afraid to recognize, or which the temporary, usually self-elected leaders of opinion tell us are “beneath contempt.”

Truth is, and always has been beneath contempt—beneath it and above it. Contempt may be likened to the sand into which the fabled ostrich sticks his head. It is the emotion exhibited by bigots and it is the substance of the smoke-cloud they emit when they propose to protect their bigotry at all costs, but preferably in the easiest way. Contempt resembles the effluvium exuded by the common and more admirable (because less dishonest) skunk. Its ultimate form is self-contempt, which is fortunately self-destructive. It was contempt which led the recognized authorities of that day to imprison Galileo for declaring that the world moves. It attacked even Newton, who was possibly too busy with the truth to pay attention to it. It persecuted the alchemists, who were the fathers of modern chemistry. We have all seen it leveled at Einstein, Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Jesus, we are told on good authority, was despised by the pundits of His day; and it is a matter of common record that every teacher who has genuinely tried to get at the truth of

what Jesus taught, and at the mother-lode of Truth behind His teaching, has been scurrilously persecuted by that bitterly alert lower instinct of those who think they have something to lose if the truth were revealed.

The human mind is an incorrigible coward. It craves company in its cowardice and it hates (as it hated Jesus) all those individuals who dare to prove that the realms of thought are infinitely larger and more free to roam in than conventional opinion says they are. It dreads the Infinite. It fears unknown dimensions. And above all it detests responsibility. Hysterically it hates the thought that individual responsibility for every word and deed is inescapable and sooner or later must be faced. It seeks to hide from such elementary justice behind whatever cloak convention offers. Ridicule, calumny, clamor—anything will serve—"Great is our Diana of the Ephesians!" And it picks up any stone available to fling at whoever challenges the manhood and love of truth which we hope—which we would like to think—which we pretend, at any rate, to think resides somewhere in every one of us.

Of course, the easiest stone to fling at Spiritualists is the accusation of self-deception and chicanery. Sir Oliver Lodge, for instance, who admittedly understands more scientific laws and knows more of nature's method than most of his critics ever dreamed of, is "self-deceived." Being equipped with a splendid brain, enriched and disciplined by fifty years of scientific and sustained inquiry into the laws that govern natural forces and their phenomena, he, who has studied Spiritualism, is an obvious target for the contempt of those who have not studied it. He, who can measure atoms

and the velocity of light, and who talks with his son who was slain in the war, obviously is a proper object for the ridicule of critics who can do none of these things and who probably lack the ambition to do them.

It is always easier to ridicule a thinker, than to think.

It would be interesting to meet an opponent of Spiritualism who had actually devoted to its critical study one ten-thousandth of the patient zeal that daily is devoted to invention of new tooth-pastes or the concoction of boot-leg liquor.

It should be borne in mind that to be worth attention criticism must be fair. Prejudice is probably not separable from the human mind at this stage of its evolution, but fairness is possible, even if difficult. At least nine-tenths of the allegedly scientific "tests" of psychic phenomena made by the opponents of Spiritualism have been made under conditions so grossly unfair as to make their production and proof problematic, if not impossible. For instance: if we should challenge a great artist to paint a picture under our hostile gaze, clothed in uncomfortable garments of our choosing, in a place of our selection, in an atmosphere of suspicion, would it be logical or just to brand him as a "faker" if he should generously accept the challenge but produce a mere "daub"? Or place a poet in the same predicament—or a composer of music. Or subject to a similar test a group of bankers, with a difficult problem in high finance to be worked out in a room crowded with suspicious enemies alert to challenge every spark of genius before it could enlarge itself into a flame. Would any responsible group of bankers accept such a challenge?

Or would a surgeon agree to perform a major operation under such conditions?

Whoever has done inspirational work of any kind knows what it means to wear an old coat or to sit in a familiar chair in a friendly environment. We may not know why these are an aid to inspiration, and those who merely criticize our work instead of doing their own may call us fools for our attachment to the coat or chair; nevertheless, we know—and they are merely advertising what they do not know. In the same way, a medium knows exactly under what conditions he can best become a channel for the forces that it is proposed shall use him; and he has as much right to specify those conditions as an electrician or a photographer, or a poet or musician has to specify the conditions under which he will produce what is demanded of him. Who would challenge a photographer to take a portrait in a dim room filled with red smoke? Obviously, no one but an imbecile. And none but an ignoramus, or a dishonest photographer with a trick up his sleeve, or an unwise optimist who hoped to take advantage of some fluke of light and smoke, would consent to such a test. Yet mediums are frequently challenged to meet more trying tests than any of those mentioned; and they are denounced if they refuse to try to produce their delicate phenomena while surrounded by thought forms and vibrations that make the task impossible. The marvel is that they succeed as often as they do, not that they fail now and then.

The charge of fraud is frequent and is sometimes proven. It would be miraculous if that were not so; it would, in fact, be more miraculous than any of the

miracles of religion or science. No reasonable person would pretend to expect to find exclusively saintly adventurers into such an unexplored field as Spiritualism admittedly is. The time to make wholesale imputations of fraud against mediums as a class may suitably, perhaps, begin when in the prisons of the world there are no judges, ministers of the Gospel, reformers, scientists, doctors, bankers, editorial writers, reporters—it may be fair, perhaps, when even one social layer or profession is no longer represented in the amazing lists of criminals that are a matter of public record.

Mediums are human. They include among their number many ignorant as well as many highly educated people. The very sensitiveness of their organism makes it difficult for some of them to earn a living at the ordinary, humdrum tasks. Nevertheless, they need money. That same sensitiveness has made many an undeveloped medium temporarily incapable of functioning; inexperience, and possibly personal vanity has combined with need of money to induce him, nevertheless, to make the attempt; and natural human obliquity has sometimes tempted some of them to resort to trickery to offset ill-health or whatever the determining cause of incapacity may be. Some inexperienced mediums—perhaps carried away by the spirit of showmanship, or fun—or possibly, like Barnum, eager to provide sensation—or, in other instances, actuated by a characteristically human wish to score off their opponents have countered unfair critical methods with equally reprehensible deception. Undoubtedly some criminals are mediums, just as some are politicians, artists, religious

fanatics, and so on. Do we prohibit the medical use of morphia because some rascals use it wrongly?

By no means are all mediums as highly developed or of as unquestionably high personal character as Mr. George Wehner, although there are others of like quality and equal integrity. It is unfortunate, though true, that there are "quacks," crooks and incompetents in the ranks of Spiritualism as in every other walk of life.

The attempt has been frequently made to indict and condemn every professional medium for the lapses of some from high standards of ethics; but does the attempt convince the logical observer of anything except the malignity, or stupidity, or both, of the accusers making that attempt? Do we condemn religion and all religionists because of the behavior of certain priests, or of certain groups of priests? Do we condemn literature because of certain journalists? Is law repudiated because legislators have been hanged? Doctors have made mistakes of diagnosis, causing the death, or failing to prevent the death of so many victims that it would be impossible to make a list of them; ignorant doctors have probably killed more people than all the wars and all the hangmen ever did—but shall we therefore stop investigation of the laws that govern health and sickness and entirely ignore the fact that most doctors are honorable men and many of them have performed what amount to miracles of healing?

Dame Partington with her broom, trying to sweep back the broad Atlantic, was no more futile than the fanatics are who seek to stay, with their "contempt," this latter-day tide of awakening that seems (I make no claim to more than surmise based on study) to have

started simultaneously with the assault by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky ("H.P.B.") on the case-hardened shell of organized and willful ignorance—so profitable for the few and so cruelly hard on the many. It is since her heroic challenge to the *powers that thought they were* that common consciousness has loosed itself and all the sciences have so invaded the Unknown that no man any longer dares to limit them or say where knowledge must eventually cease. Are the shackles that bind religion bursting day by day? It seems so, although some of the shackled seem to hope not. Do the stars grow nearer, and more familiar, through the lenses of such telescopes as man's imagination hardly dared to hint at fifty years ago? Newspapers herald the fact. In the Subway I have heard stenographers discussing Spiral Nebulæ, with utterly astonishing inaccuracy, it is true, and with a sense of limitation like a mouse's in a trap; but, it seems to me, that is better than to swear the Spiral Nebulæ do not exist and to accuse as charlatans and liars those who say they see them through their telescopes.

Those Spiral Nebulæ are distant—millions of light-years distant. Birth and death are so much nearer to us that comparison makes loom that door of death through which we all go presently—to what? Is speculation idle—or immoral? Is it vain or lacking in common sense and dignity to wish to glimpse beyond that veil—with the purpose, possibly, in mind of using this life as a better preparation for the next one, than it might be if we slumbered this one through in careless ignorance? Who was it told us to awake?

I, of my own knowledge, know that Mr. Wehner is

## INTRODUCTION

a medium through whom, at times, such wisdom speaks as is not to be found in books. In circumstances under which no fraud was possible, while he was in complete trance, in an apartment in which he had never previously been, such information came through him as could not possibly have been obtained by human agency, or by thought reading or thought transference in any ordinary meaning of those terms. No more than Mr. Wehner am I interested in convincing any person who prefers to continue in ignorance; nor do I wish to introduce him to those specialists whose *modus vivendi* is based on money received for slanderous assaults on the integrity of others. But I do suggest that jealousy (a not incurable complaint) has blinded some folk to the truth that certain others can, and do communicate with the deathless spirits of the so-called dead, to the mutual advantage of both "dead" and "living." And to those not prejudiced by fear, conceit, superstition or jealousy beyond the point where they can recognize integrity of statement and of purpose, it is my privilege and sincere pleasure to recommend Mr. George Wehner's book as an entertaining and illuminating flashlight on a scientific problem, than which I believe there is none more challenging, important and inspiring in the world to-day.

TALBOT MUNDY

The Erroneous Pagination Appears As It Was In The Original Book.



**I** WAS BORN to fulfill  
a prophecy.

Years before my father's marriage he had quarreled with H.P.B. (Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the foundress of the Theosophical Society) regarding her views on matters occult. The mystical "Old Lady" had replied to his arguments characteristically, "Well, you fool, if you won't believe me, you will be convinced of these things one day—and that too, by God—through your very own child!" With which cryptic remark she had turned her back and rolled a cigarette. My father laughed derisively, for the idea of marriage, much less of fatherhood, had not yet entered his head.

But strangely enough, years afterward, I came into the world on the very anniversary of H.P.B.'s birth, July the thirtieth. Midsummer, when the forces of nature were at a climax, when the sap had lifted to the very tips of the trees, when the great currents of the earth and stars were at their height.

I was born with certain faculties, which in most people sleep, but which in me were awakened. These faculties have made of me throughout my life a veritable radio-receiving-station. Because of this my life has been a curious one. What these strange gifts are, the experiences of my life may help to prove.

I was born with a caul, or veil, and according to my old Irish nurse, would turn out to be as a result of this, a "weird child," endowed with an uncanny gift. This gift would be a bridge between the "here" and "there." By means of it I would be able to see and talk with the people of the other world. And I would be able to see the "little people," just as her mother did in Ireland. These "little people," I have since learned, are really the elementary sprites of Nature.

My old nurse was a dreamer. She wondered if I would use my gift for good or for evil. So she concocted what she thought to be a test. Holding before my baby hands a crucifix that had been blessed by Pope Leo XIII she waited expectantly. Imagine her joy when I reached out and seized it with both hands! Drawing it toward me I opened my eyes very wide and gave her a look, clear and penetrating. This caused her to believe a "knowing spirit" had entered my baby organism. A seed had fallen into fertile earth.

On account of my attraction to her crucifix, this dear old soul has always believed that I would use my gift for good, and the answer to that must lie with those who have since been guided and helped by it. And because of this first impulsive action of mine, she has also believed, bless her, that I would die a good Roman Catholic.

The first psychic experience that I can remember goes back to the time when I was still held in my mother's arms. And it came about because of my intense love for my mother. I am glad that the beginning of my psychic experiences emerged from the feeling of

love, for love is the most reliable door of communication with the other spheres.

I relate this experience partly from my dim memory of it, but mostly from what my aunts have told me. It seems that as a very young child my unusual clinging to my mother was most marked. I remember that I felt she might be taken away from me and that I might never be able to see her again. No amount of reasoning from elders would change this idea. My father, always harsh, scolded. My aunts sympathized. My mother was pleased. I persisted. According to my aunts I used to break into violent sobbing as the thought of parting rushed over me.

At such times I would throw my arms around my mother's neck and cling to her as if I would keep her with me forever. Then always, behind her would appear the misty form of what I called in my childish talk, the "Man-with-feathers." An Indian! What the man was, meant nothing to me. I was too young to understand what an Indian was. But I knew a man when I saw one, and I understood what feathers were.

I was not surprised to see such a person standing there. Children are not surprised when they see what their elders cannot. It is so natural for children to function through every one of their God-given faculties. They have not yet become immersed in materiality. They are still normal. It is their parents who become blind and abnormal.

I did not learn till years after that this "Man-with-feathers" was my dear old guardian, White Cloud. White Cloud, now familiarly known to hundreds of

people as a patient, sincere telephone operator between two worlds.

In those childhood days I did not always see the Indian's entire form, but always the face would shine forth clearly and the eyes would impress me with a strange, sad smile, which made me feel that I must make the most of my days with my mother, as she would be called away from me all too soon. This proved to be true, for although I had her love and care throughout my childhood, she passed on in my sixteenth year.

It was not always White Cloud I was seeing when the family discovered me gazing into space as though watching some invisible presence. When asked what I saw I would complacently reply, "big fat lady." Long afterward I discovered this personage to be our beloved H.P.B.

During my early childhood I lived with my parents in a house in Detroit, Michigan. This City-of-the-Straits and its vicinity in the Great Lakes region is known to be a great psychic center. It was so regarded by the Indians in the olden days. And it has given to the world several noted psychics. I relate this to show that it may not have been mere chance that I happened to be born in such a place. In this Detroit house, I slept in an upstairs room. I remember that Martha, the maid, had a difficult time with me, for although it was very warm weather, I insisted upon being covered with more than a sheet. The reason for this was, that every night after I had been put to bed, I felt something tugging at the sheet. Turning quickly upon one occasion, I distinctly saw a hand, a withered old hand, slyly pulling at the bedclothes. That was

enough for me. I remember letting out a shrill scream which brought Martha in great alarm to my side.

Numerous times this startling disturbance was repeated. Martha told of it to my parents. My mother often came in and sat with me until I dropped into slumber. But my father objected, claiming that I was being mollicoddled, and that it was all a stubborn persistence upon my part to have my mother remain near to me. Then the annoyance took on a new aspect.

The hand did not frighten me now. Instead, I would fall asleep peacefully, but after apparently a few minutes, I would find myself standing in my nightgown at the top of the front stairs. I seemed to be perfectly conscious, but much lighter in weight, and my one desire was to get to the bottom of the stairs.

It seemed to take me a while to make up my mind to descend, but when I did, instead of taking steps, I simply floated down. And the strangest part of it was that as I floated down I drew in my breath in a long whistle. After reaching the lower floor I always seemed to start to float on to some other place, but it all ended in my being rudely shaken to wakefulness by my father. I had been sleep-walking!

Poor father! He had his times with my erratic flights of psychism.

Not always at night did unusual things occur to me. One beautiful spring day my mother took me out for a walk. It was on the outskirts of the city, and I remember we were going to a florist's gardens to get some flowers for an aunt who lay very ill.

We were peacefully passing an old house which stood back from the road. From around this house came the

sound of dogs barking madly. The man who lived there kept bloodhounds. One of these, an ugly, bad-tempered brute, had broken loose from his kennel. Down the lane he came, dragging his broken chain with him, and tearing straight toward us.

My poor mother was terrified. She was about to take me in her arms and run. The owner of the dog rushed out of the house and called to us not to move. With a cry of warning to me my mother stood perfectly still as if frozen.

A short distance from us the dog halted, restlessly shifting his feet, snarling and growling ominously. The bristles on his neck lifted in a ruff.

Between him and me stood the ethereal form of the "Man-with-feathers." White Cloud! My protector!

I saw him very plainly. So did the dog. At once all fear left me. Straight up to the bloodhound I toddled and impulsively threw my arms around his neck.

Instantly the growling ceased. The ugliness went out of that huge face, and with a few whines, the trembling animal dropped his head and began licking my face. We were friends!

All this occurred when I was from three to five years old. I had not yet learned to see as other people saw, but used my psychic senses quite naturally.

In my early childhood days, my grandmother had built a very charming house on what was then the outskirts of the city, Detroit, just beyond the beautiful grounds of what is now called Gladwin Park, near Lake St. Claire. Where all is now well-paved streets built up with stately homes and the ever encroaching apartment house, at that time, twenty-five years ago,

nothing but meadows and patches of woods extended for miles back from the river and lake, and upward through Grosse Pointe.

My grandmother's was the first modern house to be built in that vicinity, and I well remember driving to it with my mother, and passing through a picturesque old toll-gate on Jefferson Avenue. And those meadows! Such flower-laden fields I have never since seen.

Grandmother's property was in the midst of this delightful place. Here the air in summer was ever fragrant with the fresh marsh-breath blowing in from the lake.

And it was a very psychic spot. This whole lake region is. It seems this is true of wherever great bodies of fresh water are flowing. And these waters come down from the magnetic north. The Indians regarded this whole section as sacred, and along the lakes found many places of healing.

Many a time on long, sunny mornings, I have seen bands of Indian spirits filing by on their ghostly trail, always passing down to the river. Going where? White Cloud was never with them. He was more often with me, and at such times he never seemed to pay the slightest attention to the passing Indian bands. Nor did they appear to notice us.

I have often remarked this attitude with spirits in general. They sometimes walk about apparently unconscious of the presence of earth-people. At such times they do not appear to see us any more than most of us see them.

Those were happy days among the Michigan meadows. I used to wander about for hours at a time

with only White Cloud for a companion, and never do I hear the silvery whistle of the meadowlarks or the shrill cry of a killdeer, but these scenes of my childhood arise once more before me.

Playing carefree and wild through these meadows, I often encountered various kinds of elementals . . . the "little people." Whole troops of the fairy and pixie type, who dwelt beneath the sweet clover which stood five or six feet high. That clover! There were acres and acres of it running wild. The most intriguing paths led through it. And between the high stalks of the clover I made many by-paths for myself.

One of these paths led to a secret pool, fed by an old spring. To me it was a secret pool, for the reason that I never encountered any human being there. This waste land was the remains of an old ranch; the paths had been made by cattle; and the pool had been their watering place.

But to my adventuresome spirit the secret pool was enshrouded in mystery. And no wonder.

Once again I am sitting there on an old boulder, watching schools of baby catfish scuttle away through the depths of the pool. The morning sun is putting a brilliant rainbow in every dewdrop. My eyes are blurred with the green all around me, and dazzled by the white of the clover. My senses are drugged by the heavy fragrance. My ears are lulled by the humming of a million bees. My soul is swooning with beauty. A strange sensation passes through my head—a feeling under the skin of the upper part of my face—as if a tissue were being drawn out—a veil being subtly extracted. Because of this my eyes are able to see clearer. It is as

though another eye inside my head is now able to look out through my physical eyes and see what the outer eye cannot see.

Down by the edge of the pool there is a movement. Something is stirring where before all seemed quiet. I direct my reinforced gaze upon the spot—no effort, no strain at all—and see a multitude of eerie creatures trooping along the pool beaches, and in and out of the spaces between the high stems of the clover.

They are tiny, miniature people! And yet, they are not entirely human-looking.

What a joy wells up in my discovery! What childish delight! Fairies are real—elves, pixies and gnomes—and all the rest of them, happily existing outside of books. No joy-killing grown-up can laugh away this truth from me now. My eyes have seen how wonderful life suddenly has become!

These fairy-folk . . . how big were they, what did they wear, and what on earth were they doing?

They stood, I should judge as I look back upon that first glimpse of them, about two or three inches in height. There were men and women. I do not remember seeing children then, although I have since seen fairy-children whom I shall describe later on. These people wore clothes; the women, clinging, rather flowing robes; the men, little jackets and short breeches. The coloring of their clothing was rather pale; faded greens, yellows and browns.

But not a single wing did I see extending from any shoulder. Contrary to the children's story-books, these little people evidently were not fliers. Later on, however, in quite another locality which I will tell about

when the time comes for it in my narrative, I did see fairies with wings.

Spellbound with wonder at the sight I beheld, I still felt disappointed at their winglessness. Stories had taught me that fairies wore wings, and here I was being cheated. But fancy my delight and amazement when I saw a large black and yellow swallow-tail butterfly arrive with several of these dainty people seated between the broad wings! And now and again a little man dashed madly by astride a bee!

Whether it was some fairy holiday or what, I do not know, but they all seemed bent on having a good time. Many of them trooped down to the water's edge, where I distinctly saw them disrobe and enter the pool, splash about and swim, just as human beings do.

From this early childhood's amazing adventure in clairvoyance, through all the subsequent psychic experiences of my life, nothing has ever seemed surprising, unusual or impossible. Can you wonder, however, at a father's anxiety over the condition of a child who saw such sights and who spoke casually of them as if they were the veriest realities? No matter how much I was read to, reasoned with, or scolded I persisted in being immune to sophisticated human viewpoints.

I knew my worlds!

I used to gather around me my playmates, children of neighboring families, and take them into my confidence regarding these occasional glimpses of the fairy-folk, but more often they laughed at me than they listened. And usually they ran away, leaving me alone with my precious memories. So I became rather a solitary child, shy of expressing myself.

There was also a certain spot which I now know for a fact to have been originally an old lake bottom, but the truth of which then I must only have sensed. I used to sit on the ground and tell the other children about it. So graphically did I picture the blue-green depths, the swaying water-weeds, and even the fish and reptiles that once inhabited it, that I evidently made them believe they were actually back in those ancient days, sitting in the midst of a very wet atmosphere, for they began to cry and scream in terror. It took some persuasion on my part to convince them that they were not going to be drowned or devoured by the monsters I had so vividly described.

And then I remember how mightily afraid I was they would go and tell my father how I had frightened them. By much cajoling I finally got them to promise not to tell a soul. I was a most mischievous, trying little imp.

And then there were the gypsies. Wandering bands of these dark-skinned nomads used to camp in the patches of woods on the outskirts of the meadows. They were to me as sugar is to bees. All the warnings, scoldings and threats of the entire family could not keep me away from them. Some subtle attraction drew me to their camps.

I used to lie under the haw-trees with the gypsy children in the midst of tethered horses and watch the women cooking over glowing fires. I used to listen to them sing wild melodies, or play the violin. Usually the men played the violins, and they played with such a joyous abandon, and such enchanting conceptions poured forth from their fingers and bows, that I was

shaken to the depths of my emotions, and fervently longed to be one of their number.

With the children I played in and out of the vans as freely as though I belonged to them. And many a time I knew very well whose chickens were boiling in their pots!

I watched these gypsies laugh over the way they had fooled people who came to them to have their fortunes told. But yet, when they were in trouble or doubt over anything, they used to lose no time in consulting their best readers of the cards. They seemed to have great faith in cards. They consulted the hands of their clients, but for themselves they read the cards. There were certain old women and men in whom they appeared to have a great deal of faith.

Among these gypsies I contacted several gypsy spirits, and these spirits have often come to me ever since. I used to see them in the woods, by the river, nearly always out of doors. One, a woman, has helped me greatly through life at times when I needed to understand clairvoyantly people or situations. I shall speak more about her, and a strange gift she gave me, later.

About this time I made a strange acquaintance. It was with an old Irish woman, by name Mrs. Briggs, but nicknamed "the Vanilla Woman." She was a professional peddler, and went about from house to house with her wares in a basket. She sold vanilla, thread, shoestrings, and various other odds and ends. She was a devout Catholic, and many a family feared to refuse her a sale, because when they did, she would mutter to herself and mark crosses in the dust with her cane

before their doors. They thought that she was cursing them. Many of the children called her a witch.

A witch . . . that alluring word sealed my friendship with the old woman immediately. I felt she was a friend worth having.

Many a day in roaming through the fields in search of meadowlarks' nests, I came across the Vanilla Woman sitting on a stone telling her beads. I would sit beside her and listen to her talk to the "little people." They would swarm around her in troops, and seemed especially fond of her. She seemed to have some uncanny connection with them, because she would mutter to them, and at a wave of her cane they would disappear, or else come flocking around her at the bidding of her will.

This being in league with the supposedly invisible and fictitious folk-lore-people fascinated me.

The Vanilla Woman was thought to be crazy. But my grandmother who used to help her out now and again with little sums of money, used to listen to her with more than a careless ear. Grandmother, herself a marvelous natural psychic, naturally recognized this faculty in others. Not until many years after did I learn that grandmother had always known I was a psychic. She never talked about these matters openly before me, on account of my father's adverse attitude. When father heard of the Vanilla Woman's "yarns," he used to roar with contemptuous laughter.

At that time I had an aunt, Fanny, who was only fifteen years old. She made an ideal companion for me and we were inseparable playmates. She, like myself,

was a rather weird child. Fanny was extremely psychic. In fact we were a psychic family.

On many of these wanderings through the countryside, and in many clandestine meetings with the Vanilla Woman, Fanny was my partner. We three, together with the "little people" formed a jolly company on many a sunshiny day. Fanny had a curious way of making friends with insects and birds. She always had lumps of sugar in her pockets, with which to beguile ants, and we had a regular round of ant-hills to visit. Fanny claimed that ants had a language of their own, and that she could hear the murmur of their tiny voices. I remember sitting under the spreading haw-trees and seeing wild birds fly down to perch upon her shoulder.

One bright day, when Fanny was in the house studying her lessons, and Grandmother and I were out in the garden, the Vanilla Woman chanced in. During her conversation with Grandmother she spoke of my dear little companion, Fanny, in tones that sent a strange chill to my heart.

"And how is the little girl these days?" asked the Vanilla Woman.

"Why, very well indeed," answered Grandmother.

"I'm not so sure of that, ma'am," said the Vanilla Woman, a mysterious expression on her wrinkled face.

"Why, what do you mean?" questioned Grandmother, growing anxious.

For a moment the Vanilla Woman was silent, looking down at a bed of pansies. Then she looked up at Grandmother and her eyes were wet with tears. "Oh,

ma'am, are ye so sure the little girl isn't fading away before your very eyes?"

"What! Fading away—our little Fanny? Don't say such a dreadful thing!" replied Grandmother.

"You will see," repeated the Vanilla Woman, now crying copiously. "The little girl will not be with us long now. She's not of this earth, and she's marked for the other world, she is indeed. 'Twill be missin' her I'll be whin I make me rounds. Good day, ma'am!" Slowly she went out the lattice-gate and down the road. Grandmother remained thoughtful, standing by the pansy bed. I stole away. A lump of ice lay in my heart. I had seen little lifeless birds. . . . I knew what the Vanilla Woman meant.

A short time after this the prophecy of the Vanilla Woman began to be fulfilled. Fanny began to fail in health. Like a flower that is through with earth she grew lighter and more transparent. Everything that was possible was done to hold her here. Science availed nothing. As the Vanilla Woman had said, she was marked for the other world.

Soon she could not run the meadows with me, but was confined to her bed. But there was not a complaint or a tear from her. Her eyes gave forth a bright mystical light like a star in the night. Every one remarked it. Friends came to see her daily. They filled her room with the flowers she loved so well. People came to sympathize, but they went away wondering; they left, filled with a faith caught from the dying girl.

"I am going away," Fanny told them, "but I am going to a happier world. I am glad to go there because I have seen it, and I know where I am going." People

could not understand. What was so natural and beautiful, seemed sad and unnatural to them. Bishop Burgess of the Episcopalian Church came often to sit and read to her. He remarked that her faith was beyond anything he had ever witnessed before.

One afternoon, my Aunt Emma went into Fanny's room to give her something or other. As she opened the door she heard Fanny speaking to some one. But on entering, she was surprised to see perched on the foot of the bedstead, a beautiful robin. Now, the bird darted out of the open window.

"Oh, why did you disturb us?" asked Fanny. "Jack (her brother in spirit) has just told me that I am going to leave you soon, and he brought in the robin to cheer me up."

"Why, Fanny," exclaimed Aunt Emma, "what on earth do you mean?"

"I have just heard that I am going to die," whispered Fanny. "It will be on Thursday. So you had better send for little George on Wednesday—I want to see him once more before I go."

This sounded so incredible that no one could take it seriously. Yet it all happened as she said it would. My mother was ill at the time and so I was not taken to see Aunt Fanny on that Wednesday. Consequently I never did see her again in her earth-life. She passed on during Thursday morning. It was a happy, a joyous passing.

This was my first experience with death. I was taken to see Aunt Fanny for the last time. Lying on her bier she looked as delicate and fragile as the flowers which covered her, but I knew it was not she.

## A CURIOUS LIFE

The real Fanny was walking about the room with us, smiling and happy. I saw her. I did not feel, although the parting was sad, that she had left us.

But the Vanilla Woman's prophecy had been fulfilled!



**A** GREAT change was now to come into my life. My parents had decided to go to Newburgh-on-Hudson to live. My father had studied art there years before, under the noted American sculptor, Henry Kirk Brown, now deceased, and we were going to live in the same old home and studios so dearly beloved by my father. I was wild with excitement over the prospect of new scenes and events.

At last the day of parting from my grandmother and aunts arrived. The parting was hard; it seemed cruel. But of course there was the relieving thought that one could return some day. At last we boarded the train and sped forth, I, thrilled with the spirit of adventure, into what was to me an entirely new world.

This journey was my first experience on a train. I was delighted. When I was tucked away in my berth for the night, everything seemed so mysterious . . . the roaring of the wheels, the creaking and straining of the woodwork, the trembling curtains the color of green forest leaves, the soft lights, and the murmur of voices now and again drowned by the whistle from the engine.

I sat up, lifted the window-shade, and pressing my face close against the glass, peered forth into the early spring darkness. Dark shapes flashed by, light patches

that were farm-houses near the tracks; twinkling villages; great, black voids; and white, curling steam and smoke. I thought the train, in my ever dramatizing imagination, as it sped along, to be a fiery meteor carrying me on its back in its hurtling flight through the night.

I distinctly remember feeling a sense of great power under, over, and all around me. And I connected this sensation with that of my sleep-walking episode when I seemed to be floating down the staircase in the house in Detroit. My body was subconsciously psychometrizing or sensing the vibrations of the train and the power driving it. I remember feeling that getting to places rapidly, flying through the air as it were, ought to be perfectly natural and something that could be accomplished at will, and at any time.

This idea, manifesting there on the train for the first time to me, was, I believe, a forerunner of the "flights" of my spirit from the body, which occurred so often later on in my life. I lay for a long time, turning these rather weighty thoughts of flying, over and over in my childish mind. Then I slept.

We arrived in Newburgh-on-Hudson on the first of May. It was a glorious day. I remember it seemed like a world of sunshine . . . a world of green . . . a world of flowers and bird-songs . . . as we drove into the grounds of "Little Brook," my father's old home, and my new one.

The house at "Little Brook" was old and large and rambling. It had many fond associations connected with its old rooms, for there had congregated in them in times gone by, many distinguished people and not

a few notables. The grounds about the house were spacious and held hills and woods in plenty. A beautiful brook which found its source in the mountains babbled through its rocky course and made in front of the house a good-sized pond before rushing on under quaint bridges through deep ravines to empty its waters into the Hudson.

It was one of my chief delights to run away from every one and spend delightful hours beside this pond and brook. And to my great joy I found that I had not left entirely behind in Michigan my "little people." The fairy-folk and elementals—the nature-spirits—were here in great number and variety.

The elementals that lived at "Little Brook" I shall roughly divide into two classes; those that lived inside the old house, and those that lived in the woods near the brook, and in the fields and old gravel quarry. For they were quite different types of beings.

The sprites that lived in the house were the nearest in appearance to the story-creatures. They were really little hobgoblins, about twelve inches in height. Their faces resembled brown, shriveled apples, but their expressions were quite human. They wore clothing.

It was my firm belief that they lived in the old furniture, for they always appeared to emerge from it, and often their clothing appeared to be woven from the upholstery, though usually it looked heavy and stiff, as though somehow fashioned from the fiber of the wood of the furniture itself.

These goblins used to appear to me usually when I was alone in the rooms, and as often by day as by night. I used to amuse my little sister for hours describing

them to her, but I don't for one minute think she believed I really saw them. Nor will she now, I am afraid, when she reads this!

They spent most of their time frisking awkwardly about the furniture, or in playing a kind of tag with one another. Sometimes they would pause to stare at me with rather stupid smiles on their droll faces. If any one entered the room suddenly they immediately darted back to the furniture and mysteriously disappeared somewhere in the depths of the upholstery and woodwork!

I remember one little fellow who wore a suit of mouse-skin. Usually on gloomy, rainy days, he came out of a mouse-hole in a china-closet in the dining-room.

He would sit and make hideous grimaces at me, or do acrobatic stunts on the rungs of chairs. He seemed to delight in slyly pushing down the towers of blocks we had so carefully erected. And how he did love to tease the cats!

I have seen him hang on a cat's tail for dear life while the enraged creature swished him back and forth and dragged him all about the room. Sometimes he would chase a mouse out of the china-closet before the cat's very eyes, and clap his tiny hands in glee at the pursuit which promptly followed.

Often, when there were guests for dinner, he would pull their napkins on to the floor, repeatedly, until the guests were most embarrassed at their apparent awkwardness. I recall one day very vividly when a pompous old Scotch clergyman was a guest at luncheon. He was a frequent visitor at the house and never drank anything but milk. So a tall glass of fresh, cool milk stood

at his plate. Just as he was about to take the glass in his hand, I saw the goblin who had climbed up his chair and onto the table, give the glass a sudden shove. Over went the milk! Much confused, the old gentleman offered his apologies. Another glass was poured for him, but just as he was about to take it again, the seeming accident occurred once more. The milk ran to the center of the table and formed a messy puddle. The goblin was delighted and waved his arms and grimaced in elfin glee.

The poor clergyman's face was redder than any tomato, and his hand trembled in his confusion. Napkins were hastily spread before him amidst the reassurances of my mother, and another portion of milk was poured; this time the gentleman holding the glass firmly in his hand. I, as much an imp of mischief as ever was the goblin, could not control my gigglings, and in consequence, was sent from the table in disgrace. Later, I received from my father, an argument on manners more telling and lasting in effect than any mere words could give!

I never saw this playful goblin in any other room of the house, and I often wonder if he still haunts that old dining-room. Many years later, I revisited this dear home of my childhood memories and found the place converted into a wayside inn. Having obtained permission to wander once more through the old familiar rooms, I longed wistfully for a glimpse of these strange "little people," but I saw none. Only the spirit of my mother went step by step with me through this setting of bygone happiness.

Another goblin lived in an ancient wooden bedstead,

and if I frightened my little sister by my stories of his appearances, it was nothing to what he did to me during many a night. His little, withered head would appear amidst the carving, and slowly his whole form would emerge. His clothing seemed to be wooden also, like the bedstead. But this goblin never did more than to creep out as far as my pillow and frighten me nearly to death.

That bedstead was an uncanny thing at best. It was always giving off sly jolts and creaks and loud raps. If furniture may be said to possess individuality, this piece held it in high degree and that of no very friendly character.

Many a time while I occupied that haunted bed I used to waken and cry out in terror at sight of a long, withered hand, which reached out mysteriously above my head and pointed a shriveled finger at me. I was accused of having nightmares. But I know it was no such thing. A nightmare was a tame affair beside one of those experiences.

An old, bearded man in a gray dressing-gown used to stand sometimes at the foot of this bed and smile sadly at me. Perhaps it was his shriveled hand I saw. This apparition never spoke, nor uttered any sound. The old man simply appeared, smiled wanly, and vanished. What did this poor troubled spirit wish to tell? Had he died in this very bed?

If only there had been those about who understood! I was too young to comprehend that possibly this spirit desired to tell something. I did not even realize that I was clairvoyant. I only knew that I saw these things occur and that they sometimes frightened me when they

were ugly, and I hardly dared to tell of them to my parents.

My mother had an Irish cook in whom I did confide a few of these choice incidents. She seemed to accept them at their face value, for she told me that her grandmother in Ireland saw all the things I did, only a great deal more. It seems that her grandmother appeared to be a special favorite with the "good little people," and had a great deal to do with bewitched cows and banshees and leprechauns. The cook confided in me, first extracting a promise that I would never tell my mother, that every night she left a saucer of milk on the stone before the kitchen range for the house-goblins, for she had seen them too. "Like me grandmither," she explained, "you and me has the second-sight."

We had a dog that came to a tragic end through the annoyance of these goblin-elementals. They pinched his tail, tickled his ears, and rode on his back, until the poor fellow went wild. He saw them as plainly as I did, and often snarled and snapped at them.

My mother, seeing the dog acting so strangely, snapping and chasing wildly about after nothing, grew alarmed. She became convinced he was going mad. I tried to make her believe he was only bothered with fleas. But when he grew so irritable that he snapped at her, she complained to my father, and it was with great difficulty that I dissuaded them from having the dear old fellow shot. But I only succeeded in saving him for a short time. He got so savage from this constant teasing that he would jump and bite at the least unexpected movement of anyone. At last, one day, he did bite a stranger who suddenly entered the grounds. He

was taken by the gardener down to the meadow, and there, while I shrieked and cried and hurled all the swear-words I knew at the executioner, my beloved old comrade was shot.

My mother was devoted to painting, and my father was a sculptor, and as both were very temperamental and highly strung, I have seen them made frantic by the pranks of the elf-spirits. Father, who was especially sensitive without knowing it, was the easier played with.

I have seen him in the studio try to pick up a certain tool at least half-a-dozen times without success. Each time it would slip mysteriously from his fingers. Of course, I could see the mischief-maker poking it out of his hand. At first, my father would pay no attention to the mishap, but after several in succession had occurred he would start to swear, and by the time the half dozen mark was reached he would hurl the bewitched tool madly against the studio wall and turn savagely upon me. He always seemed to connect me with these strange episodes, and usually found me with a broad grin on my face. My grin, however, generally faded rapidly, as my father had a violent temper and did not hesitate to vent it upon me, whom he considered a tantalizing little devil. And I did secretly glory in these goblin-pranks, for I was fully as mischievous as they, and by my attitude of mind probably aided them not a little.

My mother was not exempt from their antics. She would sometimes spend an hour or two searching for a favorite brush or tube of paint that she vowed she had taken care to leave in a certain place. Hours later it

would be found tucked away under some piece of old tapestry or maybe, beneath an unused palette.

I remember once that a pair of scissors disappeared in this weird manner. Every room was carefully searched without a trace of them being discovered.

What brought it about I can't now recall, but I remember I was brought in and rather cuttingly asked to find the scissors through the use of my peculiar powers. If I could see things that no one else could and that were of no earthly importance, why now for once couldn't I see something really useful?

I took up the dare and said I would try. Slowly I went from room to room followed by several members of the household. Suddenly, in the library, a goblin appeared and pointed mockingly to a corner of the rug.

"The scissors are under that rug," I said boldly, but my heart was in my mouth. I was not so sure but what the goblin might be playing a joke on me too. But thank heaven, when they turned back the rug, there lay the scissors.

And what was my reward for this? The insistence from my father that I, myself, had hidden them there, and only wanted to make fools of the household for my own amusement! I got in such a rage over this at first, and felt so hurt by it later, that for a very long time I never saw sign of a goblin, and since then I never have been able to induce them to show me the place where they have hidden anything.

The elementals of the woods and brook were not quite so human in their looks as were those of the house. Those wee-creatures who dwelt beneath the sweeping pine branches and amidst the clefts in the rocks looked

like small, dwarfed brownies, only that their faces seemed more like those of small animals. They were ten or twelve inches in height and wore pieces of bark, snake-sloughs, and cobwebs.

Those who lived in the water were very different. They were a little smaller in size and wore no clothing at all, but possessed bodies resembling little fish and eels. They were a rollicking, happy crowd, and they would wave at me and shout with tinkling voices as they passed on their way to the river. Often, during a warm summer rain, they would come to the surface of the pond and chase each other around in sport. Once, in a quiet, shady pool, I came upon several of them sitting on the broad back of a turtle that was idly drifting in the sun. Surely Kingsley must have seen them before he wrote "Water Babies."

I also used to see at times beneath certain trees, strange creatures that I could not account for. They were sometimes four or five feet in height, and they wore no clothing, being sort of halfway between human and animal. They had rather short legs, long arms, and wide frog-mouths in their clumsy ill-shapen heads. Their eyes were also froglike and faintly luminous. In color, their skins, if they can be so-called, were gray like the bark of the tree from which they came, or pale yellow, and sometimes greenish.

These creatures seemed to belong to the trees, for I saw them slowly coming out of them. And they did not seem to be able to go far away from their trees. I have seen them in sunshine and in rain. They would move about the tree in a clumsy sort of dancing movement, up and down, somewhat as gnats do, waving their

arms and then drawing them down with a pressing motion upon the chest or abdomen. At the same time their mouths gaped open and shut continuously. They seemed to be absorbing something out of the atmosphere, and when they appeared to have enough, they ambled back to their trees and slowly faded themselves into the trunks.

In the old gravel quarry I once saw a group of beings that very much resembled the brownies of children's story-books. There were seven or eight of them, all little wizened old men, with pointed caps and pointed shoes. They wore trousers and jackets of a material that looked like leather, and were green and brown in color. I came upon them one sunny morning, suddenly, and I heard their small voices rise in laughter, but they immediately became aware of my presence and vanished. I often looked for them again, but they never reappeared. In that old gravel pit I also saw on several occasions other strange creatures. They seemed to be a large sort of armadillo. I never saw more than three at one time. They appeared to be feeding on something as they walked about the pit. They paid no attention to me whatever, and often remained clearly in view for five or ten minutes, I should judge. I have often wondered since, if in seeing these creatures, I was not getting a glimpse of creatures that had inhabited this region in some period long past.

In some meadows not far from this place I once saw what I thought was a large elephant, but in a second it had faded from sight. Not long after this, the remains of a mastodon were discovered on a neighboring

estate, and I had the great pleasure of watching the huge skeleton being unearthed.

In the ravines, through which the brook ran down to the Hudson, I often saw the fairy-folk. They were a distinct class by themselves. Light, elegant, airy beings they were. I saw them usually where flowers grew. And among the flowering vines that drooped down from the tall trees they flitted gracefully to and fro like the beautiful creatures of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Many seemed to live within the cup-shaded petals of the large flowers; at least I have seen them sleeping there.

These fairies were very small, not more than an inch or an inch and a half in height. They greatly resembled human beings. Their features were beautiful, and finely chiseled like miniature cameos. My delight at the sight of them knew no bounds. It seemed I was meeting once more my little friends of the Michigan meadows and my Secret Pool.

The clothing of these little people was delicate and lovely. The fairy ladies wore filmy, flowing robes, and tiny bands or diadems upon their heads. The miniature men wore tiny suits which looked to me like fine plush, or rather, like the texture of a bumblebee's down. The coloring of the clothing was like that of brilliant insects or of flowers.

I have often stood enchanted to see these charming creatures riding about on the backs of dragonflies, butterflies, bees and grasshoppers, although, unlike the Michigan meadow fairies, most of these possessed delicate wings. The tiny ladies' wings were long and nar-

row like a dragonfly's, but the little men's wings were short and broad, something like a cicada's.

I never saw the fairy-folk idle. They were always scurrying here and there from one cluster of blooms to another. They seemed to feel a responsibility regarding the fertilization of flowers, for I have seen them carefully watch a bee as he crawled into the bell of a flower, and if he did not seem to contact the pollen, they would push him head-first into it! I saw many carrying what looked to me like tiny paint brushes, and in my childish imagination I used to think that they were responsible for the delicate and glowing hues of flowers. And after all, maybe they were!

Even in winter I have seen them flying playfully after one another while the snow was falling, and I have seen whole rows of them seated upon the stalks of withered weeds. And where the sun would melt holes in the drifts, leaving half coverings of lacy snow-ice, there in those miniature caves I was always sure to find an assemblage of the fairy people.

Often I have heard their thin, very high-pitched voices, but I never could understand a word they were saying. It was always too indistinct for me to tell whether they were speaking in our language or in another. Fairies possess a great sense of melody, and their singing, and the sound of tiny musical instruments played by them, has often delighted me.

I know there is a theory among metaphysicians that it is possible for one to see what I have described, mentally; that some mind, as it were, could be causing one to see moving picture images of this nature. And I know that many spiritualists do not believe in ele-

mentals at all, but explain the phenomena by claiming that some spirit presents these "pictures" to the seer's eye.

But I believe neither the one nor the other. I have had too many practical clairvoyant experiences with the "little people" ever to doubt their real and individual existence. But I ask no one to believe what I believe. I only say, seek and find.

Down in the orchard one bright spring morning, when all the air seemed full of pink and white apple blossoms, I heard my name called softly behind me. Turning, I saw the spirit of Fanny, my little aunt who had passed away in Detroit. She smiled, and looked radiant and happy. She did not speak, nor did she remain clear to my vision for long, but all the while I played there beneath the apple trees I felt her presence, as though she too, joined me in my play.

After this, I saw her often. There was a nook near some old pine trees where a bed of blue myrtle bloomed. Here she appeared to me on many a sunny day while I picked bunches of the flowers which were the very color of her eyes. But she did not speak; only smiled, and seemed pleased to be with me. Once in a while I had a fleeting glimpse of another spirit with her, the spirit of her sister, who had passed over as a young woman, Rachel by name, but whom I always called Aunt Birdie. I recognized her at once; her long dark hair, her laughing hazel eyes. But she did not seem able to show herself as plainly as did Fanny. I remember telling my mother of seeing them, but all she said was, "are you sure it wasn't imagination, you strange child?"

One year another family came to live with us. There were a number of children, which made it very pleasant for my sister and me. But I never once confided my psychic sights or experiences to any one of them. I had learned it was best to conceal what to others only seemed incomprehensible.

We children had one day a week reserved for our riding lessons. There were a number of horses, as the stables were large, and sometimes we took turns riding first one, then another.

There was a young man living with us, a student of sculpture, who was a very good rider, and so he was commissioned to give us instructions. This young man had taken a great dislike to me. I had clairvoyantly seen his meeting surreptitiously with a certain young lady and had teased him mischievously about it in the presence of those from whom he was most anxious to conceal the fact. So this was probably the reason for his malicious resentment.

There was a wide, flat space in a field behind the carriage-house and studio-building, where we rode our horses round and round in a large circle, while our instructor stood in the center directing our movements. Here we were all assembled one beautiful spring afternoon. Meadowlarks were singing, wrens were chattering in the cherry trees nearby, and we were having the time of our young lives.

It came my turn to ride. My mount was a white Arabian mare named Linda. She was gentle and docile enough when calm, but when excited, became very nervous and unmanageable. Our riding-master was holding Linda by a long leading-rope, but no sooner

had I swung into the saddle than up she reared on her hind legs, jerking the rope from the young man's hands, and at the same time the wild toss of her head jerked the reins from my grasp. Over the meadow she tore like a creature gone mad, snorting as if frightened of something behind. I clung to the pommel, but was nearly swept to the ground by the low branches of a cherry tree as we sped beneath.

My companions were screaming excitedly back of me in the field, and when we dashed by the studio, my father and a number of his assistants rushed out onto the porch, but they were too late to do anything. Linda was making straight for the stables.

The way to her stall was through the carriage-house. The door to the carriage-house was wide, but low-arched. Even a child, sitting on a horse's back could not miss hitting his head upon the bricks of that arch.

Linda's sole idea seemed to be to get through this door. And we were dashing toward it at top speed. I sat bolt upright, clutching the pommel with all my strength.

Suddenly, a something—a strong hand—or a force—but a something, pushed my head and body forward and down upon the horse's neck, and held me there, as we swept through the low-arched door, and several others, before the mare came to a trembling halt in her stall!

When I was able to lift my head, there stood White Cloud, my old Indian spirit-friend and protector, smiling at me. But as my father and the others came running in, he disappeared immediately. They had all expected to see my brains dashed out against the arch.

So now, I came in for a large share of praise for my supposed presence of mind! How can we tell but what "presence of mind" is not always the assistance of some watchful guardian angel?

What could I say? No one there would understand, and then, after all, it was not so unpleasant to be petted a little! But in my heart I knew that I owed my life to White Cloud.

When the saddle was lifted from Linda's back, a sharp beechnut burr, which the spiteful instructor had placed there, fell to the ground. Then followed a very serious scene between my father and our young riding-master, which nearly resulted in the student being expelled from the studio forever. But so hard did the young fellow plead to remain, that I, who really did like him, interceded, and he was allowed to stay.

I very early exhibited a love and an aptitude for music. My Aunt Clara, who was an organist in a church in Detroit, had noticed this, and had given me a few lessons on the piano before we left that city. Now, a friend of the family, a Mrs. Wright, gave me a few more. I remember I learned to play a Kullau sonatina. It was noticed that I had a sympathetic feeling for music, and that what I played I played with expression, but I was a little scoundrel when it came to practice. And it seemed, that when taking out anything new, I simply could not learn to figure out the values of the different notes. So I was given up as a bad job.

But this temporary failure did not in any way lessen my interest and love for music, which was to play quite a decided part in my life later on. One day I was walking by the old cedar hedge which screened

a part of the lawns from the road. I was busy thinking of a little Indian play I was writing and which we children were going to act. Because of White Cloud, I was always wild over anything American Indian, and I was always writing little stories and plays about Indians. As I now walked along thinking, I became conscious for some time of a sort of musical humming that followed along with me, but I paid no attention to it. But the sound became so insistent that at last I paused to listen. Then I heard White Cloud singing. It was a dignified melody like a hymn. He repeated it several times and I learned it. But I could not catch his words, so I composed some of my own to fit the tune, and used it in my play.

From this time on I began to hear melodies. Always a voice was singing them, and usually the voice was White Cloud's. So in this way I collected a number of short but beautiful Indian melodies. To these songs I made up my own words and taught them all to my sister who had an unusually lovely voice for a child. Later on, this gift of hearing melodies developed into something which changed the course of my life, and I will relate it when the time comes for it in my Life-story's sequence of events.

My little Indian dramas were all psychically received. The "voices" gave them to me. The memory of my beautiful little sister, Friede, singing and acting in them with me, is one of my choicest possessions, and I am sure, of all those who heard her.

In the studio there were a number of Indian relics. Over the fireplace there hung an ancient Iroquois bow, with a painted quiver full of jasper-tipped arrows. With

them hung a curved scalping knife, and the dried, jagged skin of an Indian scalp, the long black hair of which was braided with silver trinkets.

We children were forbidden to touch these things, and many a wistful, surreptitious glance I turned in their direction. More than once, when nobody was around, I climbed up onto the dusty mantel and held the treasured relics in my hands.

And as I held them, by the power of psychometry, I was translated back into the misty past—dark forests arose around me; I entered the log-stockaded long-houses of the Iroquois; and stirring scenes, sometimes of bloodshed, were enacted before my awakened powers of vision. Of course, I did not realize then that I was psychometrizing—visioning occurrences connected in the past with these objects. I was only a child, and had never heard of such matters, and most likely I would not have understood if I had.

It is, however, well understood by students of the occult, that all things and places retain an impress of the experiences they have passed through, and naturally, the more vivid the experience, the stronger the impress. People who are sensitive enough, are able at times, through the vibration of the object held in the hand, to receive these impressions, and to rehabilitate those past experiences.

I was that kind of person.

We children had lessons with our governess every day except Sunday, from nine to one. Our schoolroom was on the third floor of the house. The house had a mansard roof, and the windows in our schoolroom were set into gables. Above each window, in the peak of the

little gable, there was a large hollow space. In these spaces there had lived for many years several colonies of bees. Transom windows covered with brown paper had been adjusted inside each gable so that the honey might be taken out.

I shall never forget those glorious summer mornings, when the sunshine streamed in through the open windows and the old schoolroom was filled with the humming of the bees. These were what I used to call "dream days."

When we had a study period, the huge room would be silent, save for the occasional rattling of paper, and the droning sing-song of a million bees. As I listened to it, a pleasant, drowsy, half-trancelike sensation would creep across the back of my head, and I would begin to "see." The spirits of happy, laughing children came, who seemed trying to lure me away from my tedious tasks. They wanted me to play with them. Sometimes the water-spirits, whom I have described before, would come trooping up through the air to the very window-sill, and make me sick with longing to run and dip my bare feet in their brook. Study was impossible for me at such times!

Our old house had very wide eaves lined with zinc, so wide, that they were like little paths around the house, and we, dare-devil little imps, often played upon them at the risk of our necks, tearing madly all around the building, and swinging from story to story like little apes. Neighbors used to criticize our parents for allowing us to do this, but our mothers (there were two families of us at the time) always said that such little devils would never die young, and furthermore,

if it were the fate of any one of us to fall from a roof, all the forbiddings in the world would never prevent it!

So on pleasant days, our governess often let us sit outside the schoolroom windows upon the broad wooden eave. Here I have sat during many a long morning, my back propped against the steep slope of the mansard, my feet dangling down into space. But my mind would never stay long upon the lesson—the sunshine—it always seemed like a living current that went trickling through my body, prevented study. Of course, I was born under the sign of Leo, and that may be why I was, and still am, so susceptible to the sun. It aroused all my psychic forces.

Out there on the roof I used to see wonderful things. Spirits of men, women, and children appeared, walking alone and in groups, straight through the sunny air, over the tops of trees. Indians, too; and troops of men with horses and dogs (they looked like soldiers, sometimes) went marching through the blue heights toward the Hudson River, which could be seen from my vantage point in the near distance. What was their intention or where they were going I cannot say. It was simply like watching people passing by in the streets.

At such times I often saw the long air-elementals. These creatures were gigantic figures somewhat resembling human men and women. Their features were vague, but their bodies were, I should say, fully twenty or thirty feet tall, with long, waving arms. They were clad in trailing, misty drapery, and were of a pale, wine-jelly color. One striking feature of their appearance was that toward the feet they curved outward and upward, making a sort of giant figure six. I never

saw one alone. They were always in groups, and sometimes there seemed to be hundreds of them. They never came near to me, but danced about in the air at some distance. I have watched them for hours, clairvoyantly.

Certain sounds have always induced this psychic state in me. I have spoken of the humming of bees. The humming or whining sound of machinery, or the muffled murmur of traffic filtering through the walls, produces the same effect. The sound of a brook babbling over stones; the whispering of forest leaves; the soft feather-fall of snow settling on frozen ground; waves lapping upon the sand or against boats and docks; rustle of meadow grass; the confused murmur of voices; the rattling or crackling of paper; the drowning rumble of a railroad train (always loud at the beginning, but harmonizing itself later); all these sounds induce the psychic state in me—that is, cause me to become clairvoyant, clairaudient, and clairsentient. I see, hear, and feel the presence of spirits—human and otherwise—about me.

My father always hoped I would follow in his footsteps and become a sculptor. So he often brought me into the studio, gave me a lump of clay, and tried to make me model some object which he placed before me. But I was never in the least way successful. I never liked the objects my father set before me, and had no interest or enthusiasm in the matter whatsoever. This used to enrage my father so, that with his alarming temper, he would seize me by the hair and hurl me straight into a vat of cold, wet clay! There I would crouch while he hurled all sorts of reproaches at me, telling me all the various kinds of devils he had

discovered me to be, and I would be so frightened I couldn't make up my mind whether it was best to remain in the wet clay or to make a bold dash for the door. These scenes of artistic temperament did not increase my love for sculpturing.

But there were times when I would wander alone into the enormous old studio with its north light falling through the high skylight; its ghostly array of plaster heads, arms, and hands; its splendid copies of the ancients; its faded and tattered tapestries; whole rows of pale marble figures interspersed with their darker bronze cousins; and among the pictures, one large canvas, a summer shower coming up over a forest at the end of a wheat field, by Innes—and when I looked at all these things, and breathed in the smell of the clay, a sudden force would seize me, and I would run to the moist, dripping clay-vats, scoop up a lump of clay, and begin to model inspirationally.

When such a spirit moved me, whatever I made was done very quickly. I modeled fantastic urns for gardens, fanciful ideas of storks standing on turtles' backs, flowers, tree-nymphs and elves, and fairies. Some of these things people liked so well that they had them put into bronze or marble for their gardens. My father was always greatly pleased at these efforts and encouraged me, but the mood for such inspirations never lasted long, and after it had passed, I was never able to accomplish a thing, try as I might.

If my father had understood what sort of child I was, and that intelligences other than my own were trying at times to direct me, there is no telling what I might not have accomplished. But no. Because I

could not do these things at certain hours and under strict orders, I was stupid and lazy! And the scoldings I got only served to prevent me from wishing to try at all, so nothing ever came of it.

About this time in my life, my mother and I went to visit in Canada, an old friend of hers, whom I shall call Mrs. Grimsby. This friend was a rather elderly woman who lived in a shadowy old house filled with memories. Some of those memories were of a somber character, according to the small-town gossip of the place.

Rumor had it that there had lived in this house with Mrs. Grimsby some time ago, a distant relative of hers, an old man. He had come to live with Mrs. Grimsby upon the death of his wife, and in return for the home she now gave him, had turned over to her his property and what remained of his fortune. But his presence in the house soon became a heavy burden.

The old man had been a semi-invalid with heart trouble for some years. He used to sit in his chair all day, dressed in an old, gray dressing-gown, and nag and worry Mrs. Grimsby about his property and money. The ways of his new home did not seem to suit him at all. Frequently the two of them came to loud and angry words over the matter.

And then, one night, after a terrible rumpus, the old man suddenly and mysteriously died. Heart failure, the doctor said. This all happened a number of years before we visited the place.

One day, during our visit, Mrs. Grimsby took me with her into the trunk-room to look for an Indian suit which had belonged to her little nephew. We had re-

moved various articles of clothing from several trunks before we found it, and I was helping to put these back when I came across an old, gray dressing-gown. I laughingly held it out to her.

"Where does this funny old thing go?" I asked.

"Let me see," said my companion, taking the faded old robe from my hand. For a moment she held it out at arm's length, then, with a stifled exclamation, she turned toward me and looked wildly at something behind me.

I turned too, and saw the form of a man standing down at the end of the trunk-room. The features were well-defined and distinct, and the outline of the figure was clear, but the whole gray wraith wavered as if about to collapse. It looked like the ghost of an old, bearded man. One foggy, half-formed arm rose slowly and pointed in a ghastly manner directly toward Mrs. Grimsby. Startled, I turned back to look at her.

A piercing scream rang through the room!

The dressing-gown fell in a little heap on the floor as Mrs. Grimsby flung her hands upward and clutched at her head. Then, with frightful shrieks, she toppled and fell heavily to the floor.

I stood rooted to the spot. Servants came rushing in excitedly. "What is the matter? What has happened?" they kept asking.

"She fell!" was all I could say.

They carried her into another room where they got her upon a couch. All the while she kept her hands at her head, and moaned as if in great pain. A physician was summoned hurriedly.

"A complete nervous collapse from some sort of

shock," was his verdict. After this, the poor woman found herself confined for several weeks to a darkened bedroom.

This experience made a deep impression on my mother.

A short time after this we learned that the gray dressing-gown had belonged to the old man, and that he had worn it on the very night of his death. And when I was shown a photograph of him I instantly recognized it as the likeness of the spirit both Mrs. Grimsby and I had seen!

Neither of my parents knew much about psychic phenomena, although my father thought he did, and sometimes expressed the most disapproving views upon the subject. According to him, it was all trickery or delusion. I feel sure that my dear mother had a tendency to believe in the return of spirits, but any idea she might have put forth would have been scoffed into nothingness by my father. At that time, father, who had been an intense admirer and friend of Robert Ingersol, claimed to be a Free Thinker. But he wanted no one else to be free in his thoughts. He had studied religions deeply, and had joined and left several creeds. At one time he had even studied for the Baptist ministry. All this was, of course, before I was born.

But during my childhood, he adhered to no particular form of religion. He said he worshiped Nature, as it was the only form of life that fulfilled its mission undefiled by sin. He said that Grecian mythology came the nearest to being his ideal of a religion. He claimed that a vast intelligence animated all things, but he stubbornly refused to call that intelligence God.

And yet I have heard him argue that there was a Supreme Power of some kind. He believed at that time that death ended all, so far as knowledge of an after-life was concerned. He said that the dead body quite naturally changed into other forms of Nature-life, but the mind existed no more, and the soul was a myth. The mind, having no brain nor nervous organism to function through, became a nothing!

My mother had been brought up an Episcopalian, and had had me baptized in that faith much against my father's will. But under his influence, she gradually began to share his views. As the whole latter part of her life was spent far from her own people, whose psychic tendencies were so pronounced, it was only natural that any hold those beliefs might have had upon her at one time should finally weaken.

I relate this to show that my own peculiar gifts were neither induced nor fostered by my home surroundings. I was not understood, particularly by my father. He could not understand why I should wander about by myself and be discovered in secluded meadows or in lonely rooms, conversing or playing with beings invisible to him. This was beyond the limits of his patience, at all times uncertain. I often tried to tell my parents of the wonderful and beautiful things I saw, but was emphatically discouraged in my attempts, which always incurred the strong stamp of my father's disapproval.

Even doctors were consulted as to my strange condition at times, but always with the same result—there seemed nothing particularly wrong with me. I was found to possess a nervous organism rather highly

strung, and to be favored with a lively imagination. I was found to be far-sighted.

Here was the base of my trouble, explained the doctors. Near objects probably blurred to my vision and I imagined I saw spirits. I had to wear glasses. However, three days later I had thrown them into the pond!

In fact, I was a very healthy child, more wiry than robust. I suffered very few real illnesses. Scratches from climbing trees, and cliffs, and lofts, broken bones from coasting on forbidden steeps, and dog, cat and snake bites, were more in my line.

But at times I did alarm my mother by exhibiting symptoms of various diseases that never developed into anything. These, I have since learned, were only the "taking on of conditions," that is, feeling by reflection the effects of causes that other people whom I had been near were suffering from. This curious faculty of absorbing the conditions of people and places was always very strong with me, and naturally baffling to those who did not understand such matters. And I must say, this faculty has been an interminable annoyance to me all through my life.

After his interviews with doctors my father strictly and positively forbade me to talk about the "things I saw," and as he was very severe at times, I gave up all attempts to share my experiences. In fact, I actually began to fear the sight of spirits who had become familiar to me. After countless efforts I almost succeeded in shutting them out entirely. Now when they would persist in appearing to me, I would shut my eyes and refuse to look at them. I could thus blot them out, for I had not yet learned to see with the inner eye.

Little by little they ceased coming to me except upon rare occasions. This temporary losing touch with a world more sublimated than ours, lasted, I should think as I look back upon those days, about a year.

And now a new phase developed with me which my father insisted was the sole result of my stubborn self-will in not wanting to give up my "nonsensical ideas." I became an inveterate and incurable sleepwalker as a result of my extreme efforts to shut out from my consciousness a world so real, so dear to me!



**I**T WAS one of the greatest delights of my life to be allowed to go back to Detroit to visit my grandmother and aunts. They were my mother's people and I dearly loved them. And then, in their house the strangest things were always happening. Of course, I did not know that these things happened because the family possessed such strong mediumistic tendencies, but there was a great fascination in hearing them talk about the spirits they saw and heard, and to see with my own eyes and to hear with my own ears what went on about them.

In their house there was a large attic in which were stored many trunks. I used to love to spend hours in going through these trunks looking at the many quaint things of a bygone day. And many a time as I admired some piece of antique jewelry, a faded gown or a treasured shawl, spirits, both of men and of women, and sometimes of children, would appear plainly before me. Were they disturbed because I was rummaging among their one-time belongings? They did not speak, so I do not know. Many a time in looking through old silver-clasped albums I would come across pictures that I immediately recognized as likenesses of the attic spirits.

When I told of this to my aunts, they gave me a ready and sympathetic understanding, so I often felt I would rather be with them than in my own home, although I dearly loved both my parents. Here, I seemed to be understood.

There was one trunk in particular, before which I never sat five minutes without being startled by the sound of paper being crumpled and crackled violently. It never failed to occur when I looked at the things packed away there. I used to call out in fright to my aunts downstairs at that startling sound.

There was nothing in the mere sound to frighten any one, but there was an atmosphere accompanying it that chilled one to the bone. It was so plainly interrupting, so subtly saying, "leave that trunk alone!"

The trunk had belonged to my youngest aunt, Fanny, of whose happy passing-over I have spoken before. She had always been very particular about the neat way in which she laid things away in her trunk, and perhaps she did not wish her little treasures disturbed by my meddling fingers. Or maybe she only wanted to let me know of her loving presence. But why the crackling paper?

There was one spirit in particular that used to haunt the rooms of my grandmother's house regularly. It was the spirit of a woman. She never appeared to me with any degree of naturalness—that is, there was no coloring in her appearance. All I could see was a blank, outlined figure, rather darker than a shadow. But the profile was always clear and distinct.

On the library walls there hung several well-preserved silhouettes, that had been brought over from

England, of our ancestors. The profile of this spirit was identical with one of these. It was my great-great-grandmother. And one day she gave me her name, Anne, which I triumphantly reported to my grandmother, who of course, immediately recognized it and acknowledged it. Moreover, she rewarded me with several ginger cookies.

This soul had been a very remarkable woman in her earth days. From all reports, she must have shared the family tendency to mediumship. She was one of the first women doctors in England, an independent thinker, and sublimely above adverse criticism. She was also very practical. Although a woman of means, still, according to my grandmother, she was not at all willing to be "put upon." So once, when a certain wealthy client over-delayed the paying of his bills, great-great-grandmother Anne repaired at once to his house. Forcing her way past the startled servants she found the old miser huddled under the bedclothes suffering from gout.

"Why do you insist upon persecuting me when I am so very ill?" he cried.

"Ill fiddlesticks!" retorted our practical Anne. "If you can afford to lie a-bed with rich-man's-sickness (an old expression for the gout) you can afford to pay your just bills."

"But I am frightfully reduced in circumstances," whined the old man. "I have practically nothing left but my saddle-horse."

"Very well indeed," replied my great-great-grandmother, "in such an event I shall have that!" And as good as her word, she marched straight to the stables,

and shortly after was seen riding the saddle-horse away up the road.

There is another story my grandmother relates of Anne more in accord with my theme. It seems that Anne slept in an enormous four-poster bedstead with a canopy and heavy curtains. Very often she was disturbed by the unceremonious visitation of spirits.

One night it became more than she could stand. Heavy footsteps sounded all about the bed, accompanied by the sound of the bed-curtains being slashed as if with a riding whip. (Perhaps the old miser had died, and this was his ghost playfully trying to get even with Anne for her downright methods.) At any rate, Anne sat bolt upright in bed and cried out in a loud voice—"if thou be a good spirit, stay! If a bad one, go away!"

At once the room became quiet, and great-great-grandmother was not bothered in this way again.

The bedrooms of old houses seem to have been the frequent scenes of ghostly happenings. There is a very good reason for this. Old bedrooms as a rule abound in curtained alcoves, large closets, and often spacious wardrobes. These places, especially when dark, become the receptacles for concentrated force. In fact, they really become the "cabinet" or covered-in space so often used by mediums who produce physical phenomena, where magnetic, electric and other forces may be collected for the manifestations which occur. In other words, they may be likened to storage batteries.

This is especially so of the old-fashioned four-poster beds. The high posts with the canopy and curtains form an ideal "cabinet." And with the addition of the auric force of the person occupying it, it becomes a more

highly "charged" space than ever. Even wide, old chimneys and fireplaces often provide the unsuspected means from which all sorts of psychic phenomena may proceed. But usually these forces can only be utilized by spirits when a person who is more or less mediumistic, whether he be conscious of the fact or not, is present, or living in the vicinity.

While visiting in Detroit, I had a strange experience which was shared by my two maiden-aunts, Clara and Emma. Aunt Clara was interested in the progress of what was then a small Episcopalian church, called the Church of the Epiphany, and took great pleasure in playing the organ for the services.

A new church-house had been erected recently behind the church, and one late summer afternoon my aunts and I strolled by it. Aunt Clara was pointing out the advantages of the new building when a sudden movement at one of the windows caused us all to pause and exclaim.

We three saw exactly the same thing at the same time.

We saw the white curtain at the church-house window clutched by a thin, pale hand. Then agitatedly, the curtain was pulled quickly aside, and for one fleeting instant a face peered forth from the shadows—a face drawn, and ashy pale, with large, burning-bright eyes. There was a strange frenzied eagerness in the movement, as though a departed soul wished to seize a long-awaited-for opportunity to gaze once more in close proximity with left-behind loved ones. Then the curtain was dropped and all was as before.

We stared at one another for a moment and then, as

if moved by the same impulse, simultaneously pronounced the same name—"Jack." Jack was my aunts' brother and my uncle. He had passed over some years before. We had all recognized him instantly and without hesitation.

At once, we examined the building, but all the doors were locked. We peered through the windows into the large, bare rooms, but no sign of man nor ghost was now to be seen. We even sought out the janitor in his house nearby and told him our tale, but he only looked at us curiously and declared that no one could possibly have entered the place at that hour, as he, himself, held the keys. But we had seen what we had seen.

While at organ practice in the dim loft of the church, Aunt Clara was often aware of the presence of this spirit of her brother. Jack had been passionately fond of music, and had always loved to sit near Clara whenever she played. And he had been fond of going to church. Many a time soft knocks would sound upon the bench where Aunt Clara sat, and often she was gently touched. Her name too, was sometimes called, especially when she felt sad or depressed, and always in that indescribable eerie whisper—"Clara! Clara!"

Some time after this event, while she and my grandmother were having a private seance with that marvelous direct voice medium, Mrs. Etta Wriedt, the spirit of Jack spoke directly to them, telling Aunt Clara that it was he who came to her in the church. Sacred music, he said, caused a vibration which furnished the channel for his visits. It is always so with lovely strains of exalted melody or harmony.

It is strange, but none of my family at this time seemed to connect my psychic experiences or even their own with mediumship. I, least of all. Of course, my ideas of the word "medium" were all distorted by my father's skeptical harangues.

After their wonderful seance with Mrs. Wriedt, my aunts tried to induce me to go to her with them. But I, evidently under the spell of my father's ideas, refused, telling them I thought they had been duped. My aunts said no more about it, probably not wishing to incur my father's disapproval by persuading me. Anyway, I know now that I missed a very wonderful opportunity that would have thrown light on my many curious experiences.

The way in which my aunt and grandmother came to go to Mrs. Wriedt is interesting. A lady by the name of Mrs. Detloff came to call on them. While she was waiting for them in the drawing-room, she heard loud raps over the portrait of my grandfather, who was deceased. When my aunts entered, Mrs. Detloff said, "that picture is a portrait of your dead father, is it not?"

"Yes, it is," replied my aunts who were greatly surprised, as Mrs. Detloff was a new acquaintance who knew nothing of the family affairs.

"Well," continued the visitor, "I have been hearing loud raps over it, and I believe he wants to communicate with you."

My aunts became much interested, and when Mrs. Detloff told them of the marvelous medium, Mrs. Wriedt, who was then in her prime, they decided to go and see her. During the seance which in due course

followed, grandfather came and spoke in his natural voice, telling grandmother some very important things, of a private nature. He said he had rapped on the picture to attract their attention.

This seance, like all of Mrs. Wriedt's, was held in the dark. During the course of it, a yellowish glow appeared in the center of the room, and in this glow, Aunt Clara distinctly saw appear one after the other, the spirits of Jack, grandfather, and little Fanny. They all wore the clothes they had been buried in, and Aunt Clara could see right through their forms. Mrs. Wriedt saw them too, and clairaudiently got their names before they spoke. But grandmother could not see a single one of them!

After this visit to Detroit and my return to father at Newburgh-on-Hudson, my contact with the spirit world was broken, except in one instance. One winter day, while grandmother was on a visit to us, she, my mother and I, were sitting together in a little sitting-room. Mother and grandma were talking. I was reading.

Suddenly I felt as though some one were looking at me intently from the direction of the doorway. Looking up I clearly saw a shock of long, brown hair sweep around the corner of the door jamb. A face followed. It was the face of the spirit, Rachel—my Aunt Birdie—and it looked gravely at me with sorrowful eyes which turned and finally rested with a fixed gaze on my mother. A terrible, sudden, swift pang shot through my heart, for in that glance of the spirit I read at once, disaster. In that instant I knew clairvoyantly that my father would fail in money matters, that we would be obliged to leave that dear, old home of a thousand

tender memories, and that the shock of these events would begin the numbering of my beloved mother's earthly days.

I must have given a little gasp or cry, for mother and grandmother both looked at me and asked what the matter was. But I could not answer them. My voice was choked with sobs.

In a very short time my premonitions began to be fulfilled. My father failed, and we went to live in a tiny cottage on the side of a hill overlooking the Hudson, and a short time after grandmother returned to her home, my mother's health began to fail. How I suffered through all those months as I carried my psychic secret like a weight on my heart. How distracted I became as the dreaded days drew ever nearer, of my mother's departure—to where?

I did not know. Strange gifts I was endowed with, but at this unhappy time of my life they gave me neither understanding nor solace.

**M**Y MOTHER had been ill for a long time—many months. She suffered from valvular heart disease, and worry over my father's financial difficulties had greatly aggravated the trouble. We had left "Little Brook" and had gone to live in a small vine-covered cottage which my father rented from Mrs. George Weaver, an old friend of the family.

After we went into this little place my mother wept silently for days. It was not that she complained—she was of a naturally sunny and vivacious disposition—never in my life have I heard her lament over losses, but now it seemed she had a vague presentiment of the approaching end of her earth-life.

We children—Friederike and I—seemed suddenly to become dearer to her. It was as if we could not be with her often enough.

Never will I forget those days, sad, yet poignantly sweet. Every day, in her rolling chair, my mother was wheeled out under the leafy arches of the maple trees, and that is the way I remember her best—in her chair on the green lawn, the fingers of the wind loosening her dark brown hair, heightening the rose of her coloring, vivid in spite of her illness, and bringing a sparkle to her deep, blue-gray eyes. Behind her, against the

steep slope of the hill that swept upward from the Hudson there slouched a tumble-down stone wall, covered with climbing nasturtiums in flaming red, orange and yellow, and a glorious trumpet-vine.

I used to lie at her feet and look up into the branches of the maples. And one day, as I lay on my back looking up into them, it seemed as if those branches reached down like so many greedy arms trying to snatch my mother away from me. I was always a solitary sort of child, and I loved my mother with an intensity that seemed hardly earthly. Now, as I realized psychically that she would soon leave me for the rest of my earth-life, I broke into weeping.

For a long time my mother looked at me steadfastly and then asked quite simply—"do you think I am going to die?" Those words, and the tone of her voice, are indelibly etched into my very soul. I could not answer, my tongue was frozen. And then I heard her say half aloud to herself, "whatever will become of the children when I am gone?"

Suddenly she spoke my name. I sat up, appalled by the seriousness and intensity of her tone.

"When I am gone," she said, "be kind to your father. No matter what his disposition is, no matter whether he is a success or a failure, remember that he is your father. And remember, that regardless what your aunts may think about it, I have always loved him!"

Sinking back in her chair she remained silent, staring with a faraway gaze at the blue mountains. After that one time she never again spoke of death. But many times she called me to her side and asked me if I really believed the soul lived on. In my boyish way

I tried to comfort her by saying that I was sure there is a continuation of life, for had I not seen Fanny, Aunt Birdie, and many other spirits? But she would only shake her head and say again and again—"If I could only believe!"

After my mother was confined to her bed, I once ventured to talk to my father about her probable passing. "Even if she does die," I asked, "don't you think she will not really be dead, but will be able to come back and still be with us?"

How I longed for his answer to be "yes."

"Nonsense!" was my father's harsh answer. "Don't be foolish. When your mother dies, that will be the end of it. She will go into the earth and become a part of it—flowers will bloom there—but that is all. You should be glad that death will end her suffering. She is dearer to me than anything on earth, yet if she cannot recover and be well, I would rather she did not live. If your mother dies, we shall have to do the best we can. You must help me to take care of Friede."

These were hard words for me. I had listened silently, and his every word had been like a dull burn in my heart. Now I impetuously burst forth—all the pent-up sadness of my soul flooded the dams of repression—"I don't believe you! I won't believe you!" I cried, "if mother dies she won't be dead—I know it. She'll come back—she will! I have seen Aunt Fanny, and—"

"Stop!" commanded my father. "Don't let me hear you talk like this again. I tell you that after death there is nothing!"

I actually screamed! I was defiant. I was terribly

hurt. I rushed from the house and down through the meadow and into the woods of "Echo Lawn." There, on a rock beside the little lake, I tried to figure out this cruel mystery of life. I stayed on that rock until evening, and when I climbed the stone wall at the foot of the meadow I saw lights lit in the cottage and shining through the windows. Then, as I walked through the meadow toward home, I received another of those sudden psychic impressions.

I felt now that I had leaped ahead several years in my life. I seemed to be wearing a heavy overcoat and snow lay on the ground. I was walking through this self-same meadow, only now as I looked toward the cottage in the twilight, no lights of welcome gleamed from the windows. The cottage still stood there, but covered with faded, drooping vines, silent and deserted.

Never have I had a truer clairvoyant prophecy revealed to me than the one I had that night. Eighteen years later that prophetic vision was realized. I did climb the old stone wall and trudge through the snowy meadow, I did wear a heavy overcoat and it was twilight. The cottage did still stand, and the vines were withered and drooping. And yes, the cottage was deserted and ghastly silent!

But to go back to my history, the summer passed and autumn came. The leaves of the maples turned to the color of heart's blood and began to flutter down. I was alone with mother the greater part of the time, as Friede was too young fully to realize what was taking place, and had been sent to visit with some friends. Father was usually busy in the studio, which

was some distance from the cottage. Mother and I had many conversations about the hereafter, and I believe at times that I did impress her with a sense of life going on after the coming change.

Mother now occupied a room downstairs with windows looking out through the Virginia creepers onto flower-filled spaces. One late afternoon in September, as dusk, fragrant with autumn odors, pressed like a dark mist against the house, a sound—a terrifying, soul-disturbing sound, beginning like a low, throaty sobbing and rising in a swift crescendo to a loud anguished cry—arose from the bed of purple asters beneath my mother's window.

My mother, who had been lying in a daze for hours, awoke with a horrible scream. The nurse, my father, and I all rushed to her at once. She trembled fearfully and beads of cold sweat stood out on her forehead.

While the nurse comforted her, my father and I rushed outside to see what had caused the grewsome sounds. We saw nothing. But the caretaker's wife, who lived not far away, said that at about that time she had seen a gray dog slinking away. The nurse, who was Irish, was sure that it was a banshee.

Not long after this occurrence, came the passing of my mother. Her earth-death came at about eight o'clock on the evening of October the first. My father, the nurse, Aunt Clara, who had come on from Detroit, and I were seated at the table commencing dinner.

My mother had wanted to be as near the family as possible, so she had been moved into a room next the dining room. The door of that room was directly opposite my chair. All afternoon she had kept asking

Aunt Clara the time, and when she was told the hours, she had always said, "oh, no, Clara, it's eight o'clock!" And now, just as it was eight o'clock, I looked through the door and saw her lying back upon the pillows, and her bright eyes were gazing fixedly at me. Suddenly I saw a change pass over her face—a sort of spasm twisted her features for a second—then, sitting upright, she clutched the sheets and called wildly—"Herman, oh Herman, I'm going this time!"

My father rushed in to her, followed by my aunt and the nurse. Paralyzed with apprehension, I sat unable to move. Soon the nurse ran back to me. "Run and telephone for the doctor, quick!" she said.

We had no telephone. The nearest one was at the house of our friend, Mrs. Weaver. I ran out into the frosty October night. It was very dark. The sky looked like inky satin and the stars seemed unusually bright. As I ran through the old meadow, a tiny meteorite flamed earthward, burst, and disappeared. I cried aloud in despair. It seemed to me a symbol of the life that was ebbing.

When I arrived at Mrs. Weaver's house she met me at the door as if expecting my coming. "I know," she said, "your mother is passing!" She did not say "dying." Dear Mrs. Weaver, she understood! She put her arms around me and I sobbed against her breast. "My daughter is calling the doctor, but he won't be needed," she said. "Let us go back to the cottage. You should be beside your mother at this time."

When we entered my mother's room, the candle of life was just flickering. The nurse had given injections to avoid convulsions.

If my mother had only understood! But she did not, and her last words were—"it's a shame!"

The nurse, who was a Roman Catholic, had lighted candles, and now said, "let us pray." In her blue and white uniform, she knelt at my mother's little inlaid sewing-table. My aunt and father knelt beside the bed. Mrs. Weaver, I remember, in a long crimson cape, stood with me at the foot of the bed. I could not kneel! I could not pray! My mother's beautiful features were distorted by many little wrenching spasms.

Suddenly Mrs. Weaver clutched my arm and whispered—"Look! You may never see it again. The spirit of your mother is leaving the body!"

I leaned forward and stared. A misty blue-white form, the counterpart of my mother's, but radiant, like a blue-white diamond's flame, was slowly rising from her body on the bed. This form lifted at an angle, the feet rising higher than the head, which remained attached to the physical head. The form now seemed to try to free itself, and after several tugs, the misty head separated from the body's head, and the freed form righted itself in the air exactly as a log rights itself after it has been dropped into deep water.

For a second, I saw several arms and hands materialize in the air and reach downward to welcome the new-born soul. Then, like a shadow, the spirit-form of my beloved mother glided rapidly upward through a corner of the ceiling—and she was gone into the everlasting life of the Beyond!



**A**FTER the earth-death of my mother, my sister and I went back with Aunt Clara to live with Grandmother who was at that time at "Hazelhurst," her lovely country place not far from Detroit. This place, with its house of large rooms, wide wings and shady porches, its broad meadows and dense woods, its mysterious shadowy old barns and blossoming orchards, its cows, horses, chickens and pigeons, and its wealth of wild-bird life, was to my sister and me a veritable little paradise. And I found in my uncle, Percy Watts Haslett, a young man who loved art and music and nature, a most delightful companion.

After a few weeks here, I was sent to Detroit to finish my studies at a high school there. I lived alone, having a furnished room in the house of a family who took a few lodgers, but I took my meals with three charming ladies who were friends of my grandmother, the McCarthys, but whom I called Aunt Lizzie, Aunt Kate and Aunt Nan. Without them, I don't believe I could have remained in Detroit, for I became terribly homesick. The McCarthys were loving-kindness itself.

One night in my room after an unusually bad attack of homesickness, I awoke quite suddenly, and looking up saw the spirit of my mother bending over

me. She looked the same as in earth-life only more radiant, and as she smiled, two tears fell from her eyes and dropped warm and wet onto my upturned face! Eagerly I reached out toward her, but she disappeared. After this I no longer grieved.

This house where I lived was a rather spooky place at best. It had long, dark corridors that turned sudden sharp corners and went twisting away to heaven knows where. One night upon returning at a late hour, I groped my way up the dark staircase and into my room. As I opened the door I saw that the window-shade was up and the street light shining in, so the room was not at all dark. But as I entered I was struck by a most unpleasant atmosphere—a tomb-like chill—and I stood still, startled. A slight rustling sound down at the dark end of the room caused me to turn and look that way. The tall black figure of a man stood in the shadows beside my bed watching me, for I saw the faint gleam of his eyes. Alarmed, I stepped to the wall to turn on the light, but before I could do so, the dark figure darted forward with a scuffling sound and rushed by me, through the door and out into the corridor. I flung on the light and followed, but the corridor was empty! There was not even the sound of fleeing footsteps!

I had an impression that that man had died in this room. The next day I asked the landlady if any unusual occurrence was connected with my room. She replied that there was none other than the death of a man who had occupied the room some time before she had let it to me. Whoever or whatever it was, I was never bothered by it again.

The McCarthys were Roman Catholics and I often visited churches and convents with them. The one I called Aunt Lizzie had a friend among the Sisters of Charity who was known as Sister Vincent. This nun was a wonderful woman who had served in the Crimean War. We used to visit her often. She had charge of all the people who worked in the kitchens of a large orphanage, and her influence was good and kind and far-reaching. My recent months of homesickness had made me very thin, and Sister Vincent noticed this. She thought that I needed to drink lots of good fresh milk, so she gently insisted that I drop in to see her every day after school to have a couple of glasses of the specially fine milk which was supplied to the convent, and a plate of cookies. This I did for some time. I used to love to go there. Dear Sister Vincent! You have passed on into the life of the spirit, but I shall never forget your kindnesses of those days. She used to talk to me about my mother, saying that she was not far from me, but near, watching over me and guiding me!

One evening I went to the Jesuit Cathedral to witness the ceremony which marks the end of the Forty Hours Devotion. I sat at the end of a pew on the aisle. After the Litany of Saints had been sung the time came when the Sacred Host, under a gorgeous canopy, was to be carried by the priests through the Church.

I had always had a burning desire to see what the Host really was. The monstrance, with its little round crystal center set in a frame of golden rays was an object of the intensest fascination to me. What did it really contain? If I could only manage somehow to

peak into that little crystal case, I felt I should surely see God! But the monstrance was always locked up in the tabernacle on the altar, and I had had glimpses of it only when the priest held it up in benediction.

But now it seemed I was about to be favored with a chance. The procession carrying the Sacred Host came down the aisle and was approaching the pew in which I sat. At intervals a silver bell was struck, and the faithful, on their knees, bent lower. The beads of many rosaries clicked against the pew-backs. But I was not kneeling. I sat bolt upright, waiting.

Many altar-boys with swinging censers followed by priests passed my pew. At last, those carrying the Host beneath the canopy arrived with halting footsteps at my very side.

Urged by my great longing to know, I suddenly stood up and, leaning forward in front of the priests, gazed unhesitatingly and frankly into the crystal of the monstrance. I had heard that the Divine Presence was represented by a wafer. But I saw no wafer here.

Instead, a pure, piercing, indescribably White Light blazed from the monstrance and blinded me so that I grew dizzy and faint. The priest nearest me, amazed at my supposed impudence, muttered something and putting his hand on my shoulder gave me a disdainful shove. I suddenly realized my attitude of disrespect and sank back on my knees in shame. I had not meant to be rude. I had sought and I had found, for I believed I had seen the Light of God!

At last came June and my school days were ended. I was very happy to fly back as fast as I could to "Hazelhurst." There in the country amidst fields of waving

grain, cool, shady woods, and glorious sunsets, I spent a very happy summer with my sister and my grandmother's family. Except for my sleepwalking escapades during which I wandered all over the house, opened locked doors, and frightened every one till they were almost nervous wrecks, nothing of a psychic nature happened until late in the autumn.

We were having what we call in America, "Indian Summer." A golden mist hung over the fields of shocked yellow corn, and the forests were beginning to flame. The last gay blush of summer lay on the cheek of the countryside.

On one such lovely afternoon, Aunt Clara, Aunt Emma and I were walking along the edge of the woods. Suddenly we halted surprised and enraptured by a burst of delightful fairy music which issued from the wood. A perfect concord of small voices, exceedingly musical, rose and fell in a slow, measured refrain. We listened for a long time until like a whisper it faded on the breath of the wind.

After this occurrence I began once more to hear melodies. But they were not Indian. I had been working on an idea for the libretto of a little opera, and the melodies I now heard seemed to belong to this. It always seemed as though a voice was singing them to me. I memorized them and then groped around on the piano until I could play them in a clumsy sort of way.

Aunt Clara tried to help me by writing them down. But the bare melody was not enough for me. I heard also the harmony, as though played by instruments. I tried to make this clear to Aunt Clara, but it was

too complicated a way. I found I would have to do it myself. So I put forth every effort and tried to write both the melodies and the harmony. I had forgotten all I had ever learned of the notes, and of time and rhythm I knew simply nothing.

But from this day on I began to write music. Daily it grew easier, and after about a week I was able to write down anything I heard. The little opera now began to thrive. By the end of winter it was finished.

Father, who had come on from New York, heard it and thought it showed talent enough to warrant his showing it to his old friend, George Pomeroy Goodale, the noted dramatic critic. Mr. Goodale read the book and said it showed decided ability. He turned it over, with the music, to his wife, a remarkably gifted woman who had played Shakespearean rôles with Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett. She was so impressed with the work that she sent for me at once.

The upshot of this was, on the strength of my little opera, I received a scholarship in the Michigan Conservatory of Music. Here I began the study of music—piano, theory and harmony. But how difficult it was for me to study when everything I had ever done had been received inspirationally! Mr. Frederick Abel, then the head of the Conservatory, was amazed, he said, at the way in which I “ate up harmony.” But this ready understanding of the subject certainly did not come from study, which has always been difficult for me, but rather from a sort of hidden memory of it which now seemed under this musical environment to awake. In a short time I was made assistant teacher of harmony! My progress on the piano was of the same

nature, and I soon began to give lessons on that instrument, too.

Grandmother had now come into Detroit where she lived in a large house on Greenwood Avenue, then a very lovely section of the city. I made my home with her.

My musical progress was rapid and I loved it. Both Mr. and Mrs. Abel were wonderfully kind to me, and they gave me every encouragement. If I have not, so far in my life, turned out a musical credit to these helpful friends, it is, I believe, because of peculiar circumstances arising which changed the whole course of my life. This change was due to my teaching of the piano to two little boys of an English family named Burgess. But before I relate the character of this change, I must preface my remarks by describing a serious illness which now befell me, and which has a bearing upon the subject, inasmuch as it was the physical change which preceded my trance-mediumship.

One hot July night when a sultry thunder-storm was brewing, the family had gathered in the dining-room to eat ice cream. Shortly after eating the cream I began to feel dizzy, one finger of my left hand became numb, and my tongue seemed to become partially paralyzed. I became alarmed and tried to speak to the family about it, but instead of the ideas I had formed in my mind, I heard the most ridiculous jargon of words issue from my lips. I could think clearly enough in my mind, but when I tried to express my thoughts, they poured forth in a hopeless confusion of meaningless words. I thought I was losing my mind, and became so frightened that I collapsed, and very

nearly died. The doctor said it was a complete nervous breakdown brought on by overwork in my studies. He also said that if I did pull through this illness, which was doubtful, I would never be able to study or work again.

For days I lay in bed with sleep almost an impossibility. I would look up at the ceiling and watch it bend down toward me with a terrible, crushing sensation, and when I tried to stand or walk I felt as if I were falling backwards. This condition lasted for many weeks.

At last I was able to walk about the house and to sit at the dining table, but I had not the slightest appetite. I could scarcely conceive of the idea of taking food. My speech had cleared but my finger was still numb, and I was the prey of the most horrible sensations. Sometimes my chair would seem to sway violently back and forth and I would turn sick with the dizziness of it. At other times my chair would appear to rise rapidly in the air, or as rapidly to sink. A magenta-colored spot used to form on any white surface such as the tablecloth or a wall, and as I looked at it others would appear, and finally all these spots would run together until the surface was a sea of bright magenta. Often the floor would seem to rise up with great speed as if to strike me in the face. I was constantly starting, and stepping aside to avoid objects which in reality were not in my way in the least. My life became one long nightmare of terror and I longed to die.

The doctor said he was afraid I was losing my mind. He told me that upon no account must I try to study

or to read, but that I must take long walks in the open air every day. This walking idea now became an obsession. Every day at some time or other I would manage to elude the family and get out of the house and walk for miles. During these walks I often was overcome by lapses of memory. I would "come to" miles away from the place I last remembered. And one day during one of these spells, I went to the Conservatory and told Mr. Abel a long yarn about going away for a trip, even explaining the details. So plausible was my story that Mr. Abel never doubted it until subsequent events proved that I had been in one of my memory-lapses. The end of this tormenting state of affairs came after several months, but some of the effects did not leave me for nearly three years.

One morning, a loud voice spoke beside my ear saying—"Pay no more attention to the doctors. Take up your studies and all will be well." This surprised me very much, but as though impelled by the force of him who spoke, I did as I was bid.

From that moment I began to recover. One by one the frightful experiences which had all but driven me mad began to cease. My appetite returned, color began to show in my face, and my interest in life was reborn.

Soon I was back at the Conservatory. There was a young teacher of the violin, Ethel Kennedy, who asked me one day if I could take two little boys as piano pupils. She was teaching one of them violin, and she said she had spoken to their parents of me.

I took these boys as pupils, and soon I became a frequent visitor at the hospitable home of Mr. and

Mrs. Herbert Burgess. These were English people, and among the dearest and most unselfish souls I have ever known. Nothing was too much for them to do in helping others. I have known them to actually go without things themselves in order that those they considered more in need might be supplied.

These people were the means of changing the whole course of my life. And the strange part of it is that what they accomplished was done at first against my will. They have often told me that from the first day we met they knew I was a medium; knew it by the way I acted and by certain intuitional things I said. But for a long time they kept this knowledge to themselves, not knowing just how to approach me with the subject.

At last they broached the subject by speaking to me of mediums and spiritualist churches, but frankly, I was not interested. Up to this time I had never connected my childhood clairvoyance with mediumship. I really had very vague ideas as to what a medium was. I had heard such people bitterly denounced by my father. I knew that he had a great regard for Madame Blavatsky although he did not share her views, and he had no use whatever for spiritualism. So I had a hazy idea that spiritualism was a belief produced by trickery and that spiritualists were a rather ignorant lot of people who were duped by it.

The Burgesses finally persuaded me to go with them to hear a well-known and remarkable medium, a woman who lectured inspirationally, and who later gave spirit communications from the platform to the people assembled. This meeting was held in the First Spiritual-

ist Temple, which was then in the Knights of Pythias Hall at the corner of Cass and Baggs Street.

The medium was Mrs. Marion Carpenter (now Mrs. Vail of Los Angeles, California), an ordained minister of the church. The service was conducted sincerely and beautifully. I was favorably impressed at once. As I sat there relaxed, and waiting, my sensitized organism could not but respond to the waves of hopeful expectancy that swept over the congregation. I felt exalted.

Then Mrs. Carpenter stood up and began to speak. At first her words came slowly, almost falteringly, but suddenly a change flashed over her. Her eyes closed, her arms swept out in dramatic gesturing, and a torrent of inspired ideas poured from her lips leaving the listener amazed and enlightened and thrilled by their eloquence and power.

As soon as I became adjusted to these conditions I began to feel that strange, pleasantly drowsy, numbing sensation in the back of my head, which gradually spread all over my body, and which is with me always the forerunner of clairvoyance.

I began to see spirits.

A group of them were gathered behind the medium gazing fixedly at her as if concentrating upon her work. Directly behind her stood the spirit of a man who appeared to be literally speaking into and through the back of her head!

When Mrs. Carpenter walked up and down the platform, which she frequently did, this spirit followed. I say "followed" figuratively, for the spirit seemed glued to her. At times when the medium fal-

tered slightly in her speech or hesitated for a second, her head tilted to one side as if listening intently, I could see the spirit nod his head emphatically, as if shouting out his words, and the medium always caught his thought and went steadily on.

Suddenly the experiences of the spirit-sights of my childhood days rushed through my mind and I realized then and there that I was such as she! In that instant much that I had never been able to understand was explained. If this woman was what was called a medium then I was a medium. I realized now why I had been considered a strange child. My soul seemed to awake. The thought thrilled me through and through. And in that brief instant a fleeting clairvoyant vision was revealed to me of a strange yet wonderful future for me filled with a work directed by spirits.

After her lecture, the medium rested for a short interval, and then began giving messages from the spirits who crowded anxiously around her, to their friends and relatives. She became, for the time being, a veritable telephone between two worlds. Her own ideas were submerged. She was an instrument used by those who eagerly sought to re-communicate with loved ones left behind on earth. It was beautiful. There was nothing morbid or sad or sanctimonious about it. It was revealing.

Marion Carpenter looked like a madonna of help and loving service as she stood up there on the platform ready to give the messages. Medium in height, with gold-brown hair and blue eyes, her spiritual face illumined by the light of the spirit she looked as though

she were the reincarnation of a priestess of the Delphic Oracle.

No message was granted me that first night, but I did not care. I saw most of the spirits she was transmitting for, and I saw many waiting who had not the time to reach her. It reminded me of people waiting to get into a telephone booth. The church was literally filled with spirits. The guarding group of spirits, whom spiritualists call guides, allowed only one spirit at a time to approach and speak through the medium. And among that group I saw several American Indians!

The messages were wonderful and exciting. Through the medium spirits told how they had died—some had been mangled in machinery, some had died from disease, and yes, some had been murdered. Spirits came who sought forgiveness for wrongs they had done to people in the audience. Forgiveness, they said, released them from the earth-ties and allowed them to go on and progress. Spirits told people where valuable papers were forgotten or hidden that, when found, would relieve them from difficulties. Spirit parents brought words of comfort and advice to orphaned children. True, there were some who spoke of trivial things, but do we not all speak of trivial things over the telephone? And often, especially in speaking over the long distance wire we become excited and do not say just what we intended to. The messages were all very human, and sounded as though coming from perfectly natural people who had simply acquired a wider vision through the change called death. Every message was vital.

On the way home, Mr. and Mrs. Burgess asked me what I thought of it. I told them that if what I had

witnessed was mediumship, then I possessed it, too. This pleased them. In fact, it was exactly what they had planned the experiment for. We have often laughed over it since.

Still, I was a little puzzled. While I had seen spirits through most of my childhood, not one of them had ever asked me to give a "message" to any one. This was the baffling part of it to me. The burning question in my mind was, how could this medium get in touch with the right spirits for the right people every Sunday night? And why need a medium at all? I had not thought yet that the gifts of clear-seeing, clear-hearing and clear-feeling were awakened in only a comparatively few of the world's people.

I voiced these perplexities to my friends. They immediately suggested that we "sit" together some evening at their house. If we made the proper conditions, they argued, there was no reason at all why we could not receive communications from spirits (if there were any who desired to communicate), and that without a professional medium. The thought rushed over me—"oh, if I could only speak once more to my mother!" So I agreed.

We met at the little Burgess home. We sat in a circle and in the dark. Just the Burgess family and one or two of their friends. My friends thought the darkness would enable us to see and hear any physical manifestation such as lights or raps that might occur. It was winter, and the room became rather warm. I began to feel very drowsy. We had said the Lord's prayer and were singing hymns. It seemed churchy and monotonous to me, and as I saw nothing, and noth-

ing seemed likely to happen, I decided to yield to my drowsiness.

I went to sleep.

Suddenly I awoke. It seemed to me that I had dozed off for only a few moments, but the lights were all turned on, and my friends were talking together excitedly. I felt very nauseated. (The only time I have ever experienced this after such an occasion.) I was surprised and asked what was the matter.

My friends all tried to enlighten me at once. The truth was I had been in a trance, my first, and many messages had come through. Most of these messages were for my friends. Names had been given correctly, descriptions had been recognized, and there had been long talks with several spirits.

An old Indian, White Cloud, had spoken, saying he was the guardian spirit who had been with me from my birth and whom I had so often seen. My own mother had come also, sending a message of love to my aunts, and begging me to go on with the development of my mediumistic powers, as a large and helpful work lay before me, and that in the course of this work I would visit many foreign countries. She also said that my curious illness of a while before was the result of chemical changes the guides (spirits who work continuously with mediums) had had to make in my physical being before I could be used as a deep trance medium. This complete change in my forces and currents and ethers had naturally for a time completely upset my nervous organism. "But George will be all right now," she had said.

At first I could hardly believe all this, but when I

was convinced that no joke had been played on me, I could scarcely wait to get home to tell my family of this wonderful night—the turning-point in my life!

Never will I forget how my aunts and grandmother looked when I rushed into the room and exclaimed—“I am a medium. I am a medium!” The family group stared at me as if they thought I had gone mad. Grandmother, with her characteristic English brusqueness said as much. “But I will show you that I am one!” I persisted.

I made them draw up their chairs in a circle, say a prayer and sing hymns. In a short time I went into the trance state, but at that undeveloped stage, with many jerkings of the head and distortions of the body. The family was alarmed.

The resulting seance, according to my aunts, was one of the best and most convincing I have ever given them. I was in trance for about an hour. The family was now positively convinced of my gift which they had long suspected me of possessing.

And my grandmother summed up her impressions of my future by saying—“Yes, you are really a medium, and now I suppose you will go out and disgrace the family name!”



**M**Y INTEREST in the subject of spiritualism now knew no bounds. I visited all sorts of mediums. If I, by nature, were one of these curious people, then I wanted to learn something about them. The Burgesses, who were staunch spiritualists, knew who the best mediums were and where they were to be found. So I made the rounds.

There was one, a Mr. Kaiser, who interested me very much. He was a trumpet-medium; that is, one who has the power of giving off enough magnetic force to enable communicating spirits to speak through the light aluminum trumpet which acts as a megaphone in condensing the voice so that it can be heard distinctly. I had many wonderful tests through this man's mediumship.

One night I persuaded Percy, my uncle, to go with me to a seance at Mr. Kaiser's. My grandmother had moved to her large house on Josephine Avenue, and my uncle and his wife, whom we called "Mimi," lived with us. A little baby girl had been born to Mimi that very day.

During the seance, which was held in the dark, the trumpet with its illuminated band floated up to my uncle who was feeling rather skeptical. A voice came through clear and distinct saying—"Hello, Perce, this

is Birdie!" It was his sister, my Aunt Birdie. My uncle recognized her tone of voice and certain mannerisms of speech at once. "Birdie," he asked, "do you know what happened at home to-day?" At once the spirit replied, "Certainly, the baby is splendid and Mimi is doing well!" It was an excellent test as the medium had never seen my uncle before, and me but once, and knew nothing at all about us. My mother came, giving her name clearly, and she spoke about the old home at Newburgh-on-Hudson and especially of her friend, Mrs. Weaver, who had been present at her passing. Many of our loved ones came to us that night. There was one who came to me saying he was Dr. Freeman. He said he would help me by being a guide. I replied that I was pleased but was sorry I did not recognize him. He laughed and answered—"Oh, well, just ask your grandmother Haslett when you go home if she doesn't remember Dr. Freeman of Georgetown, Canada." Of course, later, I did ask grandmother and she was much surprised. "Why yes, he was our old family doctor at a time when we lived in Canada," she said.

One very amusing spirit manifested that night. She appeared as a little Indian girl who spoke in a small childish voice. Her name was "Leota." She made a "light," a brilliant orb about the size of a large diamond, of a piercing white light. This light darted rapidly about the room, even ascending to the ceiling. It touched several people. It settled in my open hand. I closed my fingers upon it and felt a warmish glow. But in a moment it had reappeared on the back of my hand and soon darted in zigzag flight through the wall of the room.

"Leota" spoke to me, saying she had known me for a long time and that I had seen her when I was a child. This I did not remember. But she insisted. "Yes, yes," she said, "me been with you very long time. Me going stay near you do much work." I laughed doubtfully and asked her if she would make her light for me when I got home, to prove it. "Yes, yes," she cried, "me sure come. Me coming many times. Big work for you. You see!" With that, she left, and soon the seance ended.

On the way home my uncle acknowledged his surprise at the true tests he had received, but expressed a doubt about the genuineness of Leota's light. When we arrived home it was very late, and not wishing to disturb any one, my uncle slept with me. So now, as we lay in bed in the deep gloom of the room, I asked aloud that Leota might manifest to us as she had promised. For a few minutes nothing occurred. "I told you it couldn't be done," laughed my uncle.

Then quite suddenly it appeared—her light—near the foot of the bed, and came toward us in a dancing, laughing motion! My doubting uncle saw it first. As we watched it careering gayly up toward the ceiling I heard him suddenly exclaim. Something had pinched him on the toe! With a last waggish flicker Leota's light disappeared.

The third floor of Grandmother's Josephine Avenue house was a huge well-floored attic that had not yet been divided into rooms. It had a mansard roof and charming windows, so it made a nice airy studio for me. And here I slept.

One night in this attic-studio I was awakened by

the sensation of being shaken by the shoulder. An insistent tapping sounded on the head of the bed. At times the raps were slow and distinct, then rapid, and sometimes muffled. These raps always have a quality of sound peculiar to them. It is not as though the object were knocked upon by some exterior thing, but rather as if the sound proceeded from within the object like a tiny explosion. This character of the sound is unmistakable. No warping or creaking of wood is akin to it.

I began asking the identity of the unseen one. I suggested aloud that the spirit, if such it was, use the code in answering, of one rap for "no" and three raps for "yes." I then called over many names of relatives but with no success. The raps always answered "no." But upon asking whether the raps would continue if I went downstairs and called some one to witness the phenomenon I immediately got the answer "yes."

So I bolted out of bed and ran downstairs and awakened two of my aunts. At last I had something to prove to them—that a power quite outside of myself was at work. The force might be drawn from me, but the intelligence behind it was entirely independent of me.

It was a funny looking group that ascended the third floor stairs. We were all in dressing gowns, sleepy eyed, and with hair askew. My aunts were skeptical and did not relish being dragged from a warm bed to the cold upper regions of the house.

For a while we stood shivering around the head of the bed upon which the raps had first sounded. But not a single rap greeted us! With a few scathing remarks as to the "flights of my imagination" the aunts

were about to descend the stairs when a shower of lively staccato raps suddenly sounded upon the zinc top of an old trunk that stood nearby. We looked at one another. It was a moment of triumph for me!

Then we began asking questions. We went slowly over the list of departed relatives and friends, but to every name mentioned the raps stubbornly answered "no." Suddenly I was impressed to ask if it might not be "Leota," the little Indian girl who had been able to "make lights."

Instantly the raps signaled "yes, yes, yes!"

Then I thought of Mr. Kaiser, the medium through whom she had first manifested to me. I asked if she wished to give a message about him. Again came the "yes, yes, yes," in sharp, hurried raps. Even my aunts said later that the quality of the raps seemed to express a feeling of nervous anxiety. From this we thought the medium must be in trouble. The answer was a frenzied fusillade of tap-tap-taps! One aunt asked if Mr. Kaiser were dead. "Yes," rapped Leota. "Recently?" I asked. "Yes," answered the Indian girl.

Later we verified this and with startling accuracy. Mr. Kaiser had passed from the body on that very date and under most unhappy circumstances.

We asked Leota many questions and she promptly answered all of them. She rapped "no" regarding several projects when it seemed to us that "yes" would have been more to the point. But time has proven that in every instance she was correct.

This experience has been one of the most convincing we have been permitted to encounter. But strange

to say, Leota has never repeated the rapping in answer to questions. But often since, she has spoken through me in trance. At such moments, when asked by my aunts why she was able to accomplish her rapping once and never again, her reply has always been to the effect that conditions happened to be just right that night and so she had taken advantage of the fact. And on one occasion she said she was "allowed" to do this because we badly needed "convincing" in order that we might be encouraged to go on with the work. Upon studying subsequent events her statements did seem logical.

That attic-studio-bedroom certainly seemed highly charged with the forces that are utilized in the production of psychic phenomena. The house was new and no one had ever lived in it but our own family so there were no "left-overs." Aunt Emma's bedroom on the second floor was so situated that as she lay in bed she had a distinct view of the door which led up from the hall into the third floor.

One morning very early she heard footsteps descending those third floor stairs. Wondering if I were coming down at that early hour my aunt sat up in bed and watched. Softly and slowly the door knob turned, the door opened, and the figure of a young man came forward, turned, and went quietly down the stairway to the ground floor. He acted as though he did not wish to disturb those who still slumbered.

In the half light which seeped into the hall my aunt was not sure if it were myself or not. The form seemed taller and slighter, she said, and the face appeared very pale. Hearing him moving about downstairs, she

jumped out of bed, threw on a dressing-gown and ran down quickly. She looked in all the downstairs rooms. Not a soul was to be seen!

Up the stairs she flew and up into the third floor, calling me. I lay in bed in a sound sleep and it was with some difficulty she awoke me. Together we went through every room in that house, for so real had been the astral or ghostly appearance that my aunt was not sure but what she had seen a burglar. We found no trace of any one nor was anything disturbed.

Later, at a seance, the spirit of her brother Jack came saying that it was he she had seen and that he had often walked about the house as he was interested in all we did. Jack had been taller than I, and before his passing, pale and very slight in build.

Now that the family were so interested in these fascinating experiences I thought it a good time to organize a little home circle. I was the medium. Our seances became more and more interesting each week as my powers slowly expanded under the careful guidance of the spirits who worked with us. We regarded this as a very sacred thing, and always approached our circle evening with reverence, opening it with the Lord's Prayer.

My father objected very strongly to these sittings at first, for after seeing me go into a trance he felt sure I would end in an insane asylum. But little by little, after hearing of the tests we had received through Mr. Kaiser, and after experiencing a few himself, he finally joined our experimental group. There were usually ten in the circle—my grandmother, my four aunts, Clara, Emma, Lillian and Mary; my sister

Friede, Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, my father and I. Sometimes my uncle Percy joined us.

We would sit for a short time in total darkness, then in a subdued light. In those days it used to take quite a while—sometimes three-quarters of an hour before I would become entranced.

Each sitter, during this wait, would describe the things he saw. Father always saw lights—lights within lights—usually deep blue and purple. Mary often saw a yellow light, small at first, that would increase in size until at last it burst and disclosed for a few seconds a face. But she could never recognize this face. Clara saw this once, too, and the face was that of a smiling child.

Emma and Lillian were able to see, moving about the room, the misty forms of the visiting spirits. Strangely enough, during these sittings, Grandmother, who saw so much during her daily life, seldom saw anything. Friede got many accurate clairvoyant impressions of passed-over people. Percy saw vision after vision passing before his open eyes. They were often wonderful and intricate geometric designs in many colors; or scenes—sometimes pastoral, and often of unearthly cities crowded with people moving about.

There were certain phenomena we were all able to discern at the same time. For instance, after we had sat in the dark for half an hour or so, a soft mellow glow would dawn slowly upward through the room. Where this came from we could never tell. It just suddenly appeared in the center of the circle and left the edges in the blackest darkness.

Aunt Clara was usually the first to see it. "Look!"

she would exclaim. "Does any one notice a glow in the room?"

"Why yes, I do," from my father.

"Certainly," from Emma and Lillian. "It's been there a long time."

Mary was always the last to see what any one else saw. "Glow—I don't see any glow," she would say.

"George, are you still awake?" some one would ask.

"Yes," drowsily.

"Can't you see the light in the center of the room?"

"I've been seeing it for a long time. It's getting brighter."

"Oh, I see it now," excitedly from Friede. "Look, look! It's all around my feet—and it's all around Grandma. Can you see it, Grandma?"

"Eh?"—from Grandma, who was quite deaf. "I see an Indian standing behind George."

"Why, the room is so light I can see you all sitting there," my father would chime in.

"So can I," from Em and Lil. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"Are you crazy?" Mary would exclaim irritably. "It's all imagination. The room's as black as night. Wait a minute—well, I believe I do see a sort of light."

"There now," Friede would scoff, "if you're going to be so stubborn, Marie, you'd better not sit."

"Sit? I guess I certainly will sit! I can see it as well as any one. It's a bright golden light in the middle of the room and I can see Lil and Cal and every one as plain as day!"

"It almost frightens me!" Friede would now whisper huskily, swallowing hard.

"It certainly is not coming in from outside," my father would say, "for every possible crack under windows or doors is covered. It really is proof of a power aside from us."

"Do you see that?" some one would exclaim suddenly.

"What—what?"

"A form—standing by you, Em."

"Don't say that, you frighten me."

"But it's there."

"Stop!"

"I can't. Now there's another form building up beside the first one."

"Oh, I see it—look!"

"Where—between Em and Lil? I see it too."

"Lil—I believe you could get materializations! There's a white mist all around you."

"Maybe I can. Oh—some one touched me! Was that you, Cal, doing that?"

"Certainly not. I'm watching the forms."

"There it is again. Some one did touch me!"

"Well, they touched you when we said you were a materializer. They want to confirm it."

"There! That's the third time I've been touched! I believe they *are* confirming that idea."

"Listen—tapping on the trumpet!" (At these times we always had the trumpet standing in the center of the floor, hoping that some spirit might be able to speak through it.)

"Tapping? I didn't hear it."

"Shh, shh! Let's ask them questions. Dear spirit, answer us if you can—three knocks for yes, one for no. Is Lil a materializing medium?"

For a second a strained silence. Then a quick confusion of little muffled taps.

"They answered."

"Hear them?"

"How many did they give?"

"Shh, there's altogether too much confusion. They can't manage the knocks when we're excited. You ask your own question, Lil." Dead silence. A few rapid ticks.

"Hurry, Lil. They're waiting."

"What shall I say?—Dear spirit, do you want me to sit? Am I a materializing medium?"

Tap—tap—tap!

"There!"

"But those taps are not on the trumpet."

"No!" Lillian is excited now. "Those knocks sounded right here on my chair."

"Are you sure you weren't moving your chair?"—from my Missourian father.

"Of course I wasn't! Sitting perfectly still. Too anxious to get the truth to make any false noises."

"Ask them again—to make sure."

"You ask it this time, Clara."

"Dear spirits, try again, please. Can Lilly develop her powers for materialization—if she sits?"

Tick, tick, tick!—Tap, tap, tap!—Tap, tap, tap!

"There now—they're answering yes. No one can possibly deny that. Right on my chair again too."

"Did you hear it clear enough this time, Herman?"  
—this to my father.

"Oh yes. Those were answers all right. This is the most convincing sitting we've had."

"What do you think about it, George?—George! —he's under control."

"Yes, he's been in a trance for several minutes. I heard him breathing heavily so I put my hand on his and he's icy cold."

"Now White Cloud will come."

In a short time my old Indian guide would manifest by speaking through me. He usually would tell them to "make up a light." White Cloud always has advocated sitting in the light for my trance conditions. "Me see that way more good," he says.

During the sittings we found it disastrous if any one got up and moved about in the circle—at least without permission from whatever spirit happened to be controlling the medium at the time. Often, all our connection with the communicating spirits has been broken by such thoughtlessness.

When our two hours sitting was up White Cloud generally would say—"Not good medie be tired now. You got enough. Me say good night." With that the seance would end. No amount of coaxing or waiting would change White Cloud's edict. It was a case of "there is no more."

During the time of our Saturday night sittings we tried all sorts of experiments. We fixed a "cabinet" in one corner to see if that would aid us. The cabinet was simply two curtains hung across a corner of the room in order that there might be a secluded covered-in

space where the guides could accumulate the magnetism and other forces necessary for whatever kind of phenomena they wished to try to produce. I had been told by the guides of other mediums and by my own, that if I sat for it with patience I would in time be able to develop the direct voice phase of mediumship with the trumpet. So we had a trumpet. It was of the kind that all trumpet-mediums use; a small megaphone of aluminum made in three sections that dove-tailed together. We added a band of luminous paint to the larger end so we could see it if it moved in the dark.

We always began our circle promptly at eight o'clock, and always sat in the same chairs and in the same room. If by any chance one of our group could not be present, we left his chair vacant. We also kept our places in the circle in the same order. All these things are very important in the early stages of this kind of psychic development. The chairs become magnetized by our magnetic or auric force, and the room becomes highly charged with it and with other forces that the spirits bring.

All sorts of manifestations occurred during these experimental seances. It seemed as though the guides were trying us out to see to which phase we were best adapted. Our whole family is mediumistic and each individual of it seems to possess the rudimentary qualities of a separate phase.

Sometimes there would be loud and soft knocks and raps in various parts of the room and even outside the room we sat in. Noises like crackling fire and of ripping paper used to run all around the walls and

ceiling. Ice-cold winds would blow strongly about our feet and hands and ankles. The trumpet, which always stood upright in the center of the large, wide circle of chairs, would, as I have already described, often be tapped upon. Often we heard indistinct whisperings and mutterings going on about us, and sometimes we would be called by name audibly. Touches, slight tuggings at our hair, and violent tremblings and shakings of our chairs were often felt. In these sittings the trumpet was never lifted from the floor, although several times it moved a little and tipped over, and sometimes a husky voice tried to speak through it as it stood on the floor.

There was an unseen canary too, that used to fill the room with its subtly near, yet far-away song. We could all hear it plainly, although some would hear it before others did, and some would hear it continuing after others could not. It was a very lovely phenomenon. And we often had the odor of flowers wafted about the room.

After our hour of darkness we tried sitting in dim red light. In this red light we began to get etherealizations and partial materializations. Aunt Lillian was the instrument used for this, as she had been told. As a rule, these astral forms would emerge from the cabinet, although sometimes a misty mass would appear near Aunt Lillian and gradually rear or build itself up into the semblance of a human form. This always frightened Lillian very much. We never saw any distinct features, but the forms appeared to be men and women, and sometimes children. Often the forms of animals, usually cats and dogs, birds and

butterflies, would appear. We could see straight through the ethereal forms, but the materializations were more solid.

One night five forms came from the cabinet and gliding over the floor to the trumpet formed a ring around it!

Only rarely could we distinguish the clothing worn by these spirits, and when we did, it was always plain ordinary clothing. Many a time we have watched a misty form leaning over the trumpet as if magnetizing it. Usually, preceding the appearance of the forms, the curtains of the cabinet would be blown outward by a mysterious cold wind. There were times too, when we did not bother to put up the curtains of the cabinet, and the forms would appear just the same, emerging from the corner where the cabinet should have been.

Rapidly we were becoming spiritualists.

**I** WAS very much surprised to find how interested in spiritualism many people are. Far more than I had imagined.

In talking to people about these matters I learned about many other mediums, and it was in this way I first heard that strange term—"developing circle." It sounded interesting, and when I inquired as to what it might be I was told—"a circle where people who have discovered they are mediumistic develop their gifts under the direction of an already developed medium." I investigated these statements and found there were a number of such circles going on in various parts of Detroit. My next step was to find one.

There was a Dr. Sutton whom I met through my friend Mr. Burgess, who told me of a developing circle that he and his wife sometimes attended. Dr. Sutton was much interested in psychic phenomena. At his home on Woodward Avenue I spent many an interesting evening listening to him and his wife tell of their experiences in spiritualism.

The doctor's wife was a partially developed medium herself. She was tall and very fair with red hair and jade-green eyes. At times she was said to be possessed by a "strong spirit." It seems that this "strong spirit" was able to control her at the most opportune times

—times when she especially needed help or protection.

Dr. Sutton told me that one day when his wife was alone in the house she was insulted over the payment of a bill by a burly express-man. They were standing at the top of a flight of stairs when the argument occurred. Mrs. Sutton ordered the man to leave her house. He refused and swore at her. The lady of the red hair flew into a temper and called upon the "strong one."

The spirit answered her summons at once by taking complete possession, reinforcing her with a tremendous power. Seizing the surprised express-man by the waist she lifted him as though he were a feather and hurled him down the flight of stairs!

There were times too, when the same spirit would control the doctor's wife for the sole purpose, it would seem, of showing off his strength. Mrs. Sutton, who was of a really frail build, would feel a violent desire to lie flat on her back on a couch, when, after a few spasmodic gasps for air she would fall into a cataleptic trance.

The "strong spirit" would manifest then by stretching out the medium's arm in a horizontal position. The on-lookers would then be asked by the spirit (who used Mrs. Sutton's voice, but with a deep guttural tone) to try to bend the rigid limb. But this feat could never be accomplished, try who might. Her arm had become like a rod of iron!

Once I witnessed a large, heavy man, after repeated urgings from the spirit, sit on Mrs. Sutton's outstretched arm while two other men kept her body from

tipping off the couch, and still her arm did not bend, nor was there any visible strain upon the body or in the expression of the face which seemed to repose in peaceful slumber. Sometimes Mrs. Sutton's face would change greatly while she was in the trance state. The lines deepened unbelievably, and she would look decidedly like an American Indian. One night we saw an old man's face with a long beard, mask itself over her features, obliterating and transfiguring them entirely.

Upon awakening, Mrs. Sutton never seemed to feel any discomfort after these strenuous exhibitions. She was not a professional medium and so far as I know has never developed beyond this curious phase.

Dr. Sutton, at that time, was much interested in my own development, and he predicted that the time was not far off when I would become a professional medium. Knowing how eager I was to see a real developing circle, he arranged to take me to the one he had so often spoken about.

So one cold winter night, he and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Burgess and I, adventured forth. Our destination was on the outskirts of the city on the east side, and we were a long time reaching it. The medium who held the circle was a Bavarian woman—a Mrs. Tixier. The circle was held in the house of her friend, Mrs. Stanhope, who was said to be developing the gift of healing.

From the outside, the house looked dark and vacant. One would never dream of what was going on inside. This was managed so that no trouble might arise from the prying curious, or the police. It is against the law

to take money for such services, and at this circle a small fee was charged.

At last, after wary knocks at the door, we were let in. The circle was being held in a room upstairs kept specially for the purpose. The meeting had already begun, for we were late. I had not let my family know that I was coming here, for in spite of their interest, they objected strenuously to my "running about with spiritualists and fortune-tellers." So in entering this forbidden house in this stealthy manner, I felt as the oppressed early Christians must have felt when they crept into their meeting places in the catacombs.

I shall never forget the moment when I entered that circle-room, nor the strange impression it made on me at the time. A faint reddish glow spread dimly through a good-sized room, allowing me to see the vague outlines of people seated in two large semi-circles, one circle within the other. A droning murmur filled the room and swept out into the hall. With bended heads they were saying the Lord's Prayer.

Some dimly awakened memory stirred within me!

It seemed to me I had experienced this same thing before, but very long ago—not in any room—but out on a great moor somewhere, with huge rocks standing by, and pale starlight above. All I could associate the idea with was Druids!

Into this roseate twilight we stole and found seats on a bench against the wall. After my eyes adapted themselves to the light, I saw before us against the opposite wall a cabinet, or sort of closet hung with purple curtains. Some one appeared to be sitting within

this recess, for two knees and two shoes protruded from the curtains, and from time to time, a deep sigh issued from the spot. This, I later discovered, was a man who was developing materialization. In front of the cabinet and facing the semi-circles sat Mrs. Tixier, the medium who conducted the development.

Mrs. Tixier was of a short squat figure, with dark twinkling eyes and black hair and a swarthy complexion. With the high, shadowy purple curtains of the cabinet behind her I could not help thinking that she looked like the Woman of Endor sitting at the doorway of her hut.

While one glance at this woman told me that she was not a person of education, and that her way through life had been in the humbler walks, still she filled me with a sense of a great and majestic power of some kind. Force fairly radiated from her being.

When the prayer was finished the circle broke into singing—a spiritualist hymn—"There's a land that is fairer than day." At first there was a tendency to drag the music, but Mrs. Tixier urged them into a livelier tempo, and soon a splendid, virile vibration was thus created.

All through this singing I had the most beautiful but fleeting glimpse of snow-white wisps of mist-like substance that went floating swiftly through the room. Misty, half-formed figures emerged from the cabinet (in spite of the presence of the man seated within), or appeared suddenly in the midst of the sitters, and some came gliding uncannily through the walls. A few of these wraiths showed remarkably clear features,

but most of them were indistinct and full of ghastly holes caused by lack of power to draw to themselves a sufficient quantity of atoms from the medium and the sitters. None of them appeared to linger, but passed rapidly through the walls, ceiling and floor, and many seemed to disintegrate in the air before our eyes.

Every one in the room did not see these manifestations with the same degree of plainness. The inner eye was unopened in some. Now and then there were exclamations of wonder as several saw the same thing simultaneously.

When the singing was over Mrs. Tixier stood up and began to speak to various individuals. It seemed she could tell through which one a spirit was about to manifest. She would speak to the spirit in a very funny jargon—"Come, Big Bear, me see you standing there—come on, Big Bear, picky uppy yo' medie!" She was asking the spirit to try to control the person and to make them stand up and speak.

This she would repeat again and again, directing her gaze first upon the spirit standing behind the person and second upon the person himself. In a short time, usually, that person would become entranced, or in other words, would "go under control." Soon now there were several people under control at the same time, and spirits began to speak through them until, going on at the same time, there was a confusion of utterances.

Some, no doubt, will think these people were hypnotized by Mrs. Tixier, or by themselves under her repeated and strong suggestions. But I know that neither conclusion in this instance would be correct.

I, myself, plainly saw the spirits standing behind or beside their mediums, concentrating upon them with the purpose to control.

It is this relation in which the spirit stands to the medium that gave rise to the spiritualistic term, "control." And it expresses the matter exactly. The whole process of mediumistic developing consists in the medium's learning to become passive; and by his passivity the spirit is able to control or impress him as to speech and actions. At times this may be purely hypnotism on the part of the spirit. But I know that it is not always so. There is a difference in the kind of control. One who is hypnotized must do exactly the bidding of the hypnotist. My own experience has been quite the contrary with controlling spirits.

I do not give up my will to them. I do not allow them to dominate my mind. I simply loan them for the time being my physical organism, my body, my brain, and my nervous system, but I,—my soul, my mind,—I have stepped out of the physical covering, leaving only that covering to the use of the controlling spirit. Not I, but my physical organism only is controlled by spirits.

There are times, when I am not in a trance, and when I am perfectly conscious, that I allow spirits to control me. I let them move my hand for their writing; I let them use my body for sitting or standing or walking; I let them use my voice for speaking; I remain passive to their control. But the moment I become impassive and by the action of my will refuse to do as they desire, then no amount of effort on their part can influence me in the slightest. The

real I is not for one moment controlled by them. I am not hypnotized.

Even when I am in deep trance it is the same. I am no longer in the body. It is only the body with its various organs that is used by spirits. I, at such times, am having other experiences. I sometimes am visiting with my mother, or with other people; or listening to music, or seeing wonderful sights. I am functioning quite apart from my body which is being motivated by others. My body is my house which I have left for the time being to my guests. But of course, before I give it up I assure myself that I am leaving it in safe hands. I yield it only to those guides who have worked with me since my birth, and who allow others to enter it only at their discretion. Thus am I safe.

What I have just described is true of me, but I cannot say that it is true of all mediums. I feel sure from my observations that it is not. Many mediums I believe are hypnotized by the controlling spirits, and by this wrong process become so weak-willed that their life is practically no longer their own. Their end may well be imagined. A good deal of this sort of control went on at Mrs. Tixier's. Mrs. Tixier, by her invocations, did not hypnotize the developing mediums, but she greatly aided the spirits to do so. The spirits who manifested here were mostly from the lower astral plane, and there were countless of the earth-bound.

During the seance, through several people, came very remarkable tests or proofs of identity. Mrs. Tixier, who had never seen me before, glimpsed White Cloud

standing beside me in protection, described him, and correctly called him by name.

It was not long before I too became entranced, and I gave out many messages from spirits to their earthly friends. Mrs. Tixier was delighted with my results, as were the assembled people, and she thought it was the first time I had ever been in a trance. Ever since, she has claimed me as a sort of star pupil!

Well, it was the first time I had been in trance in a strange place before strange people, and I do believe that she helped to break down my barrier of shyness which might have caused me to hesitate to go before the public at all.

It was so unexpected—her seeing White Cloud—and her outlandish calling to him to “picky uppy yo’ medie!” White Cloud lost no time in “picking me up,” and so I really began my public work in this strange, almost ludicrous sort of place.



**A**FTER this first interesting night I went many times to Mrs. Tixier's, and I confess, not always with the most serious intent, but often with the purpose of having a good laugh. But experience has taught me this is decidedly not the right attitude to hold in any kind of circle. Like attracts like, and if a light, flippant, make-fun mood is maintained, it most certainly will attract fun-making spirits, and sometimes mischievous, unprogressed souls. Some of these can be very deceptive and destructive. To approach a seance in a sad or dejected mood is very bad, too, for it may attract the morbid, or even prevent any kind of communication. The best way to approach the sacred communing with spirits is with a serious, prayerful, yet happy expectancy.

But at the time of my going to the Tixier circles I did not know these things, nor did any one else there. Mrs. Tixier, being of a jovial disposition and knowing no better, rather encouraged the fun-making element. It amused her clients and drew trade, so to speak. That is the great trouble with a public developing circle or in fact any large public circle. I do not approve of them. I think, instead of being helped by these means that much good mediumship in the making is actually ruined.

Imagine a place of this sort, where no discrimination or judgment is used whatsoever, and where any one who has the small fee charged may enter freely. No real spiritual unfoldment can be expected from such a hodge-podge of conditions, vibrations, attractions, or whatever you wish to call them, as a circle of this kind presents.

Mediumship? Yes, mediumship can be developed in this way of course, but what sort of mediumship? What are the final results likely to be? In such an environment one opens himself to dangers unlimited and unknown. One's guiding spirits must be spiritual and strong indeed to protect their instrument from the dubious astral crowd that hangs about such places.

In such irresponsible surroundings a medium is apt to pick up evil guides, for he is, so to speak, in bad spiritual company. Remember what Paul said in his letter of advice upon right living and practice of mediumship to the Corinthians, in Chapter 15, Verse 33—"Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners."

Communications from evil spirits do corrupt when listened to again and again, and accepted without thoughtful consideration. Familiarity with falseness sometimes breaks down the barriers of protection. From such communications nothing but false teachings and bad advice could result.

Remember also the test of the spirits advised in the First Epistle of John, Chapter Four—"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world." Yes, speaking through their instru-

ments are many false spirits uttering false prophecies. But how are we to test these false spirits to distinguish them from the true? My guides have always told me "by the Christ Force must you challenge them, saying, Spirit, do you come to us in the Christ Force?" And the very same advice is given by John: "Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of anti-Christ, whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already is it in the world."

Therefore good spirits are of the Spirit of God, and bad spirits are of anti-Christ, and the test for all is the Christ Vibration.

**A**T LAST my family found out that I was going to the circles at Mrs. Tixier's. Then there were conferences behind closed doors and arguments in the open. It was decided that I was disgracing the family by associating with "those strange spiritualists." My uncle, who had always been my boon companion and confidant, much to my surprise, agreed with the family. My father, too, joined in the fray and for once in his life also agreed with the family. He declared that I was getting into these matters too deeply and that his only son would surely end his days in a lunatic asylum. He became so alarmed over my persistence that he had long talks with a doctor friend of his. This doctor told him it was self-hypnotism on my part and that the practice of it was most injurious to the nerves and would soon wear me out.

But I paid not the slightest attention to any of this nonsense and went right along in my own way.

My sister Friede was the only one who did not object. She even went with me on several occasions to Mrs. Tixier's and found it amusing if nothing else. I do believe now as I look back that that was her real motive in going—amusement. But later, she came to regard the subject in its true aspect.

One night, my Uncle Percy, delegated by the family

to investigate the disgraceful place I frequented so often, expressed his desire to accompany me to the Tixier circle. "Come along," I urged. I knew that my uncle was highly mediumistic and I felt if he could see some of the extraordinary things that sometimes did happen at this circle he might become less antagonistic. So we went, and my sister went with us.

The circle that night was unusually lively. Every one "saw things" and almost everybody "went under control." Every few minutes my uncle would lean over and whisper—"Disgraceful! It's the first time and the last you'll ever find me in such a place!"

Then he began to be seized with laughter—that uncontrollable laughter that makes you so afraid of becoming ridiculous that it shakes some of the stubbornness out of you. He laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks.

He had been acting in a peculiar manner for some time previous to this, tossing his head and jerking his shoulders, and I noticed that Mrs. Tixier was keeping her experienced eye on him. Now she came and stood before him and commenced her funny exclaiming: "Come on! Come on, dear spirit. I see yo' standin' dere. Come on—picky uppy yo' medie!"

Percy glared back surprisedly at the woman. He was greatly embarrassed and asked her to leave him alone.

"Come, dear spirit, picky uppy yo' medie!" There stood the swarthy medium like some sorceress of old.

My uncle looked at me as if I might intercede, but I am afraid I only laughed rather wickedly—I knew what was coming!

Quite suddenly, a long shiver shook my uncle from head to foot, and then—he fell into a trance, controlled by the spirit of an Indian woman!

I could see her standing directly behind him and so could Mrs. Tixier. It was not a complete possession, and afterward, my uncle said that he had been perfectly conscious of all he was doing but could not resist the Force. It was very funny to me to watch him, because he had been so against the place and had said that no one could possibly influence him!

He spoke, but in another language which sounded like gibberish but which may have been the Indian woman's tongue. We could not understand a word. Mrs. Tixier now brought up a woman who was supposed to be able to interpret "tongues." From my uncle's gibberish this woman gave a somewhat surprising little talk on how the Indians regarded spiritual gifts.

In the New Testament, First Corinthians, Chapter Twelve, we have a lesson on tongues among our spiritual gifts, that are given by the Spirit. I quote from Verse Ten—"to another (is given) divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues." In Chapter Fourteen we find more definite rules regarding the development of spiritual gifts. Verse Twenty-six—"How is it then, brethren? When ye come together, every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation. Let all things be done unto edifying. If any man speak in an unknown tongue, let it be by two, or at the most by three, and that by course; and let one interpret. But if there be no interpreter, let

him keep silence in the church; and let him speak to himself, and to God. Let the prophets speak two or three, and let the other judge. If anything be revealed to another that sitteth by, let the first hold his peace. For ye may all prophecy one by one, that all may learn, and all may be comforted." Verse Thirty-nine—"Wherefore, brethren, covet to prophecy, and forbid not to speak with tongues. Let all things be done decently and in order."

These very same excellent rules are used to-day by all sincere spiritualists in their seances. When being controlled by spirits they speak in languages known and unknown, while others of their number who can, interpret. They prophecy by the spirit one at a time while the others listen and judge. Some of the prophecies are but partial and we therefore think them incorrect. "For we know in part, and we prophecy in part," we are told in Chapter Thirteen, Verse Nine of First Corinthians. When anything is revealed to a sitter—a spirit, lights, visions, writings in the air, whispered names or messages—that sitter is expected to speak out while the others listen. In this way each one has a chance to develop his spiritual gifts in the presence of his brothers. The rules that held good in those distant days hold good to-day. Through the ages Truth does not change.

After the spirit of the Indian woman left my uncle another spirit manifested through him, taking a more complete control. Percy said afterward that there had been several times when he lost consciousness completely. The control caused him to stand up and he became quite rigid. He raised his arms in a stiff up-

ward gesture above his head and shook like a reed in the wind. He then made great sweeping motions downward toward the floor as if bowing in greeting to the assemblage. He looked very funny, as he was very tall and thin. This control lasted about ten minutes. Mrs. Tixier thought this control was a Hindoo. Quite as suddenly as he had been taken, Uncle Percy found himself standing upright in the center of the room. Much embarrassed, he sank into his chair and, for the remainder of the session, uttered no criticisms whatever, but seemed to be in a most thoughtful state of mind.

This experience really changed my uncle's attitude toward spiritualism. He himself was a medium!

After this, he never tried to stop me from going to Mrs. Tixier's. He felt, as I did, that while the greater number of people who attended her circles were not the kind we would choose as associates, they were, nevertheless, sincere and good, and were seeking for the same light that we ourselves sought. Subsequently, at his own request my uncle went there with me many times. Friede thought we had a great joke on our uncle, but she was greatly surprised and impressed by the fact that he, too, was really mediumistic.

From that time on, the contact made by those first two controlling spirits has never been broken with my uncle. He has felt their presence during his busy hours, while walking in the country, and in his home. Whenever I am with him, one or the other of them usually entrances him. Once, at my grandmother's house, the Indian woman came through him and spoke very shyly in broken English. She said her name was "Crow-

foot," and insisted that her head was up in the attic of the house.

At first we could not imagine what she meant. But later we remembered that there was a skull up there in a box. This old skull had been taken from an Indian grave near some country property of grandmother's. I showed the skull to some doctors and they all thought it to be the skull of a woman. When we asked "Crow-foot" the name of the tribe she belonged to she answered—"Pottowatomie." It is true that at one time large numbers of Pottowatomies did live in that part of Michigan. The skull was found in a high sand-ridge near the little town of Carleton.

We never could find out who the other spirit was that controlled my uncle. Several times I saw an indistinct form standing near him with something like a turban on its head, but I was not sure. One night at the home of Mrs. Burgess this spirit suddenly controlled my uncle to stand up. Percy was holding something in his hand at the time, and now, as he stood and stiffly raised his arms above his head, the object he was holding struck against the chandelier and smashed the glass into many pieces. The noise seemed neither to shock nor arouse him. He went right on with his oriental salaaming and finally resumed his seat. Upon awakening he was much surprised to see he had wrought such damage!

In a circle, Percy always gets the most wonderful visions. Some of these visions have been interpreted by my guides. Several of them were prophecies, regarding family matters, which came to pass.

In the Tixier circle there were two or three people

who were developing trumpet. Mrs. Tixier herself had not a little power for this phase of "spirit-voicing." On some nights this voicing-force was much stronger than on others, and many spirits—relations and friends—used to come. Several times my mother came to me very clearly, speaking in her old familiar way, and using certain expressions of speech that I remembered well. She spoke of two mountains on the Hudson River she had loved—Storm King and Beacon.

But once in a while when the force was too weak for the use of the trumpet by spirits, Mrs. Tixier substituted herself for the spirits! The result was most ludicrous, as the supposed spirits all spoke in the Bavarian woman's tone of voice and used her peculiar patois, which once heard could never be mistaken.

Every one seemed to know she did this faking and when I teased her about it myself she only smiled and did not deny it. She seemed to do this more in a spirit of mischief than with any attempt to deceive, for she used to laugh about it herself at the time, and by the funny things she said, cause every one else to laugh uproariously.

That this serio-comic faking might have a bad effect upon newcomers did not seem to be taken into consideration. We who understood her real qualities were content to let these actions pass without comment and separated as best we might the wheat from the chaff.

After experiencing the Tixier circle I went to many others. But none of them were as interesting. Some of them, by their utter lack of sincerity, disgusted me. Others displayed a wanton waste of force that under

different circumstances might have been used to advantage.

There was one place where the people were in line at the street-door of a medium's house and all the way up a stuffy flight of stairs and into a second story room! The fee was placed at ten cents per head!

The medium, a woman past middle-age, came into the room in a state of semi-trance. She was assisted to walk by another woman from whom she probably borrowed force. These two, arm in arm, went slowly about from person to person, the medium giving a short prophetic message coupled with tests to each. Some of these messages, according to the way in which they were received, appeared to be accurate. It seemed too bad the woman had to waste her gift in this manner. Perhaps she did help some people. It is difficult to judge of such matters. But no one could develop his gift or hold it by trying to reach such a crowd of people filled only with material desires.

I could not recognize any of the spirits she described as coming to me, and I did not wonder at it, but she seemed much irritated over the fact. She did describe my personal characteristics more or less correctly. It is a wonder she was able to do as well as she did under the trying conditions in which she worked.

That medium must have reached full seventy-five persons during the one evening, as I counted fifty waiting! It was enough to kill her. No medium can stand such abuse. And yet this woman should have known better; she was a member of a large spiritualist church in Detroit, and heard weekly lectures upon the

subject from people who really knew what they were talking about.

Speaking of spiritualist churches, I am sorry to say, that while many of them are very fine and good, there are a great number, in America at least, that are conducted in such a manner that intelligent people who go once seldom care to go again. There seems to be a sort of childishness prevailing at these meetings, often an utter lack of dignity, and one gets the impression that people are simply playing at church. Many of the speakers murder the King's English although their controls are supposed to have been once eminent clergymen! In such places the music is often inappropriate and absolutely butchered in rendition. I have seen people suffer so from this that, unable to stand it a moment longer, they got up and quietly left!

But I speak of the worst; those run by well-meaning but ignorant people. Now and then we run up against the same condition in all walks of life. There are many spiritualist churches that have as sincere and dignified an atmosphere as any other kind, and where one may hear eloquence and beauty and truth flowing from the mouths of their inspired speakers.

At home we were forging experimentally ahead with our Saturday night circles, and I was rapidly developing my mediumship. As I look back upon those days, how I love their memory! Home! What better place to commune with loved ones in other planes?



**A**S I DEVELOPED my mediumship, the rest of the family seemed to develop more or less, too. While grandmother was able to see but seldom what the others saw in our seances, still, during her daily life she saw a great deal.

One night during one of the Kaiser trumpet seances which was held at our house, grandmother, who did not join us in the circle but sat upstairs in her bedroom, saw an Indian man, wound in a black robe, come out of Aunt Lillian's room and walk "straight and upright" downstairs. When the seance was over and the medium left, grandma looked at him through the window. To her surprise she saw running beside him, as if to keep up with his long strides, a little boy of about three or four years, dressed in dark clothes. She asked us who the little boy was that Mr. Kaiser had brought to the seance. Grandmother could hardly believe us when we told her there had been no little boy present.

One bright sunny morning when I happened to be standing in the hall, grandmother called out to me—"Well, well! Go and open the door! I saw an Indian woman with yellow feathers in her hair coming up the front steps!" I ran to the door and opened it, but there was no one there. I ran down the steps and looked up

and down the street, but there was not a sign of an Indian woman. Grandma was very much surprised, but I should have been more surprised to have seen one. Indian women are rare sights in city streets to-day!

One night grandmother was at home alone. As she sat reading she had the feeling that some one was gazing at her. Looking up she saw Benjamin, her dead husband, standing looking at her. Then the apparition disappeared. The house had grown quite cold, and now grandma heard footsteps descending into the furnace room, and the sound of some one shaking down the furnace. But no earthly person was in the house.

Another visitation occurred to grandma while she was in bed. Not being very well she had left a lighted candle on a table. She heard the door open and saw the flame of the candle flicker as some one came into the room. "Who is there?" asked grandma. No answer. Sitting up in bed grandma looked toward the light. There stood Fanny, her daughter, who had passed out as a young girl. She looked radiantly beautiful, with a soft glow of light around her. She said nothing, but she smiled and faded away.

In our family, as in many others, certain uncanny happenings sometimes take place before a death.

One afternoon Aunt Clara left the house on a matter of business. Aunt Lillian was painting in her studio upstairs. Aunt Emma was in another room embroidering, and grandmother was reading. Some time after Clara's departure they all heard the front door open and close. They thought Clara had returned. Footsteps sounded across the floor of the hall on the stairs and even the landing creaked as they went on up to the

second story. And every one heard the swishing of silk skirts. Then a sudden silence.

My aunts ran into the hall, thinking it strange that Clara did not speak. But no one was there. They looked in rooms and closets thinking perhaps Clara was playing a practical joke by hiding. But she had not come home.

The same night grandma was alone in the house, the others having gone out. She was reading the "Three Musketeers." Suddenly a strong, cold wind swept through the room, ruffling the pages of her book. "They have left the door open," thought grandma, and went to see. But it was shut firmly. Going back to her chair grandmother resumed her reading. In a few moments she heard soft footsteps come up behind her chair and she felt some one put hands on her shoulders and press very hard. This startled her so that she was in a nervous state until her daughters returned.

Shortly after this event news came from London, England, saying that grandmother's cousin, Temperance, had died on that very night.

Falling pictures long have been regarded as a symbol of approaching death. Call it superstition if you like, it is a superstition which often bears fruit. In our seances we asked the reason of this uncanny fact. Spirits told us that when possible they like to give a warning of a coming death so that the ensuing shock will not be so great. And they say that an indefinite warning is better than a definite one. Were they to tell who seemed about to die the thoughts of those about him would be detrimental. It happens, but it happens rarely, that spirits tell the name of one who

is about to pass over. Since the belief has arisen that falling pictures foretell death, spirits use this means often by which to give the warning.

Before grandfather's death he was seated in the dining room when a still-life picture of some wood ducks painted by Aunt Lillian suddenly fell. The wire by which the picture was hung did not break, neither did the hook come off the wall. A short time before the death of Aunt Birdie the picture of a dog's head which she liked very much fell. No cord broken and no nail out of the wall. A crayon copy of one of Landseer's pictures done by Aunt Lillian fell before the death of Uncle Jack. It was a favorite picture of his. The glass was broken but the cord was not and the hook was not disturbed. We had many such instances.

Once, when they were living in the country, Aunt Clara saw three bright bluish-yellow star-shaped lights floating about her bedroom. One star was much brighter than the others. One by one they settled at the foot of the bed where they remained for several minutes. Grandfather had just passed over, Aunt Birdie went a short time after, and Uncle Jack a year later. At the time Aunt Clara had a clairvoyant impression that the lights represented these three lives in spirit.

Grandmother's aunt's husband, a Mr. Clark, lived in England a great many years ago, about 1844. He was a manufacturer of jewel cases and had made the case to hold the Great Seal of England. He was a very rich man, but he had unfortunately lived a very fast life. At the hour of his death all the bells in his very large house started ringing and they kept on ringing until he was dead. No one could stop them. The servants

were so frightened that they could not be persuaded to remain in the service of the house.

In Petworth, England, when grandmother's Aunt Bird died, her sons held a sale of the household belongings. Some friends wanted to buy a very handsome sofa, but when they came for it they declared they saw the spirit of Mrs. Bird seated upon it! Grandmother forgets now whether they waited for the ghostly visitor to arise, or whether they carted off the sofa with the spirit still seated comfortably thereon. This incident occurred about 1846.

I relate these episodes to show what a really psychic family my mother's was, and that it was probably not a mere accident that I was attracted to be born into it.

When grandmother was a very young girl, while on a visit to her Uncle James Haslett's in Croydon, a gypsy woman told her that she would cross the Atlantic and spend the greater part of her life in America. This grandmother could not believe. But soon after the prediction her mother died and she went with her father and brothers to live in America. The gypsy had foreseen quite correctly.

When my great-uncle Jesse was a young man in England he used to ride on horseback to visit his lady-love. On the way to her residence he had to ford a stream. This was by way of a short-cut. One wet, stormy night he rode forth against the advice of his Aunt Harriet with whom he was living. He wore a heavy mackintosh with great pockets.

After he had left, Harriet went up to her room to read. She always sat up until his return. Leading

into her room was a door covered with green baize and studded with brass nails. When opened, this door used to squeak. Some time after Jesse's departure Harriet heard the door squeak as some one entered. Without looking up from her book she said—"Why, Jesse, are you home so soon?" There was no answer.

Looking up from her reading she saw standing in the doorway the form of Jesse. He was dripping wet. There he stood struggling to pull off the sleeve of his coat. His face was pale and he had an agonized look in his eyes. Then he disappeared. Harriet screamed and fainted.

Jesse did not come home that night. The next morning his body was found in the water of the stream. From the condition of his clothing he had evidently made a great struggle to get free from the mackintosh whose enormous pockets had filled with water and helped to drag him down. The stream was swollen from the storm and in the rapid current he had had no chance and so was drowned.

All these events which had been happening in the family for many years no one had understood. Now, through our home circles we began to comprehend them.

Aunt Lillian had several interesting experiences that I here relate. I quote from one of her letters to me—"I will try to describe to you as near as possible the beautiful vision which appeared before me about mid-day in my studio some years ago, long before I knew anything about psychology or spiritism. I had just finished luncheon and was going up to put some finishing touches on a picture. I was about to enter the studio

when it seemed some one had opened the door widely as if by magic and I heard, not aloud, but close to my ear—"There is Birdie" (her dead sister). I could not move, but gazed in utter amazement through the door at the beautiful, yet strange, vision which greeted my sight. It was indeed the form of Birdie. She seemed almost transparent and was arrayed in light, tinted like the rays of the rainbow. She was sitting in my chair bending over my painting as if in admiration. The form remained sitting there—it seemed to me for several minutes—and then it got up and glided behind the chair where it remained for about the same length of time. I took several steps backwards toward the stairs that I might call Mother, Cal and Em to come and see this beautiful sight, but now the form slowly raised from the floor and floated away into seeming nothingness. Needless to say this seemed to me a very great mystery. In life, Birdie had always loved to sit near me and watch me paint.

"When Eugene was a baby, if you remember, you and Friede made me a present of your baby clothes that your mother had carefully packed away. Cal and I had been going over these tiny garments selecting what seemed best for Eugene at the time. Cal went out of the room and I was left sitting with Eugene in my lap. I heard a noise at the door like the creaking of the floor.

"Looking up I was startled to see a form standing in the doorway. The form was clad in a thin white material fully gathered at the waist-line with a wide hem at the bottom of the skirt. I heard a voice—not aloud, but yet in my ear—say, 'there is Auntie.' (My

mother.) The form remained for a minute or two, then turned and glided out the door and down into the garden, the steps creaking as it went.

"I called to Cal and asked her what your mother had been laid away in. Her description of the clothing was in exact accordance with that I had seen the form wearing. I then asked her if the dress had a wide hem—showing her the width—and she said, 'Why yes, but Lillie, why do you ask?' I then told her what I had seen."

There was one experience of Aunt Lillian's which was not so pleasant: "One night I was awakened by a loud noise in my bedroom. It seemed as if some angry dog or wild beast was there tearing at the bedclothes, at the same time barking, snarling and scratching. I was greatly alarmed, and called to Charles (her husband) but failed to make him hear me. I could not rest any more that night as I grew extremely nervous trying to think and reason out the cause of this dreadful disturbance.

"The next night I was very tired and thought of my former experience, but after a time I fell asleep. I was again awakened by a repetition of the same horrible noise and tearing at the bedclothes. This time they were partially dragged on to the floor. This occurred three nights in succession. Needless to say I was terrified and prayed to God to be delivered from this nightly horror.

"When I told Charles about it he suggested my changing rooms, which I readily agreed to, but this proved no better. I underwent the same torment only the noise came with greater decision and force. The growl-

ing, barking, snarling and scratching were worse than ever.

"I was exasperated, and suddenly seemed to grow most brave. The room was pitch dark, as no light shone in from the street, but I quickly sat up in bed and with great determination and force said—'What is this anyway? Leave me in the name of Jesus Christ!' The room grew deathly quiet.

"The greater part of the next day was spent in prayer. I asked God never to allow me to be disturbed in this way again. My prayer was answered, as I have never heard anything like it since, and pray I never will."

My uncles, Percy and Jack, once had an experience similar to this. The family was then living in London, Canada, in a house that was said to be haunted. One night grandmother heard a commotion in the room where the boys slept together—a scuffling noise, followed by the sound of strangling. Rushing in to see what the cause of this could be, grandmother found the boys dragged out of bed lying on the floor choking, their eyes bulging out of their heads.

Her presence seemed to free them from this horror. When they were able to speak they said they had been awakened by something that dragged them out of bed and began strangling them! Possibly both these instances were caused by elementals or evil elementary spirits.

In "Isis Unveiled" Madame Blavatsky says—"Elemental Spirits.—The creatures evolved in the four kingdoms of earth, air, fire and water, and called by the kabalists gnomes, sylphs, salamanders and undines." "Elementary Spirits.—Properly, the disembodied souls

of the depraved; these souls having at some time prior to death separated themselves from their divine spirits, and so lost their chance of immortality."

My uncle Percy's daughter, Françoise, when a small child was clairvoyante. She would often scream and put her little arm across her eyes and cry out in French—"L'homme, l'homme!"—"the man, the man!" But no man was in sight. And sometimes she would gaze up into the air and say—"Mamma, Mamma!" She would stretch her arms out toward the, to us, invisible presence. It was quite evident that whatever form she saw resembled her mother.

Françoise would often sit on the steps of the stairs and looking up her eyes would follow something about the room. When asked what she saw she would reply—"Lady without shoes on." And sometimes, "Man with lots of feathers on his head." Probably she was seeing White Cloud as I used to see him when I was a child.

As her childhood advanced this clairvoyance seemed to increase. At that time this bothered her mother who was a Roman Catholic. Françoise, herself, had been baptized in that faith. But that did not prevent her from seeing all sorts of people and things, nor even from making predictions. She could always tell us accurately that a storm was coming hours before there was even a cloud in the sky. And she would frequently prophesy correctly the coming of certain people to the house.

One morning upon my returning to a room where I had left a manuscript on the table, I saw Françoise standing looking intently in that direction. "What do

you see?" I asked. Pointing to my manuscript she replied—"A lady was there looking at it."

"Who was it?" I questioned, surprised somewhat.

"Come and I'll show you," she answered. Taking my hand she led me upstairs to grandmother's bedroom where she pointed to a picture of my mother and said—"That's the lady!" She had never seen my mother, and no one had ever told her that this was a picture of her.

About this time grandmother had a strange experience with a mirror. She was seated in her bedroom opposite a mirror which was over her dressing-table. As she looked in the glass she saw the spirit of one we called Aunt Jessie pass behind her chair and disappear in the room. Turning quickly she looked to see if any one had come into the room. But she was apparently entirely alone.

From these experiences it can be seen what a psychic family we were. Only we had never known it. We were only now through our experimental circles finding out what we had always been!

**I** SOON discovered that whenever I sat near my grandmother I had difficulty to keep from falling into a trance. She gave off some sort of force that induced this state in me. Very many times I was not able to throw this condition off, especially when we sat together at the dining table. Finally, in order to be through with it I used to choose the easiest way, by yielding myself to the trance.

This always pleased my grandmother and in fact all the family, for in this way they obtained from me some excellent seances. Relations, girlhood friends of grandmother's, and all-but-forgotten family acquaintances used to drop in, so to speak, for a short visit and chat. Some remarkable tests came through in this way, but while we were all impressed by them at the time, we kept no records, and I do not remember them.

Once while at luncheon I became furiously angry at grandmother. I had a high temper and no one could ignite it as quickly as she. Emma Haslett had been an extraordinary woman all her life, possessing many exceptional qualities, a keen intellect, integrity, and an honesty which, in the case of expressing her opinion of people, became almost the extreme of brusque frankness. She did not hesitate at times to hurt people's feelings. Her likes and dis-

likes were decided, and once her mind was made up she never yielded a point.

On this day when grandmother, my aunts and I sat at table, she had become angry and had wounded me deeply by some disparaging remark which I considered to be unkind and unjust. I felt discouraged and in a care-for-nothing mood. My temper flared up and I lost control of it. In my rage I called upon the forces of evil!

I think I intended to direct them against my angry grandmother. If I did, however, it certainly had the opposite effect. Thoughts are boomerangs, and evil ones react very quickly. Like a thunderbolt, the forces I had called upon swooped down and seized hold of me!

I fell into a deep trance from which nothing could arouse me. The spirit that held me cursed and swore, although not at my grandmother or any one in particular. The spirit said he had come to destroy me. In great alarm my aunts managed to drag me into the living room where they lifted me on to a couch.

Then suddenly I became perfectly conscious. But I was no longer in the body! I stood by myself in the center of the room. I saw my body upon the couch controlled by the evil spirit. I saw my aunts sitting about with frightened faces. I saw my grandmother sitting by herself, very straight and silent, grimly watching the proceedings.

They said the Lord's Prayer, and Aunt Lillian came down stairs with a large and handsome crucifix. My people were Episcopalians, and my aunt thought that perhaps the symbol of the cross might have a banishing effect upon the spirit. I saw her hold out the crucifix

before my body. Immediately my arm, under the evil spirit's control, darted forward and dashed the crucifix to the floor, where it lay in broken fragments. I heard the mocking laugh of the spirit pour forth from my pale lips.

Then two spirits whom I could not see, but whom I felt to be good, came from somewhere and stood beside me, one at each side. "Come!" they said.

We began to arise. Up through the ceiling we went and through my grandmother's bedroom which was directly above. I recognized everything in the room as we passed swiftly upward.

Through that ceiling and through the attic and the roof and up over the house we went. Street after street spread out below us until the whole city and the misty landscape lay like a great map far, far below. Then came nothing but a blur of blue—the bluest of blue—and I again lost consciousness.

When I regained my senses we were standing on a high hill in a very lovely country. I tried to look at my escorts but could not see them. Below me the landscape seemed to spread for many miles, valleys and low rounded hills. The trees were tall and exceptionally green.

I looked down at a great domed building of a dazzling white. A high stone wall broken by a huge gateway and covered with flowering vines extended from this building along the edge of a roadway. There was a light joyousness in the atmosphere like a golden sunshine and all color seemed intensified. I breathed with a strange ecstasy and felt a happiness I had never felt before.

An unearthly silence pervaded the place, and for a time I saw no people. But while I was wondering about this absence of life I heard a burst of childish voices mingled with the singing of birds, and a merry troupe of children playing some kind of game with garlands of flowers came dancing through the gateway. Up the road they skipped and disappeared into the white building. Many people now came through the gate and all went into the temple, or hall, or whatever the building was. Music—first soft and hauntingly plaintive, but swelling into a mighty crescendo of joy—now sounded from the white temple. The sound was too over-whelming for my senses. I thought I was going to fall in a sort of faint, but instead, the scene dimmed and I felt myself being carried higher and higher into a place of such a deep, intense blue that I became awed by the unfathomable immensity around me. I seemed to be suspended in space, yet I still was conscious of my unseen guides.

Out of that deep blue void a voice—kind and gentle, but deep and firm—spoke to me telling me three distinct things, all of which I was bidden to keep locked within my soul. One thing pertained to my grandmother, and it gave me an understanding of her I had not had before, and changed my whole attitude toward her. Of the two other things I can only say that they have given me a new courage for all time, a new light with which to guide my steps through the dark places, and a surety that I shall never again call upon the forces of evil.

When I finally awoke again to the conditions of earth life I found myself in bed and very ill. My

feet were burned, as my aunts had put them into hot water in their efforts and excitement to bring me out of the trance.

Of the two escorts I have learned that one was my mother. The other, the guardian of my higher self. But the voice? That I cannot tell.

**A**LL this time I was still studying at the conservatory, and teaching. Because of my ready understanding of harmony I was made assistant teacher of harmony. The people in my classes were all older than I and had been studying for some time, so it was with some trepidation that I faced them on the first day. The truth was I hardly knew anything about harmony except what came to me by inspiration. So not knowing what else to do I sent the students up one by one to put their exercises on the blackboards. Then as I stood watching them in nervous anxiety an unseen helper came.

All at once, under this helper's direction, I knew what was wrong with the exercises. I was able to correct and explain without any difficulty. From that day on I had no fear of my inability to do what was expected of me. The scholars reported that my explanations were clear and helpful. The classes grew and succeeded. It was the same with my piano class. The gift of imparting knowledge seemed to be mine. I could show pupils how to accomplish what I could not do myself. Many of my pupils played much better than I. I soon had a very large piano class both in the city and in surrounding towns.

One cold winter night I was on my way home from

Royal Oak, a small town near Detroit, where I had been giving music lessons. It was a Saturday night and I was anxious to get home to our circle. The windows of the interurban car in which I sat were covered with frost. I could not see outside and so went a few blocks beyond my street stop.

I started walking back and had gone about two blocks when I was startled by a low growling close behind. I turned quickly and saw a large gray dog following me. In the gloom of the falling night his eyes shone. When I stopped, he stopped, and pointing his muzzle skyward he began to howl dismally! Cold shivers ran over me! I walked on and the dog followed.

He ran around me in large circles, snarling and growling. Sometimes he would run across the street and squat down on his haunches and howl for a few seconds. But he would always return to circle about me with uneasy threatening glances. Now and then he came pretty close, when he would stand and stare at me with low throaty whines, and by the street lights I could see the bristles on his neck-ruff lifting.

When I spoke to him or made any motion toward him he would snap and growl and spring back in a frightened manner. This state of affairs went on for block after block. There were not many people in the street at this, the dinner hour, but what few we did pass stopped and watched us curiously.

As I drew nearer home the dog howled more fearfully than ever, interspersing the howls with furious staccato barks. In loud tones I ordered him away—I took a few steps toward him threateningly—I threw

chunks of hard snow at him—but all to no purpose; he simply sat and threw back his head and emitted those soul-freezing sounds!

The most uncanny thing of all was when he would abruptly stop his noise and gaze with terrified eyes—not directly at me—but at Something near or behind me. There was nothing unusual in my appearance—I was wearing my winter hat and overcoat—and animals have always been most friendly with me. It was the ghostly Unseen that this dog saw!

Many animals have clairvoyant sight, especially horses, cats and dogs.

As the howling continued, doors began to open and people came out on the porches to see what was causing such a doleful uproar. Two doors from our house the dog refused to go a step further. He crouched down in the snow at the edge of the sidewalk, but kept up his miserable crying with a fervor unbelievable.

Aunt Emma was out on the porch listening when I went up the steps.

“I have never heard such an awful noise,” she said, “what on earth is the matter?”

“It is a dog that saw something strange around me,” I answered. “I have had to put up with it for ten long blocks.”

For a long time after we were inside the house we heard the animal howling where I had left him in the street. Some one must have thrown something at him finally for there was one loud cry, then silence. There are several superstitions, perhaps based upon actual psychic fact, regarding the howling of dogs, but in this case nobody died and no disaster followed.

## A CURIOUS LIFE

I feel sure the animal saw a spirit or spirits following me home for the seance.

Like human beings, animals are often frightened when they glimpse what they do not understand.

NOW followed another period of change for me. The Conservatory failed, and went into bankruptcy. I was unable to go to Europe to continue my musical studies and so my aspirations in that respect came to an abrupt end. For a time I continued teaching, but this now grew unbearably monotonous to me. Then my sister and I acted for a while in several comedy-film companies, which we found strenuous but amusing. And we often played small parts in the splendid Jesse Bonstelle Stock Company which then held forth at the Garrick Theatre on Griswold Street. This I enjoyed immensely, having always been very fond of the theater.

Miss Bonstelle was always much interested in psychic happenings and often talked to me about them. I remember she had a dresser who was very mediumistic and curious things often happened around this woman. Miss Bonstelle told me of one incident which occurred while she was living in the house which she had leased from Mr. Albert Schloss. Every night for a while after dinner and after the theater steps would be heard distinctly coming down the front stairs. No one however except the mediumistic dresser was able to see the form of a man.

In the theater I often gave little clairvoyant readings

to the actors and actresses. I remember telling Hugh Dillman that he would marry a woman high in the profession, and not so long after he did marry the star, Marjorie Rambeau. And I saw a successful future reaching ahead for Katherine Cornell who was then a newcomer to the stage. Miss Bonstelle has, I believe, a psychic faculty which enables her to discern the qualities in young actors that will make for their future success. Many successful actors of the day are those she has picked and who have been graduated from her companies.

I had left the theater one morning and was crossing Griswold Street back of the City Hall with a young man whom I had not met for some time. As we talked, right in the middle of the street, with crowds surging all around us, we were much surprised to hear in the air above our heads my name—"George"—called in loud, clear tones. We both looked up and I beheld for one fleeting instant the face and form of my grandfather, but my friend saw nothing. "What could that voice have been?" he asked. "It didn't seem much like imagination, did it?" I replied. I said no more, for my companion was not one of those to whom I could have explained.

But to me this was not an unusual occurrence. My name is often called by some passing spirit friend, although it is not often heard by another. Sometimes I have even stood on a street corner and held a conversation with a spirit. Passing people probably thought I was crazy.

One night I came home very late. The light in the hall of the second floor had been left for me. There

was no way of switching on the lights of the third floor until one had ascended to the top of the stairs. I turned off the light in the hall, opened the stairway door and started up in the dark.

Bang! I bumped directly into what seemed as solid a human being as I ever expect to meet. There was a gasp from me, but no sound from that which stood on the dark staircase. Thoroughly startled, I nevertheless reached forward and seized the dark form which glowed into slight visibility. Instantly, to my astonishment, the form melted in my grasp and was no more!

Jumping back into the hall I dashed on the light, but not a thing was to be seen, not even clairvoyantly. The form had not been really solid at all as it had at first seemed, and in dissolving had a feeling like soft rubber. Whose that ghostly materialized form was I never have learned. All such matters are not made clear to mediums.

I now secured an engagement with a large production called "Darkness and Light." This was a mammoth and beautiful pageant written by John Oxenham, with exceptionally fine music by Hamish MacCunn. The leading rôle was sung by the beautiful and talented Mrs. Ruby Gordon Trix, now known as Jeanne Gordon of the Metropolitan and Chicago Opera Companies. In this pageant she had a scene where she stood on the crater of the volcano Kilauea defying the goddess Pélé. I knelt at the foot of the crater on the stage below. Madame Gordon had an aria here which she sang magnificently, and the scene never failed to take several curtains.

One night when this scene was over and the last cur-

tain had fallen, I reached up and took Madame Gordon by the hand to assist her in descending from the crater. Often, when my hand contacts some cold object a clairvoyant impression is flashed into my mind. Madame Gordon's hand was as cold as ice, and the moment I touched it I heard the word—"Metropolitan"—in the air close to my ear. "Ruby Gordon Trix," I said, "you are going to sing at the Metropolitan Opera." The singer looked at me as if I had suddenly lost my mind. Then she replied in the vernacular of the stage—"Well, the Metropolitan's a d—n far cry from here!"

But my impression was correct. Shortly after, Madame Gordon joined the Scotti Opera Company and from thence the next step was the Metropolitan. Once again I met the contralto at the home of Mrs. Irma Hopper, just after she had given her first performance of "Delilah." She remembered and spoke to me of my prophecy which had come true.

Then came the World War. I tried, with a friend of mine, to enlist in an ambulance corps. He was accepted, but I, after many examinations, was rejected for active service because at the time, my physical condition was not up to the requirements. So I joined the Special and Limited Service and spent the war-period in the great Dodge Ordnance War Plant on Lynch Road, Detroit. Here I was first a clerk in the Carpenter Department, but later I did writing for the Advertising and Efficiency Departments. I wrote war poems of cheer and encouragement which were used on the big war posters that were designed by the staff of artists for purposes of keeping up the morale of the workers and to assist in various "Drives."

I loved my work. I loved this close contact with the real working world. There was a certain thrill in arising at five of a winter morning and going forth, in the frosty darkness with the pale stars still shining overhead, to join that great army of toilers. The spirit of work was contagious. Those were wonderful days at the Dodge Ordnance Plant.

During these war days we had great difficulty with our Saturday night circles. Our seances were besieged with the spirits of soldiers who had just passed over and who did not know that they were "dead"! Many believed they were still fighting, others sought their relatives, and some screamed or moaned in their suffering. We could not make them believe they were no longer on the earth. Spirits told us just how long the war would last, and their prophecies proved true.

Finally my guides said that because of the state of my health these kinds of controls were detrimental, and consequently my mediumship was suspended until the end of the war. It was a very strange thing to find myself suddenly deprived of all psychic power. For a while I felt lost. Then I grew used to it and went on with my life like any one else, although I was a different being now. After the war was over we resumed our circles.

The fighting ceased, the hordes of newly passed-over souls had been reached by the army of Helpers from the Planes of the Spirit, and we no longer had difficulty. Other mediums have told me that they experienced much the same trouble with the unknowing dead during the war.

I now took up my spiritual work in great earnest.

I went to many spiritualist meetings and churches where I gave seances and clairvoyant readings. I began to be known as a good "message-bearer." When I appeared at a hall or church people flocked around me in crowds. This work in the churches was entirely gratuitous.

I remember once when I was entering a church an old woman rushed up to me and seizing me by the arm cried—"Oh, bless you, bless you, my boy!" "What for?" I asked, feeling amazed.

"The message you gave me from my dead husband saved me my house and home," answered the old woman, tears streaming from her eyes. "I cannot thank you enough."

Her daughter now came up and explained. It seems that in one of my trance seances to a group of people this woman had received an important message from her dead husband as to the whereabouts of lost, but much-needed, papers necessary to the saving of her property. The papers were found in the place described and her property in consequence was saved. This pleased me very much, and I felt that if such messages came through, the work was well worth while.

I was now besieged by people with requests for group seances and private readings. I could not begin to reach every one who sought me. When I had to refuse them, many people were greatly disappointed. I was sorry for this but could not help it. I was not fully developed and my guides had instructed me to go slowly and carefully so as not to overtax my strength.

At last people began offering me fees for my services, and as I had given up my life to this work and

had no other means of support, I began to accept them. This created another storm at home. The family begged me to desist from becoming a common fortune-teller! My father raged over the idea, declaring I was disgracing him. To do this work in public was bad enough, but to accept money for it was beyond belief. Horror of horrors!

I asked my father if he were willing to make portrait busts in marble and bronze, or equestrian statues, for the mere sake of people loving to have them. "Who," I asked, "will pay your studio rent?" But this was a different matter. Sculpturing was a legitimate profession, the practice of spiritual mediumship was not! Then I reminded my father of the directions for spiritual work given to the apostles by Jesus according to St. Matthew, Chapter Ten, Verse Ten—"for the workman is worthy of his meat." And—"take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." And again in Timothy, Chapter One, Verse Eighteen—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." And—"The labourer is worthy of his reward."

I said to my father, "You are willing to spend ten or twelve dollars in cabling to friends in Europe. Would you be less willing to pay something for cabling to friends who are in other planes of life?" So at length he and the family gave in. Since becoming a professional medium, I have never refused to work gratuitously for those who could not afford to pay.

SOME time previous to the war I met Mrs. Trainor, a remarkable woman in many ways. Our meeting came about through an unusual sequence of events. I relate the circumstances from my memory of Mrs. Trainor's telling of it. Mrs. Trainor had been in Australia where she was carrying on some psychic work with a band of investigators. But there was a certain part of their work to be carried on in other parts of the world for which they never yet had been able to find a medium with just the necessary qualities.

One night while they were having a seance in the open air under the stars, a control spoke through their medium and said—"I have at last found the medium you are in need of."

"Where is that medium?" asked Mrs. Trainor.

"In Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.," replied the control. "He is a young man. His name is George. Go there and hunt for him. He is the one you need for the work."

"Can you give us the street and house number?" asked Mrs. Trainor.

"I cannot," answered the spirit. "But go there and search. He is medium tall, has reddish brown hair, and blue-gray eyes. His name is George."

"But there may be several Georges answering to that description," said Mrs. Trainor. "How will I know when I have found the right one?"

"You will find him through a doctor," answered the guide. "You will know him because I will speak through him and give you these symbolic words. (What these cryptic words were I cannot say as I have never been told.) These words will be my sign to you."

In due time Mrs. Trainor arrived in Detroit. She now began a search among all the mediums. She went to all the churches, haunted societies and seances, and visited in the homes of spiritualists. Whenever she heard of a medium with the name of "George" she rushed to see him. But as I, at that time, was not doing any public work, she had difficulty in locating the right "George."

At last she met Dr. Sutton, of whom I have spoken before. He told her about a young medium who seemed to be developing rather unusual qualities and who he thought would turn out to be a good psychic. At once Mrs. Trainor asked—"Is his name by any chance 'George'?"

It was a stormy Saturday night. We were just about to begin our circle when the telephone bell rang. I happened to answer it. Dr. Sutton was on the wire and asked me if I would permit two ladies, who were anxious to meet me, to join the circle that evening.

I was about to put him off when a sudden impression caused me to say—"All right, we will delay the circle until they come." In about half an hour they arrived in the pouring rain, Mrs. Trainor and her

friend, whose name I forget at the moment. We liked Mrs. Trainor at once. She was a tall woman with keen, dark eyes and wonderful gray hair. Her manner was dignified but gracious, and I felt her to be most sincere.

We now proceeded with the circle and I was soon in trance. To my aunts, nothing unusual appeared to happen during the seance. Both Mrs. Trainor and her friend received messages from spirits whom they seemed to recognize. After the sitting was over Mrs. Trainor casually remarked that she had been much impressed, and asked if we would let her join our circle as a regular member. "I am much interested in your phase of mediumship," she said, "and would like to study it."

I was on the point of refusing when again that sudden impression changed my mind. I told her I should be delighted to have her become one of us. From now on Mrs. Trainor never missed a single circle night, and we had some very wonderful results. She also became a true and steadfast friend.

It was not until she had studied my work for a whole year that Mrs. Trainor told me of the extraordinary test that came through to her on the evening of her first seance with me. The spirit who had given the secret words in Australia had controlled me and pronounced them during my trance! She knew then that she had found the right "George." But to be assured that I was sufficiently developed in my mediumship to carry on her special work she had tested me out for an entire year.

Now she asked me if I would like to go with her

out to the great Canadian Northwest to do this psychic work, the nature of which she was not allowed to divulge to me. At first I hesitated, while I tried to "size up" clairvoyantly the situation, but while I could not see the exact conditions surrounding the trip, I felt the motive for it was good, and that my mediumship would be in safe keeping.

I agreed to go.

I was more than thrilled at the prospect of visiting those great western plains. Travel has always appealed to my wandering gypsy-like nature, as I believe it does to most psychics.

Now came a shower of objections to my looked-forward-to journey. Not this time from the family, but from friends! These friends were all sure I was making a grave mistake. What did I know of Mrs. Trainor and her brother, at whose home we were going to stay? What did I know of their motive in taking me out there? Some of these friends came to me with messages obtained from other mediums which stated that I was running into great danger, and that if I ever returned at all, which looked doubtful, I would return a nervous wreck!

But as usual, I paid no attention to all this talk. I did not accept the messages from those mediums, who must have been very undeveloped indeed. I never accept advice from any other medium unless it rings true to my own clairvoyant impressions or with what my guides have said.

In a short time Mrs. Trainor and I were speeding westward on the most northern railroad line in Canada. After Toronto and Hamilton Bay in Ontario the

scenery became wild and lovely. As we sped beside the towering cliffs of Lake Superior and through miles and miles of white birch forests, I saw the spirits of many Indians camped in astral tepees beside streams of rushing water. Evidently the Happy Hunting Grounds are not so very far away from earth.

The Manitoba wilderness thrilled me, huge gray bowlders and sharply pointed pines and tamaracks among which hid the moose and deer and bears. Now and again we passed desolate looking Chippewa and Ojibwa camps, where the low wigwams were covered with birch bark. The Indians would come down to dreary looking little stations to see the train come in, the men, tall and aloof, the squaws short and fat, holding bright-eyed papooses on decorated cradle-boards.

One cold June afternoon, in the depths of this wilderness, the train came to a sudden standstill. A freight had turned over in a bog a short distance ahead and we would probably be stalled overnight. Mrs. Trainor and I at once decided upon a little walk of exploration. We were beside the molasses-colored waters of the rapid Fire River.

The air had that sharp smoky tang of the northern forests and the frostiness of the late afternoon added a zest to our actions. We scrambled over enormous rocks and sank more than ankle deep in a springy kind of moss. Large crested gray-blue birds that looked something like jays uttered strangely plaintive cries and were so tame we could almost touch them. Those, and a few hoarsely-croaking black ravens were the only bird life I observed.

After a short walk we came to a clearing on a sand ridge where stood a log cabin, the chinks stuffed with moss and the roof of bark. From the eaves hung a large newly-skinned bear hide. A tall, handsome half-breed and his squaw came out and talked to us. The squaw wore moccasins and leggings beautifully embroidered with red, yellow and green porcupine quills. A red beaded band around her broad forehead held close her black hair which fell in two skin-wound braids. Two round spots of vermilion paint like two little moons glowed on her cheeks.

They told us that they had killed the black bear the night before, but that another and larger animal which so far they had been unable to get came prowling around every evening as soon as it grew dusk. We would have talked longer, but the train whistle blew and as we thought it might be moving on, we hurried away.

I should like to have remained with these people longer, as I saw several spirits standing near them as if wishing to communicate. Whether they knew anything about such matters and what the messages would have been are problems I should like to have solved. We found that the whistle's blowing was no indication of the train's moving, so after we had had dinner, we walked again in the twilight along the turbulent river. But this time we did not go far. On the opposite side of the narrow river we heard a bear, probably the mate to the one killed, grunting and whining in a sing-song voice as it cracked the dry branches that lay underfoot. During that night on the still and silent train, people heard wolves howl, but I, being fast

asleep, missed this note of the wilderness. Before morning we were on our way, running carefully over the tracks laid on boggy ground.

At a place called Fort Qui Appelle we saw many Indians, Crees and Sioux. On a high bluff there was a white cross-tipped Catholic Mission. On this day was being celebrated the Feast of Corpus Christi, and the Indians were coming from reservations far and wide to participate in the festivities. They came on trains, in wagons, and on ponies. Many brought their tepees, the ponies and dogs dragging the poles and bundles of tent covering.

The Indians first hear mass in the regular manner, but afterward celebrate the event by a return to their old native customs and dances. At night there was a dog-feast, which some dusky young men and girls told me was very good. Some of these young people were college graduates, but they delighted to return to the life and ways of their respective tribes.

Imagine the vast expanse of the plains at night. Circles of tepees glowing like lanterns from the light of fires inside. A circle of pointed stakes painted red stuck upright in the ground in a circle, and tipped with the cut-off heads of little yellow dogs that had been fattening for this end all through the spring. The sky in the south and east jet black. A faint orange glow in the west where the sun had long set. And in the north the great green, ruby and whitish streamers and flares of the dancing Northern Lights rising and falling through the night. The sound of tom-toms and the quavering, whining songs of the Crees mingled with the wild wolf-cries of the dog-dancers. Such a night

as this must have carried the Indians back to bygone days.

On the train I went into the cars reserved for Indians and talked to some young men and girls. I asked them if they believed in spirits and they said that they did. One young woman told me that she had had an evil spirit in her tooth! I asked her how she knew this, and she replied that she had seen it when it was taken away by the medicine-man, Crooked Nose. It looked like a little white worm, she said. I asked her how Crooked Nose managed to get it out.

"Tooth have big hole in it," she said. "Bad spirit in hole. Hurt a lot. Crooked Nose great medicine-man. He put mouth down on tooth with hole. Suck hard and bring out bad spirit like worm. Not hurt now any more."

Evidently Crooked Nose had extracted the nerve. This phase of spiritism seemed a little startling! Star Blanket was one of the chiefs, and he was said to have "spirit power." This meant, from what I could gather from their oddly expressed ideas, that he was mediumistic, for he had "dreams" and knew things before they happened.

We stopped over in beautiful Winnipeg where I gave several seances to friends of Mrs. Trainor, interesting them in the subject greatly. From here we sped on across the rolling plains and miles of wheat fields of Saskatchewan to Moosejaw, a clean, white little city in the very heart of the north-western plains. Here we were met by William MacKinnon, as fine a gentleman and as sincere a spiritualist as I have ever met.

Dear Billy MacKinnon, how much happiness I owe to him!

We now made our headquarters in the MacKinnon home. Billy had a wonderful little seance room at the top of the house, where the "work" was carried on. What that work was I do not know, but I was told that it was successful and that I gave entire satisfaction in my trances. People could not be kinder to me than were these friends. At this time I was not very strong, and the MacKinnons did everything in their power to build me up. My appetite increased in the bracing western air and I began to recover my health rapidly.

Near the house there was a large coulee, a deep dry gulch, grass-covered, with here and there varieties of cacti blooming in the hot summer sun. The sides of the coulee were composed of chains of innumerable and very steep hills rising to the level of the plains above. Here Mrs. Trainor and I used to walk almost every day and evening. And here I had many wonderful clairvoyant sights of Indians riding through the gullies. And often as we sat on the slopes of the hills many spirits came to Mrs. Trainor and I imparted their messages. The atmospheric conditions existing at this place seemed ideal for spirit communication. The air was very electric.

Mr. MacKinnon was the Inspector of Mails for the Province of Saskatchewan, and with him I made the annual round of Post Offices and Mail Stations in nearly all parts of the province. We traveled by auto over the worst roads I have ever seen, and sometimes over no road at all, but right across the plains, fol-

lowing only an old and deeply worn single-foot Indian trail. Mr. MacKinnon was on the look-out for some mail thieves and he hoped that my clairvoyant sight might aid him.

I shall never forget that beautiful trip. Between the larger cities we went into the wilds, stopping at places where there were only ten or twelve houses, a grain elevator, and a Post Office which often was in the kitchen corner of some settler's home. At night we could hear the coyotes howling.

Sometimes we spent the night in the homes of spiritualists or of people whom Mr. MacKinnon wished to interest in the subject, and in these homes I gave some interesting seances. There were two places where Billy thought sure the mail thefts occurred, but clairvoyantly I could see nothing wrong with the people in that respect, and begged him to do nothing about it until we had gone further. Billy did as I requested, which was fortunate, for when we arrived at the capital, Regina, I felt that the trouble was here. And here it was found to be!

Mr. MacKinnon followed up my impressions and in due time they were proven to be true. The thefts were occurring right there in the home office, and in a week or so the culprits were brought to light and to justice.

At last the wonderful summer came to an end. The work was finished, and Mrs. Trainor and I started for the east. Billy accompanied us as far as Winnipeg. The journey to Winnipeg was very sad, as both Mrs. Trainor and I knew that the earth days of dear Billy were soon to end. He had not been at all well for some time, and we both saw clairvoyantly the end

sooner than was expected. But we tried to be cheerful and gay with him.

At Winnipeg I gave some more seances which convinced some friends of Billy's and that made him very happy. There was one interesting test that came during one of these sittings. Mr. MacKinnon was anxious to find a certain kind of inkstand. He wanted it to have double inkpots, and to be of dark green earthenware. He had hunted all over the city for this object without finding it. In the seance White Cloud told him to go down a certain street, turn a certain corner, and there in a little shop he would find what he desired. The next morning Billy set out on his quest. Soon he returned bearing triumphantly the inkstand with double pots, and it was of dark green earthenware! He had followed White Cloud's directions and found it in a little out-of-the-way novelty shop. In this shop Billy had had quite a hunt, as it was the only thing of its kind in the place.

Our parting from Billy MacKinnon was hard, knowing what we knew. And he, himself, must have shared our presentiment, for when he bade me farewell, he gave me a long, earnest look and said—"no matter what happens to any of us we shall meet in the beyond." Then the train pulled out and shot eastward. I never saw Billy in earth life again.

Billy MacKinnon was always a great joker. One day he said to me, in speaking about death, "George, when I die I will play a joke on you that you will never forget."

"What will it be?" I asked.

"The moment I am out of the body I will fly to

you and make a noise that will raise the dead, for I will be the raised dead!" answered Billy.

I laughed, and soon thought no more about it. During the following winter, one morning as I lay in bed, I was suddenly awakened by a loud noise. It sounded as though a very heavy weight had fallen from a height upon the floor beside my bed. I jumped up very much startled, but could see nothing. My aunts came running in to see what had happened, for they had heard it away downstairs. Then they ran outside to see if a chimney had toppled over. But there was nothing about the house that was not in order.

The next morning a telegram came from Mrs. Trainor saying that her brother had quietly passed away.

Later I had a letter from her stating the details of Billy's going. As the hour of his earth-death sounded, Billy, with a last rush of strength, sat up, a beautiful smile glorifying his face, and said—"Look! The walls are opening—they are coming for me—there is mother—father—Ida—(his wife) I am going with them—" And with that, he went!

**A**T A Higher Thought meeting in Detroit, Mrs. Trainor met a young lady who had been going through a siege of trouble. Hoping I might be able to help her in some way she asked me to give her a seance. But as we were both very busy we were not able seemingly to make satisfactory arrangements for a meeting.

One day, without any appointment whatever, Mrs. Trainor took her friend to my home. But I was not at the house. My aunt told them that I had gone to a certain downtown office and gave them the telephone number.

I was sitting in the office when the phone bell rang. Answering it I was greatly surprised to find that Mrs. Trainor had been able to reach me. "Won't you come and have dinner with me this evening?" she asked, saying nothing about her friend.

I did not feel like going out to dinner and was about to refuse her invitation when the door opened and the office manager walked in followed by a beautiful collie dog. The collie came bounding up to me in a friendly sort of way, wagging his tail, and, foolish as it may seem, when I looked at the animal I got a sudden impression that I really ought to go to my friend's house for dinner. So I accepted her invitation.

Turning from the telephone I looked at the dog again. He was sitting in the middle of the rug looking up at me with strangely wistful eyes. Knowing that Mr. Danley, the manager, was fond of hunting and that he kept several dogs, seeing one come in with him was not so unusual, but I was surprised to see a collie. A hound or a setter would have been more in keeping.

"What a beautiful dog that is!" I remarked.

Mr. Danley turned and looked at me sharply as if he thought something had gone wrong with me. "What did you say?" he asked.

I was about to repeat my statement when the collie, which up to this time had looked as real and as solid a dog as ever I have seen, began rapidly to fade or melt into thin air, and in a second, disappeared altogether. Of course, I realized then that I had been looking at a spirit dog.

I felt myself becoming embarrassed, as I knew Mr. Danley knew nothing of spiritualism, and I wound up by lamely saying that I had only asked him about his dogs! Why I had seen this spirit dog I could not imagine, but I now felt all the more impressed to go to Mrs. Trainor's house, which I did.

Of course, at dinner that night I met the young lady who was in trouble. She was a young and very attractive woman and her story was quite tragic. She was a singer who had been studying for the opera in Europe. A cablegram had called her back to the United States where her mother, who was a prominent physician of Grand Rapids, and who had become very ill,

was losing all her property through fatal business complications.

With temperamental impetuosity the young singer had dropped everything and returned to America in the hope of saving at least a part of the wreckage. But affairs were even worse than she imagined. Drawn into reckless lawsuits and what with one thing and another she soon found herself without a penny. And as there was nothing in Detroit in an artistic line for her to do, she had tried, but so far without much encouragement, to get into the Real Estate business.

After dinner, and before they had a chance to ask me to give a seance, I became clairvoyant. And it began in this strange way:

I saw the collie dog that had been in the office, come through the wall of the room where we sat and joyously bound up to this young woman. Sitting on his haunches he put his paw upon her knee. He had a beautiful brown shaggy coat, with a large star-shaped patch of white on his chest. Over his head in large golden letters appeared the word—"MAXIE"!

When I told this to Grace, for that was the singer's name, she looked startled, and immediately recognized the dog as one they had been greatly attached to. And his name had been "Maxie." This incident at once gave her confidence that I could "see," for she had been very skeptical before, and I now was able to get in touch with many spirits that she knew, relatives and others.

Then White Cloud came, and what he told her was in the nature of a prophecy. He said what amounted to these words: "Soon you will meet a man. An old

man. You will know him because of his peculiar looks. He looks like a billikin (little figures in caricature sold as good luck charms in America). He will wear a gray and black checked suit, and a heavy gold watch chain. His name sounds like Johnson. He will make a business proposition that you will not like at first. If you will accept his proposition it looks as though you would be successful and make a great deal of money."

This sounded rather like a fish-story and the young woman looked doubtful. The only thing that really had impressed her during my reading was the dog episode.

A few days later she came to me smiling. "I have found the man!" she laughed. In a Real Estate office she had been introduced to a man named Johnston. This sounded nearly like the name White Cloud had given her. She looked at him closely. He did resemble a billikin. Grace said the man must have thought she was crazy, for in her impulsive way she asked him to remove his long fur overcoat so she might see if he wore a gray and black checked suit. He smilingly did so, and sure enough, there was the suit, but no heavy gold watch chain. The old man at first denied the chain, but finally said that he had worn one of that description which had been given him by a brother who was now dead. Since the death he had never worn the chain.

The upshot of this interview was that the old man did put a proposition before Grace which she at first did not like. This man bought up land needed by large corporations, railroads, etc., and he worked very

quietly, not revealing the real purpose of his buyings, in order that he might not have to pay prohibitive prices. He wished to employ this young woman as one of his operators. Being practically penniless at the time, she finally agreed to accept.

Grace Trankla was most successful. In a very short time she became his most expert operator. There was nothing she seemed unable to accomplish in this line. Within six months she had cleared a good many thousands of dollars!

Finally she went into the real estate business for herself, and after many struggles, she succeeded, until to-day she is worth three-quarters of a million. And it all grew out of White Cloud's interesting prophecy. As a token of her gratitude for this guidance in her time of need, Grace presented me with a nice little piece of property. Such gratitude has been rare in my experience!

Grace and I became very good friends after that first seance, and I have sat for her a good many times since. Almost every time before the advent of some good fortune for her, it has been foreshadowed by the astral appearance of that beautiful collie dog. The dog is usually accompanied by the spirit of her father, and this spirit has told us that it is he who sends the animal—dear old "MAXIE."

**I** HAVE always been extremely fond of animals and birds. I love them. They respond quickly to me and I am never happy unless I have some of them around me. I get something from them—just what, I cannot say—but some force of well-being. All of my relatives and some of my friends have had to put up, at times, with what they call my “menagerie.”

At one time my grandmother's house gave reluctant lodgings to two large talking parrots, one of which was vicious to all but me, an extremely ugly and very noisy cockatoo; two adoring Australian parakeets that used to nibble the woodwork and bite holes in the curtains whenever they got out of their cage; a charming yellow canary; a marvelous singing nightingale; a mischievous black crow; Japanese waltzing mice and two handsome Java finches.

I was especially fond of one of the finches. He was a splendid fellow with dove-gray feathers and a scarlet beak. When I held my finger out to him he would hop on to it and then fly to my shoulder.

One day I was having luncheon with Grace Trankla at the Tuller Hotel, in Detroit. Suddenly my attention was attracted to a corner high up against the opposite wall where I saw a little burst of dazzling white light.

It was like the explosion of a flash-light on a small scale, but without smoke.

Out of this light-burst I saw something gray dart swiftly forward and speed toward me. In a moment more this dash of gray had landed upon my shoulder and I felt distinctly the impact of strong but tiny feet. I twisted my head to look down upon my shoulder—there sat my beautiful Java finch!

In another moment the bird had faded into nothingness!

Grace was staring at me in a strange way. "What is the matter?" she asked. "You look as if you were seeing things!"

"I am," I replied. "A bird has just flown on to my shoulder. My Java finch is dead!"

"Nonsense!" she laughed. "You have the most vivid imagination of any one I ever knew."

Later in the day when I went home, my aunt called out to me—"Oh, George, I have something sad to tell you."

"I know," I answered. "The finch is dead!"

"About noon," explained my aunt, "I heard a fluttering in his cage. He had fallen from his perch in a fit. Before I could get him out of the cage he was dead. But how in the world did you find it out?"

I had another experience of this nature with the Australian parakeets. It was July, and the weather was so fine that all day long the cage was left outside on a back veranda. But every evening one or another of the family had been careful to bring in the birds for the night.

At this time I was working on the book of an

operetta, and my friends, Carlo and Sanders, later the successful composers of the music for the musical comedy "Tangerine," were writing the score. These people are really very psychic. Alma Sanders admits it, but Mr. Carlo is reluctant. Every night we three met at my house to work.

On this particular night we had been working till very late. Miss Sanders had played a great many melodies, and a very psychic atmosphere had been created.

In the midst of a melody, Alma suddenly looked up—we all looked up. A flash of green and yellow swept through the room.

"Something green!" exclaimed Mr. Carlo.

"Birds!" said Alma.

"My parakeets!" I almost wailed.

We rushed out to the room where the birds were usually placed for the night. No covered cage stood there now.

"They've been left on the porch!" I complained.

We hurried to the back veranda and switched on the light. There stood the cage—the door forced open—the parakeets gone! In the bottom of the cage lay a little heap of green and yellow feathers and some splatterings of blood.

"Look!" cried Alma, pointing to the edge of the veranda. A cat, with great gleaming eyes was slyly sneaking away. Poor parakeets! They had indeed flown.

My grandmother is not fond of animals. Cats she detests and says she is afraid of, and dogs she thinks should be kept out of doors on large country estates.

The family was often in disfavor with her for giving milk or bones to wandering animals.

One evening a stray dog appeared at our front door and insisted upon sitting on the door-mat. He was a mongrel, part German police-dog. Any one attempting to come up the steps to the porch soon retreated from his snarling and growling. And he seemed just as particular about letting any one out of the front door. The dog kept up this attitude for several days.

But he was partial to Aunt Emma, and her he soon grew fond of. He allowed her to touch him, and it was she who gave him water and food. He was very fond of bones, and promptly buried all new ones in the back garden.

Within the dining-room windows, all day long, sat Polly Ann, a green and very observant parrot. Polly Ann did not take to the dog. Sometimes in the morning before grandmother arose, Aunt Emma would let him into the house for a few minutes.

He would always make for Polly Ann's cage, squat down before it, and gaze up at the bird with adoring eyes. He was received with anything but pleasure from the one in green!

The parrot would stare down at him and lift the feathers on her neck and head, and make a strange, piercing rattle in her throat. She would keep this noise up until the dog was taken away. Even when the animal was outside and happened to pass the dining-room windows, Polly Ann would set up this racket. Never did she do this for anything else.

At last grandmother discovered the presence of the strange dog, and as his unfriendliness made her very

nervous, definite steps were taken to get rid of him. The dog-pound was called, and as the animal was so vicious to almost every one it was decided to put him out of this life. The very day the dog-wagon came to take him away, he hopefully buried two bones in a certain spot in the garden.

Late the next morning Aunt Emma and I were startled to hear the parrot suddenly commence her rattling noise. We went into the dining-room. There sat Polly Ann, her feathers lifted angrily in a ruff, her dilating eyes staring down at a place on the rug—the exact place where the dog had always planted himself whenever he had had the chance. Polly Ann saw what I saw clairvoyantly—the dog sitting there in his coveted place! The parrot kept up her rattle of displeasure for fully fifteen minutes, and then quite as suddenly stopped and went on eating her seeds.

We said nothing about this occurrence to grandmother, but later in the day while she was looking into the garden she suddenly gave a little cry of surprise, and I felt, with a certain note of remorse in it.

“What is it, mother?” asked Emma.

Grandmother turned with a strange look on her face. “Well, Emma,” she said, “the dog is dead. I have just seen him in the garden digging up the bones he buried yesterday!”

“How do you know he is dead? Because the men came and took him away yesterday does not signify he has been killed yet.”

“But the dog is killed,” said grandmother decidedly. “I saw a red spot on his shoulder—they shot him!”

We called up the pound. It was true! They had shot

him because in his viciousness he would let no one approach him. They assured us the bullet had entered his heart and he had died without pain.

And yet he still lived! And he was still interested in the buried bones! Why should we doubt that animals live on, the same as human beings? Three living earthly creatures had seen this dog after his death acting as naturally as when in life; the parrot, myself and grandmother—and she had seen him under conditions that were verified!

Grandmother is ninety years old now, and up to a few years ago she possessed a most curious gift—the ability to restore fading flowers. I have seen roses in the petal-dropping stage that, when placed near her, would pick up their drooping heads in a short time. And these restored flowers would continue to improve for several days. Especially is this so if grandmother had touched them or held them in her hand a while.

This power is due probably to her wealth of vitality, the overflow of which, emanating from her physical organism, the flowers are able to absorb. Flowers are known to be particularly sensitive to certain forces that some people give off—forces that as yet are not understood. People who love flowers are able to perform seeming wonders with sickly plants, and the transplanting of them from one environment to another. Plants can die of homesickness, but when anesthetized before transplantation they carry no memory of the change with them and thrive in their new environment. This was told to me at the home of Mr. Thaker Du Sharman, by a Hindu scientist who does remarkable work with plant-life, but whose name I have unfortunately for-

## A CURIOUS LIFE

gotten. This scientist told me that in India he has a laboratory where such botanical experiments are carried out. The forces of nature are always ready to compliment the forces of man when there is a sympathetic understanding between them.

**I**T WAS at about this time that I first met Mr. Charles Bassett. He was at the head of the book-keeping department of the *Detroit Free Press* where I worked for a while in the office. Mr. Bassett soon discovered that I was a medium, and as he, himself, was an ardent spiritualist, he invited me to his home once a week where we held a circle for development. Mrs. Bassett, who became much interested in my work, was kindness itself to me, and she used to have the most wonderful dinners; a charming hostess, every one loved to go to her home.

The Bassetts had a large seance room on the second floor. This room was arranged for nothing but the circles, and could be made as dark as night when so desired. Here we tried to develop the trumpet. And it was here that I first met the spirit who has become since such a helpful guide—"Frank." Frank was the adopted son of the Bassetts. He was a professional flute-player and had played in Detroit's first symphony orchestra.

Frank now began coming through me regularly, whistling at times very beautifully. He explained that in reality he was playing his astral flute, which he placed against the crevice between two vertebræ in my neck, causing the vibration from his instrument to

control the nerves of my throat, nose and mouth in such a way that the sound flowed through as whistling. Musicians have often detected in this whistling of Frank's a certain woody, flutelike quality. He would whistle obligatos to singing or music of any kind that was being played during the seance.

Frank was soon able to come to me even when I was not in a trance. I would get a violent desire to whistle, and between those two vertebræ of my neck I would feel a sensation as if a strong, cold wind were blowing. When I gave way to this control, I would whistle all sorts of things I had never heard before and often things well known also, with the greatest of ease and with a splendid control of breath. My father was greatly surprised at this as I had never been able to whistle before, my lips being rather too thick for it.

Frank has never left me, and he always opens my seances with his whistling, helping in this way, as he says, to build up the forces with his music. Music unites the minds of the sitters who relax from tension while listening, and thus allows the auric currents to flow more freely through the circles. Sometimes spirits wishing to give a test to some loved one in the circle, ask Frank to whistle some song they had been in the habit of singing when in the earth-life.

It was here in the Bassett home that I first met the famous American trumpet-medium of whom I have spoken elsewhere, Mrs. Etta Wriedt. I had long looked forward to this occasion, as Mrs. Wriedt was a very difficult person, it was said, to obtain a seance from. I was charmed with her at once. Many stories have been told of her eccentricities, but I found them to

consist mainly of her frank, out-spoken speech, and utter indifference to criticism. She was dignified, and carried herself with the air of a "personage."

About an hour after dinner we went up to the seance room. Mrs. Wriedt had brought her trumpet with her, and this she placed in the center of the room, and directly afterwards the lights were turned out. In a short time Mrs. Wriedt began to see clairvoyantly, names written in gold against the darkness, and spirits, whom she described. Most of these were recognized at once. Taps now began to sound on the trumpet, and soon it began to float around the room, touching people, and even going up to the ceiling where it kept knocking against the plaster. Then came the voices of spirits, some speaking through the trumpet, others in the air close to the ears of their dear ones.

My mother came to me, and with almost her natural tone of voice, and certainly with all her mannerisms. White Cloud spoke, telling me about his life three hundred years ago in the Great Lakes country. Frank spoke to the Bassetts and to me, and whistled beautifully. Many spirits spoke to everybody.

Now, in one corner of the room, there began a strange rattling and banging as of pieces of tin being struck together. "Whatever is that?" asked Mrs. Wriedt. We discovered it to be our own trumpet which was locked up in a closet! Evidently the spirits wanted us to know they had seen it there.

Mrs. Wriedt never goes in a trance during her seances. She is as wide awake as any of the sitters and is able to enjoy the proceedings. The spirits speak as frequently to her as to the sitters, and she likes to be

introduced to those she does not know. Several voices often speak at once and sometimes in several languages at the same time, and while these voices are speaking, Mrs. Wriedt herself, frequently speaks. The voice of her guide, Dr. Sharp, is so strong and clear that it can sometimes be heard out in the street. She is a marvelous medium, and our seance was unusually wonderful that night.

**M**Y GUIDES had said through me in trance that they would test us out in various ways to see to what kind of manifestations our particular forces were best adapted. They told us to make experiments as we were impressed.

We had heard of people who had received spirit pictures by simply holding a blank canvas up to a window—particularly the Bang Sisters, mediums who lived, I believe, in Chicago. So Aunt Emma and I decided to try it. Since a number of the family had been artists we thought perhaps some one of them might wish to give us proofs of spirit return in this way.

From the attic we hunted out a blank canvas and one bright sunny morning Aunt Emma and I “sat” for a picture. We arranged the room à la Bang Sisters, so that the light fell through the lower half of one window, directly upon and through our canvas. We had no paints, crayons, or pencils; no artists’ materials whatsoever in the room—nothing but the canvas.

Each with our right hand held the canvas upright before the sunlit window, Aunt Emma on one side, I on the other. All this was very serious with us and we began the experiment by saying the Lord’s Prayer.

We sat there for about fifteen minutes without a single thing happening other than a few uncertain

rappings that sounded upon the walls and furniture. Then quite unexpectedly a tremor shivered through the canvas. Emma and I traded smiles, but kept quiet.

A peculiar brownish gray color appeared on the canvas a little to one side, ran rapidly in a thin but distinct outline, and drew delightfully, the head and shoulders of a woman. Of course, we were thrilled and amazed. I looked clairvoyantly for spirits but saw nothing but an uncertain pillar of pale blue mist that built up in front of the canvas. Aunt Emma saw this too.

The mysterious, but marvelously active, little gray color-line was now filling in the lines of the features, when into the room suddenly pounced grandmother. That interruption ended the phenomenon then and there. The outlines vanished as smoke before wind. In dismay we examined our canvas—not a trace of the subtle color remained, and the blue mist had dissolved.

“Oh, mother!” wailed Emma, “how could you?”

“Nonsense,” snapped grandmother, “if any mysteries go on in this house I want to see them!”

This ended our experiment, and we never found favorable conditions by which to try it again.

Some time later the phase of psychic painting came to me. Color and rhythm have always appealed to me enormously. My mother, Aunt Lily, and Uncle Percy all painted, and I used to be fascinated by their tubes of brilliant colors. Some force urged me toward them. I longed to handle those tubes, to let the glowing ribbons of color gush out in bright splashes upon the palette. But why so impressed I did not know. At this

time I certainly had no notion whatever of trying to paint.

One winter afternoon I had been out for a long walk. The air was cold and bracing and tingling with electric currents. When I entered the house my hair snapped with electricity and would not remain in order, but kept lifting and reaching upward and outward. I went into the room used by Percy for a studio. He was there, and I looked at a water-color he had just finished.

On a large table were spread out the materials he had been using—blocks of paper, pans of color, brushes, and bowls of water. My uncle remarked about the peculiar action of my hair which seemed to be unusually charged. I told him that it was not alone my hair, but that a strange tingling sensation was passing swiftly through my body. I felt very tired, and sat in the chair before the table.

“What is the matter?” asked Percy. “Your eyes look strange, don’t you feel well?”

“Oh, I’m all right,” I replied, “but I feel as if I were going into a trance. The back of my head is getting numb!”

That’s the last I remember.

According to my uncle, my head dropped forward, and for a few seconds I remained motionless. Then an extraordinary energy suddenly quickened me. I seized a brush, wet it, dashed it into some color, and began making rapid strokes upon a block of paper. Color after color was added in maddening confusion, apparently without thought. A worse mess was never seen. And the funniest part of the whole performance was that the same brush was used for everything!

This rainbow-hued rush kept up for about fifteen minutes when, quite unexpectedly, order began to emerge out of chaos. Blotches of color began to round into form. The eye began to discover recognizable spots, and the whole mass of light and shade, of sharp contrasts, of vivid yet strangely beautiful coloring, became a conception centering around some symbolic idea—but what idea? No one could tell!

This busy trance lasted for a full half hour when, with a last sweep of the almost worn out brush, I straightened out, threw the wet brush at my uncle's head, and awoke! I yawned and stretched, but I was not as tired as I had been before the trance. I felt rather refreshed than anything else.

There lay the wet picture before me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I don't know yet," said my uncle, "but it really has a certain beauty. You worked like mad for half an hour, and did it with your eyes shut. I wish we knew its meaning."

But we did not learn its meaning until some time later. In one of our home seances, U.K., one of my highest guiding spirits came through and gave us the interpretation. Then indeed, the picture took on a real beauty.

U.K. was a mystery to us. We had never been able to learn who this spirit was. It seemed to be a man. Whenever any of us got a clairvoyant glimpse of U.K., he seemed to be in a white robe and wearing a white turban. All the truest and most enlightening knowledge came from this source. All my true development, not only of mediumship, but of soul and character, I owe

to this spirit. And it was not until years later that I learned that U.K. stood for the Un-Known, and that this was H.P.B., (Blavatsky) she, the friend of my father whom I had seen clairvoyantly as a child.

But U.K. was only one of the forms by which she chose to reach and guide mankind. She reaches the world of the earth-plane in many ways and in many places. Sometimes she uses the organism of a certain child who is thought by many to be her present reincarnation. But a great soul such as H.P.B. works through many channels incomprehensible to us. Such a soul is not limited to one earth body.

After this painting experience many psychic pictures were thus projected. The control, during the process, lasted as a rule, from half an hour to an hour. In each case we never knew what the picture meant. We conjured up many interpretations of our own, but never were they in any way like or equal to the interpretations of U.K.

Often a month or more would elapse before U.K. would offer any explanation of a picture. We would be sitting in seance talking to our soul-friends when U.K. would suddenly announce that an interpretation would be given to a picture (or pictures, if several had been received in the meantime), and usually with the request that some one take it down in writing.

Many strange pictures beautiful in coloring came in this way.

During the day I was occupied in the office of the *Detroit Free Press*. I worked for Mr. Charles Bassett of whom I have spoken before, and I used to sit opposite

to him on a high stool and nearly die from the monotony of the job!

Hardly a day passed without these painting controls coming and actually tormenting me in their efforts to get me to let them work through me. They would throw that strange half-numb sensation over the base of my brain and down the spinal cord—drowsily pleasant, yet almost painfully oppressive—which gave me the inclination to drop my work and to sit staring into vacancy, and above all, the most intense desire to lie down. Only those who have experienced it can know what it is to fight that intense desire to lie down! What would one not give for just a few precious moments of relaxation! I would have stretched right out on the floor had it been possible to do so without creating a disturbance. I suffered many terrible hours because I was tied to that infernal stool.

Often I would see the spirits who bothered me so. They did not seem to realize that I had duties to perform; that other people were busy around me. They simply seemed bent determinedly upon accomplishing their own desires. I used to mumble to them in an undertone to go away and leave me in peace. Mr. Bassett sometimes heard me and used to look at me quizzically as though he wondered what was wrong with me.

One of the bothering spirits that I saw was a young man, tall, thin and dark, with a great mop of wavy black hair. His manner was always nervous and eager. He would press very close to me and hold before my eyes long color-tipped paint brushes and a very brilliantly smeared palette. Another control was Chinese—

a smiling, gentle, round-faced middle-age man—but he only came occasionally.

The one that haunted me the most was the spirit of a very old man in a dun colored smock. He was tall and spare in frame, had quick glittering eyes that sometimes looked gray and sometimes dark, a high full forehead, thin gray hair, but bald on top of his head, and wore a long gray beard. He sometimes carried a thin brown mall-stick with a round knob on the end of it. Sometimes the mall-stick appeared to be broken off on one end.

This persistent old man would come up behind me, bend over me, and hold a picture before my eyes and whisper urgently—"Paint! Paint!" The pictures were similar in style to the ones I had been getting, only with a perfected drawing, which was always more or less lacking in mine, and a marvelous precision of color effect. They were hauntingly beautiful.

Always after a visit from this old man the next picture I painted in trance would be a poor duplicate of the one he had shown me! I must have been a stupid instrument for these people to use. But at least they did succeed in getting through their ideas—and perhaps that is all they aimed for. Perhaps they thought that in time they could train me to work according to their methods. Strangely enough, they themselves, never spoke through me during any seance, but White Cloud often spoke about them, urging the sitters to tell me to let these people work through me whenever possible.

I said they never spoke through me—but for the moment I forgot—one did, once.

It was at the home of Mr. Bassett. I was a guest with

others for dinner. We were all waiting for the dessert to be brought in. Before me near the center of the table stood a low, flat dish of some kind of jam. I remembered afterwards, that for a long time my attention had been drawn toward that fatal dish of jam.

Now as I looked at it a feeling of approaching trance stole over me, as it nearly always does when I sit for any length of time at a table with people. My tongue seemed to grow thick. I could not reply clearly to what people were saying. I knew every one was staring at my strange actions. A wild desire overpowered me to get at that jam! I felt that I was distinctly another personality.

Before everybody I reached across the table, dabbed the forefinger of my right hand straight into the richly-colored jam that looked like a mass of garnets, and began to draw with it upon the spotless tablecloth! I saw one fearful stain smear across the linen; I heard little stifled cries of dismay and astonishment around the table; and then, thank God, I lost consciousness!

What followed has, of course, been related to me. Several of the guests were somewhat scandalized and, I suspect, thought they had been dining with a maniac. But Mrs. Bassett was equal to the occasion. She knew about the psychic paintings and had paper and paints and brushes upstairs in her seance room, for she painted also at times, though quite normally.

Paints, brushes, paper and water were hurriedly brought. The jam-streaked tablecloth was removed. Soon I was dabbing away, laying color upon color. But the paper did not seem large enough for the executing of the control's idea, so some of the picture extended

over the edges on to the table on all four sides! This picture, which is weird as to subject, but startling in color effect, was produced in about twenty minutes.

When it was finished the spirit wrote on one corner of it these words—"Les Bolsheviks." This spirit spoke during the trance and said he was a young man who had been a soldier-student killed during the war, and who had been studying art in Paris. This picture, he said, was his cartoon of the Bolshevik movement, with which he appeared to be in sympathy. No mortal present recognized this eccentric young soul, so of course we had no proof of his identity. But we had the queer picture.

Much later on I was able to get pictures in a semi-trance, and so could get a sort of enjoyment out of doing them. But their style was altogether different, and somewhat more exact in drawing. Many people purchased pictures from me because of their extraordinary colorings and symbolic meanings.



**W**HENEVER my grandmother's family is about to make any decided change of residence there are usually some strange psychic happenings in the house. This is sure to be so if the family is on the verge of making a mistake.

The day came when the Josephine-Avenue house had been sold. Grandmother no longer wanted to stay there where an undesirable element was beginning to spoil this really fine section of Detroit. So she had built a new house in a newer section. But through haste in the deal she had sold the house for much less than she could have got. Her spirit friends seemed to be upset over it. None of us who were there will ever forget the last night spent in that house.

Grandmother had gone to the home of her married daughter Lillian to stay until the hubbub of moving was over. Several vanloads of furniture had already been taken away and about one more load remained. Most of this left-over furniture was stored in the large unfurnished third story where I slept alone. There were a lot of trunks and heavy chairs and tables piled up along one side of the place. The down slope of the roof made dark and roomy recesses back of them. Everything had been arranged for the coming of the last van in the morning, and we had all gone to bed,

my aunts and sister on the second floor below, and I up on the third.

I had been asleep for several hours when I was awakened by something shaking me by the shoulder. I thought perhaps it had only been a dream and turned round to go to sleep again. But a faint sort of noise began among the piled up furniture. The house was practically a new one and we had never been troubled in it by mice or rats. The street's lights shone dimly between the houses so that the huge attic was not entirely black. I stared into the shadowy gloom but could see nothing unusual.

It was a shivery little noise. It sounded exactly as if some one had hidden behind the furniture and was now trying to get out without being heard. Softly I heard the legs of a chair scrape along the floor as if being cautiously shoved from behind. This went on for quite a long while and the shoves began to be bolder and the scrapes a little louder.

I could not flash the lights on suddenly because the switch was some distance from my bed: so I called out "Who goes there?"

Silence for a few seconds, then noises began in all parts of the attic. First softly, then louder and louder until the racket became really terrifying. Scrapes, bangs, and loud poundings: chairs seemed to be flying across the floor and crashing into tables. My bed trembled and shook under the shower of loud knocks that sounded on it. Sharp cracks like pistol shots snapped through the air: a stranger noise than all now arose and added itself to the lively rumpus. It was the sound of a great wind rushing and whirling angrily about the

room, flapping against the overhead beams and straining at the roof. The whole place creaked and cracked and strained like a ship in a storm.

I became like one frozen to the bed. This wild tumult seemed to have taken every ounce of my strength. Downstairs, I heard my aunts calling to one another in excited tones, so I knew that they too were hearing it. A moment later the door at the bottom of the stairs was thrown open and they called up to ask what on earth was going on.

"What in the name of heaven are you doing?" called Aunt Clara. "Have you gone mad?"

"Knocking over the furniture at this hour of the night," exclaimed Aunt Emma, "I never heard of such a thing."

At the sound of their voices my strength came back somewhat. I sprang from the bed, rushed to the switch and flashed on the light. The commotion stopped instantly; not a sound; not a single piece of furniture was out of place.

My aunts ran upstairs: we looked everywhere; there was nothing from which such a noise could have sprung. We even stuck our heads outside the windows—the night was peaceful and calm: there was not a breath of wind.

"We are making some mistake in this move," announced Aunt Clara grimly.

I got back into bed and my aunts went downstairs leaving the lights burning. No sooner than they had shut the door the whole racket broke out again, this time worse than ever. It seemed even more hideous with the lights burning. I sat up in bed and listened

with sheer astonishment: I could hardly believe my ears.

Heavy slams came on the head of the bed as if some one struck it with the flat of the hand. Scratches, scrunches, grindings, tearings, rippings sounded all over the attic. But when I began to be touched—by heavy tugging fingers—it was too much: I leaped from the bed, tore down the stairs and slammed the door behind me leaving the third story in possession of—of what?

My aunts fixed up a bed for me on the second floor, but none of us could get any sleep until daylight. All the rest of the night the pandemonium continued: we could hear heavy footsteps running up and down the floor above us, and several times they thumped right down the attic stairs to the very door at the bottom. For some reason or other they did not pass the door; possibly because one of my aunts was praying that these entities would leave. None of us seemed to think of challenging them in the Christ Force.

With the coming of daylight the noises died down and finally stopped altogether. Five of us went through that horrible experience and five of us heard exactly the same noises. What caused them, whether spirits or elementals or other forces, we do not know for sure. Aunt Clara thinks it was done by spirits who tried to prevent a mistake.

I do not know: the reason was never divulged to me. Because one is a medium it does not follow necessarily that he must have an understanding of all these phenomena. In fact the mediums often know the least about them.



**D**URING the latter years of his life, my father became interested in spiritualism. He had fought against it as long as possible, but finally gave in and acknowledged that the soul did live on, and that it was possible for the communication of spirits to take place under the proper conditions and through a genuine medium. Nothing in life had ever pleased me more, for I, the strange one, the deluded one, had at last won him over to the truth.

And the strangest part of it was that all through his life my father had never been a materialist. Certain discerning friends, Bob Ingersol for one, used to tell him that he was a deeply religious man, which never failed to make my father furious. Still he was. No greater lover of the beauty and the grandeur of Nature ever lived. I have seen the tears gush from his eyes as he stood before some gorgeous sunset, or before the towering majesty of some noble mountain.

He used to say "The exultation which comes from the contemplation of beauty, be it in music, sculpture, painting or literature, and above all, in nature, is to me God." But it took him years to realize that individuality survives the grave. He was intensely psychic himself, as I believe all sincere artists must be, but his colossal stubbornness prevented him from admitting it.

After he was convinced, however, of these great truths of evolution, continuance of life in the higher planes, and rebirth into the earthworld again and again until all life's lessons are learned—his channels of inspiration became very much clearer. He also became very clairvoyant and saw my mother frequently and clearly, holding many sweet communings with her, and that without the use of any mediumship except his own. By nature he was fitted to be a psychic, for in his sensitive temperament he was the duplicate of his mother, the Countess Friederike von Heinrich, who was herself a wonderful natural psychic. Several of her daughters were unconscious mediums, for they used to get up in their sleep and write beautiful poetry and prose. And one of her sons used to accomplish most difficult and dangerous feats while sleep-walking.

During a seance in Grandmother Haslett's house one winter night, my father received a message of warning from Annie, my mother. I was the medium. Through her son, the spirit of the mother spoke to her husband.

"Herman dear, be very careful of a fire in the studio."

"How could a fire occur," asked my father, "when I am always so careful?"

"Yes, yes," replied the spirit of my mother, a little impatiently, "I see the possibility of a fire taking place in the studio and I am warning you. Watch out and be careful of fire."

That was all. No further details regarding the matter could be obtained. Father went away that night laughing at the idea because, if there was a thing in the world he was particular about it was causes that

brought about fires. He was always warning people not to leave damp or oily rags about in corners or cupboards.

A week later, on our regular circle night, he came again. "I have had my fire!" he announced, grinning rather sheepishly, "it certainly beats all!"

It happened in this way. His studio, which, because of the nature of his work had to be large and high, was in the upper floor of a building that had once been a carriage-house. In winter he heated this studio with a small iron stove. The weather had been mild, and instead of burning coal as usual, he had been using short lengths of cord-wood. This wood was green, and father had been drying it by leaning the sticks endwise against the stove on all sides.

On the day of the fire a fresh batch of sticks was ringed around the stove while father modeled away at a new portrait bust. But father grew tired. Sitting down to rest for a few moments in his old easy chair, he fell asleep.

Some one shaking him violently by the shoulder awakened him. Starting up, he saw the form of my mother standing before him for one fleeting instant. Straight through her ethereal form he saw the red flames rising in a pillar around the stove and licking upward toward the ceiling! Dense black smoke was beginning to smother the room.

The wood leaning against the stove had dried out and caught fire, and sparks from it had fallen on to the fatal oily rags that father was so particular about, and had spread from one object to another until a merry little blaze had gotten well under way. My father had

great presence of mind in danger (another mediumistic trait), and so, with the aid of a fire extinguisher soon had the fire put out.

Had not the spirit of my mother awakened him when she did, he would have been overcome by the smoke fumes, and most likely would have burned to death. Why did she not wake him before? Perhaps to teach him a lesson. He had had his warning. Why is help so often withheld until the last ditch has been reached? It seems that before the tide turns a certain climax has to be reached. It is true in Nature, and it seems to be so in human nature.

**I** NOW decided to go to New York. I had been writing some popular songs with a young Jewish friend, and together we journeyed to the great metropolis. For a while we had a struggle, for it is not as easy to place songs with publishers as one might suppose. As my friend had entirely different ideas than I about succeeding, we soon separated.

I then fell in with another Jewish boy, Lou Breau, who was greatly talented for writing popular stuff. He had a melody that he wanted me to write a lyric for. Seized by a sudden inspiration one day, I wrote the words on the bottom of the ironing-board in the kitchen of my Irish landlady on East Thirty-first Street! In a short time we had placed this number, which became a big song-hit. The title of it was, "I Want My Mammy," and it was featured in the "Midnight Rounders" by Eddie Cantor, the famous American comedian. Other star performers now began featuring the hit. Karyle Norman, otherwise known as the "Creole Fashion Plate" put it on in his spectacular manner. Irene Franklin also featured it in vaudeville, and Sybil Vane, the Welsh singer. It came out on all records and rolls and was sung by artists big and little, everywhere.

My friends, Monte Carlo and Alma Sanders, had

just put over their musical comedy success "Tangerine" which was running to capacity houses at the Casino on Broadway, and as we all seemed headed toward success, we were having a pretty good time.

Oh those days!—of theaters and vaudeville, of backstage rehearsals, of horse races at Jamaica, Havre de Grace, and Pimlico! Those midnight parties and suppers at the studios of song-writers, actors and dancers! Those sudden rushings out at two or three in the morning to a Child's Restaurant for hot pan-cakes! Those hauntings of publishers' offices on Tin Pan Alley (West 46th Street) and Broadway! Those hours of waiting for appointments only in the end to walk away with your rejected songs! Yes, those were great days!

At night, after the theater, I used to lie on the divan in the studio of Alma and Monte and entertain the performers who drifted in from the shows by giving them my clairvoyant impressions. There was eccentric Al Bryan, who at that time was with the Jerome H. Remick Music Publishing Co., the writer of scores of popular hits; and Leone, the bizarre daughter of Anna Held. And there was comical Fred Fisher, the publisher; and Margaret Ford, the Keith Time headliner; and bright May Wirth, the equestrienne of circus fame; and countless others of the musical comedy and variety stage. And there were Julia Sanderson and Frank Crummit; and Eleanor Painter; and Juliette Day; and breezy Nora Bayes.

There used to be wonderful little seances at the Broadway apartment of Neville Fleeson, with Sybil Vane and her husband, and Al Von Tilzer, the song-

writer, and his wife. Mrs. Von Tilzer is, herself, a medium.

There were seances at the home of lovely Doris Kenyon, the Motion Picture star. Miss Kenyon, at this time, was much interested in psychic matters, and wrote very good inspirational poetry.

There were interesting seances in the unusual house on Riverside Drive of dear Amelia Bingham. After one of the sittings the star wrote to me, saying—"I am glad indeed that I know you—wonderful!—Amelia Bingham."

And then there was Marion Hauver, the clever executive of the Jerome H. Remick Publishing Co. Smiling and gracious, Marion seems always to radiate good fellowship. Every one loves Marion! Miss Hauver was much interested in my work, and in all occult subjects, as her mother was a skillful and wonderful student of astrology.

One morning early I awoke and saw standing at the foot of my bed, a spirit. The face resembled Miss Hauver's, but the spirit was a much larger woman than she. Although I had never seen her, I knew at once that this was Marion's mother. And so it proved to be. Her mother had passed away during the night. From that day on, Marion Hauver and I have been good friends.

At Marion's, one night, among the sitters were the impersonator of Jenny Lind, Marie Chalfonte, and the flautist from the New York Symphony Orchestra. They were much surprised and pleased by "Frank," who whistled a special obbligato that had been arranged for Jenny Lind during the days of her triumphant

career. And then the spirit of the "Swedish Nightingale" herself came, and gave Miss Chalfonte a lesson on how to take certain high tones that had been troubling her! It was a most unusual demonstration.

There was one ancestor of Marion's who used to keep coming, calling himself "Brother Peter." Marion was not able to recognize him as belonging in the family. But he insisted, and finally told her to ask Aunt Alice. When Aunt Alice was asked, she too knew nothing about him, but one day some time later, in going through an old trunk she found letters from "Brother Peter" to some member of the family. It was now found to be true that Peter was one of their ancestors, a monk in a Roman Catholic Order in Ireland.

During this time I spent many wonderful evenings at the apartment in the Atelier Building on West Sixty-seventh Street of my dear friend, Mrs. George Pomeroy Goodale. Mrs. Goodale is one of the most remarkable people I have ever known. High-minded, true, sincere and loyal, her psychic faculties far transcend the ordinary. Once a week, I, with another friend whom we called "Aramah," used to meet with her. While Mrs. Goodale says she is not a medium, she nevertheless became at these times the medium of communication through which lofty souls poured their inspired ideas to us in the form of lectures. These wonderful lectures helped us to understand life, and they illumined our own individual work.

It was through Mrs. Goodale that I first met the famous actress, Minnie Maddern Fiske. She had told Mrs. Fiske about my work and the artiste desired to meet me.

I shall never forget that meeting. The actress, noted for her portrayal of intellectual subtleties, was then playing in a comedy far beneath her talents, at the Henry Miller Theatre. Mrs. Goodale and I were presented with a box for the occasion. During the performance Mrs. Fiske addressed one of the long speeches of the play directly at our box while her eyes rested upon me—eyes that of themselves were psychic—violet through their rim of make-up, and crowned with flaming red-gold hair.

Later we went backstage and, although there was a line-up of people waiting to see her, the actress swept dramatically by them and up to where we stood. "My son!"—that is what she called me. She said it seemed to her as if I were that, and that she had known me before. From this moment on, her interest in me, though sudden, seemed sincere and affectionate, and I feel sure it was.

My first seance for her followed soon afterwards. It was held at the apartment of Mrs. Goodale who was present. According to all concerned the results were very good. Mrs. Fiske had been quite skeptical and felt that, being so well known, it would be hard to tell whether the results would be from spirits really, or from sub-consciously stored-up knowledge of her and her affairs. But she was, she said, agreeably surprised: the spirits of relatives not known to the public manifested, giving their names and making themselves known otherwise, and some who were publicly known, gave names of endearment used only in the privacy of the family. All this I learned as the seance was talked over after I came out of the trance.

Although Mrs. Fiske frankly stated that this did not convince her that real spirits had returned, still she was puzzled and greatly impressed. She seemed convinced at least that I in my own belief, was sincere.

After this first seance I saw a great deal of my new friend. She was very kind to me and gave me seats and boxes whenever she thought I might like to take my friends to the theater. And often I went backstage at her request to talk with her about spiritualism and to "sit" for her. I have given her seances in the center of the bare stage after the performance with the dim and empty gulf of the auditorium before us. And I have gone into trance for her in the little resting-room before her dressing-room. These were not professional seances.

"It is the most fascinating thing in the world!" Mrs. Fiske said again and again. Her many questions regarding the nature of my work and the subject my work represents were always fine and big and enlightening.

I was very happy in this friendship, which ran through the whole winter of that year. I heard from her when she went to the Adirondack Mountains for the summer. And later in the following autumn when she was on tour, I saw her again in Detroit, where she again presented me with a box for the theater.

But it seems that at the last seance held at Mrs. Goodale's apartment, some spirit manifested by saying things that either hurt or displeased the actress. What these things were I have never learned, for those who knew, for one reason or another, would not tell me. So I was left totally in the dark about the point in

question. I only know that I have never seen nor heard from Mrs. Fiske since, that from the time of that unfortunate episode her interest in me as a medium, and probably her friendship also, ended.

This has been one of the experiences arising from my profession as a medium that has been hard for me to understand. Of course, I realize that people of the stage are busy individuals, and just as impressionable as the mediums, constantly being influenced this way and that, so one should not be hurt by their temperamental idiosyncrasies. Continually surrounded as actors are with make-believe and sham, they lose perhaps, amidst this atmosphere of falsity, their sense of recognizing truth in its various forms.

I am often amazed at the attitude of some people who attend seances. I could excuse them if they were ignorant, but with people who are supposed to be educated and cultured, and who are supposed to have delved rather deeply into the occult sciences, it is hard to understand.

Such people have sometimes said to me after a seance of unusually successful results—"Well, my father came, giving me his name clearly, and my mother too—of course she would, because we were very close to one another—but after all, you know, Mr. Wehner, we live in a material world. It is all very well to talk to one's loved ones, naturally, I came to you for that; but still, if you only had told me whether I will sell my town house or not; or if it would be cheaper to live at the Plaza—it would relieve me so greatly. Don't you think, George—it seems I must call you 'George'—don't you think you could go into a trance again and

tell me if I should go to Florida or remain here? If you see me going to Europe again I shall be bored to death. And do see if I should discharge my present secretary—she's most disrespectful. Won't you try again, please?"

Spirits are not particularly interested in whether the town house or the Hotel Plaza is more economical. Nor do they worry about a coveted prominence in society. They are far more concerned with the true needs of the soul's progression. They are far more attracted to and interested in those of wealth who are really doing a work of welfare with their money and time. It saddens sincere and helpful spirits to see money thrown away on idle pleasures, or lavished upon those who already possess too much, when all about are fellow-creatures poor, and sick, and despairing.

Such spirits are more likely to spend their earth-visits with poor students who are striving to produce works to help or gladden the world. What do they care that some selfish woman, as in one case that I can recall, is grieving because another is elected to shine more conspicuously in a social maneuver to bring to America from some foreign country a Grand Duchess? Perhaps they think it is more important to feed the hungry, shelter the weary homeless, and to bring light into dark places.

Of course there are spirits who will be attracted to answer as well as they can, the trivial questions that trivial people ask. But what is gained? Issues of such inconsequence are apt to be treated rather contemptuously by my guides, so I have been told, and some people have been greatly offended with me on account

of it, and have left me severely alone ever after. That they should hold me responsible for what they themselves have attracted to come through my instrumentality I can only put down to their ignorance of the subject they are dealing with.

At any rate, I am glad that my guides take the attitude they do with such ridiculous matters, and of such solely material seekers, I feel well rid!

I now gave a seance that turned out to be very interesting, in the spacious apartment on West Fifty-ninth Street, of Janet Beecher, the noted actress who was then playing in "The Bill of Divorcement." The seance had to be held very late, as we could not begin until Miss Beecher returned from the theater. There was a large gathering of interesting people who sat in the seance. As when possible, I avoid receiving introductions until after the seance, I knew nothing of the sitters' names, with the exception of one, Hereward Carrington, who had been, with myself, a guest for dinner at the home of Miss Beecher's mother, Mrs. Oral Wyndham.

But it turned out that among the guests was Mrs. Dorothy Benjamin Caruso, the widow of the late Enrico Caruso. Caruso had been passed over but a short time. He did not speak that night, but his mother did, saying that the spirit of her son was still resting and so could not communicate. She then thanked Mrs. Caruso for what she had done at Caruso's tomb in Italy. She enumerated in detail the arrangements Mrs. Caruso had seen to, which were private, and of which the public knew nothing. These tests created much surprise and caused a great deal of talk, so much so, that an account

of the affair finally appeared in newspapers all over the world.

After this experience I gave many seances to Mrs. Caruso and her friends in her house on East Fifty-fifth Street. During these sittings Caruso came many many times to her.

Another guest of Janet Beecher's that night was the charming Mrs. Irma Hopper. This lady, who is an expert swordswoman, and who held for some time the American Championship in Fencing, is herself extremely psychic, composing inspirationally, music which is of exceptional quality and beauty. Mrs. Hopper became intensely interested in my work. Then and there began a friendship between us that has lasted through the years. Mrs. Hopper said to me,—“George, if you will trust your work to me, I shall make your winter a brilliant one.” I was very happy to do so, for Mrs. Hopper gave off a vibration of whole-heartedness and sincere frankness that inspired confidence. Because of her kindly interest my winter was indeed a brilliant one.

At her interesting and unusual home at the top of several flights of stairs at 1441½ East Fifty-fifth Street, I gave numerous seances to many well-known and notable people. It was here that I first met the gracious and beautiful Mrs. Oliver Harriman.

Here also I met Mrs. Reginald De Koven, who has been a student of psychic matters for years, and whose book upon the subject, “Cloud of Witnesses,” is well known. And there was Miss Grigsby, well known both here and abroad, from whom the spirits always draw so much force during a seance that she is hardly able to

move afterwards. At Mrs. Hopper's I also met and sat for Dean Frederick Edwards, who was then the president of the American Society for Psychical Research.

After this I gave many seances to brilliant assemblages in the wonderful house at Park Avenue and Eighty-fifth Street of Mrs. De Koven. We held the seances in the huge old library on the second floor, which led into the enormous music-room. Here among the many spirits who came and communed were Reginald De Koven, the composer of "Robin Hood" and other operas, and Rose, the beautiful sister of Mrs. De Koven.

That same winter I gave seances for Mrs. May Kidder, Corinne and Phoenix Ingraham, Mme. Jeanne Gordon, Borden Harriman, Minga Duryea, Helen T. Bigelow, Leila W. Sherman, Margaret Van Antwerp, Daniel Walton, Charles A. Sherman and countless others.

Then there were many seances at the home of Mr. R. T. M. Scott, the novelist. Mr. Scott is one of the kindest and most sincere men I know. Mrs. Scott is a wonderful woman who deserves the gratitude of all true theosophists, for she is unfailing and unflagging in her devotion to the teachings of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. Every winter she holds classes, entirely gratuitous, where any one who is a sincere seeker may have the benefit of her teachings from the Secret Doctrine of Mme. Blavatsky. Mrs. Scott is the only teacher I know of who sticks absolutely to the teachings as taught by H.P.B. To her I am profoundly grateful, as are all who love Blavatsky.

Mrs. Scott is also very psychic, and she has great

healing power. She is an indefatigable worker, and never thinks of self when there is some one to help. She has rightly earned the title her disciples have given her —“Teacher.” Such a psychic atmosphere as pervades their home makes an ideal background of conditions against which to give seances. I have always felt that the best was drawn from me in that environment.



**I**N the winter of 1923 I gave an interesting and amusing seance at the home of Mrs. de Rham. The sitters consisted of Mrs. de Rham and her son and daughter; Mrs. Oliver Harriman; Mrs. Irma Hopper; and the famous Boston medium, Mrs. Piper. But the presence of the latter was concealed from me. She did not come into the room in which I sat. I relate these incidents as told to me by Mrs. Harriman after the seance.

As soon as I had gone into the trance, Mrs. Piper came and sat just outside the room. Instead of White Cloud, the very first control said he was a doctor, and gave a name that sounded like Finuee, but which, as near as I can remember was spelled Phinuit.

No one recognized this name, and Mrs. Piper, sitting outside the room as she was, could not hear it. But the control persisted in remaining. Finally Mrs Harriman said, "Please go away now. There are others waiting to come and we should like to speak to them. We are sorry but we do not know you."

Then the control grew a little impatient and replied, "No, I will not go away until I speak to my medium. Why does she sit out there? Tell her to come into the room where I can speak to her."

When Mrs. Piper came into the room she imme-

diately recognized this spirit as one of her guides who used to be one of the chief controls in the early days of her valuable work. She was much surprised and pleased. Among other guides who spoke to Mrs. Piper was one who called himself, I think, "Imperator."

When I awoke from the trance there was no sign that Mrs. Piper had been in the room. Mrs. Harriman came over to me and said—"George, we have had a most unusual evening. Some one has been sitting with us who is very interesting. I will try and get her to come in and speak to you."

After a while Mrs. Piper was persuaded to come in and meet me. She told me that she had not wanted to come into the room because she had been told that as she was a very powerful medium she should never go into the room where there was a younger or less developed medium sitting. But she grew very friendly and said that in time she thought my work would develop to be very like hers. This of course pleased me greatly. Then she gave me very good advice about the public use of mediumship and the working for investigators and research societies. She advises against a medium ever signing a life-contract with any society. I felt very happy to have had the opportunity to meet and sit for this great psychic who has done so much to further the higher interest in spiritualism.

Thanks to the interest taken in my work by Mrs. Hopper, each succeeding winter seemed more interesting than the first. In one seance at her house, Lady Muir McKensie, who has had much experience with mediums, encouraged me greatly by saying she felt my work to be sincere and true, and that as I developed

my gift she thought I would become a really fine instrument of communication with the world of spirits.

I was much interested in the lectures of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who was then visiting America. At a reception given in a house on West Fifty-seventh Street, I met him. Later, a seance was arranged for Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle at Mrs. Oliver Harriman's home, but somehow I did not receive the telegram until the day after the time appointed. As Sir Arthur left shortly for England I did not have another opportunity to sit for him.

At the Gramercy Park Home of Mrs. Leila Sprague Learned, I first met Eleanor Gates, the author of "The Poor Little Rich Girl." Eleanor Gates, or Mrs. Frederick Moore, as she is in private life, obtains always, with her intensely enthusiastic nature, the best of results from me in a seance. I soon met Frederick Moore, and I gave many seances in the interesting studio high up, overlooking Central Park, at 730 Fifth Avenue.

I loved to sit for the Moores, because they were writers especially interested in the subject of spiritualism. Because of this fact, I used to have Mrs. Moore meet as many mediums with various phases of mediumship as possible, so that she might study them and their gifts. In return, the Moores did many lovely things for me, and gave me much valuable advice upon writing.

There were some interesting seances at which I met Clark Silvernail, the actor; and Josephine Drake, the actress; and Mr. Willard Parker, of the Baconian Society; and his wife, Kate Willard Parker, the sil-

houette artist. At one of these sittings given for several members of the Baconian Society, one of my guides told them to concentrate for a soul very dear to them who was passing away at that time. Later it was found that on that very night the soul of Dr. Owen passed into the Beyond. Dr. Owen was very dear to the Baconian Society, as he was the great cipherist who had so much to do with the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy.

One afternoon, at Mrs. Oliver Harriman's beautiful house on East Fifty-fifth Street, I had the pleasure of sitting for Sophie Irene Loeb, the noted Social Worker and speaker, and for Margaret Woodrow Wilson. The former President of the United States spoke through me to his daughter, giving as his name, one known only to the family.

I do not remember exactly when I first began to sit for the American Society for Psychical Research, but from the first I was very happy in my results for them. Every winter from that first one, I have been engaged to give them a series of sittings, and in this way I have reached many people.

I know that many mediums object to sitting for research societies, but I enjoy it. I find that members of such societies treat the subject with a dignified consideration. Of course, perhaps at times they do make conditions rather trying for the medium to work in, but it seems to me that mediums should expect to have their work tested. Mr. J. Malcolm Bird once made some strict tests with me in a series of sittings given as usual in the rooms of the society at 15 Lexington Avenue.

I was requested to go early to the seance room, where

I went in trance with only Mr. Bird and the secretary present. Afterwards the sitters came in and took their chairs which were numbered. The sitters were not allowed to answer White Cloud or other spirits until Mr. Bird gave them the signal, and then they were only permitted to answer "yes" and "no." A record of the results was taken down by the secretary. In this way the investigators were assured that no message was affected by any "lead" being given by a sitter.

Mr. Bird had been afraid that with my phase of mediumship this method might not work. But I was told the results were excellent. Instead of giving only the trial seances as had been arranged, I was engaged to give the whole series.

A group of members from the Boston Research now visited me and had sittings. Among the sitters were Mrs. Jane H. Sagendorph, and Mrs. Margery W. Bird.

Because of this sitting, some time later, it was arranged for me to go to Boston to give several seances for the Boston Research. Some of the sittings were held at the society's rooms, and others at the beautiful home on Chestnut Hill of Mr. and Mrs. Sagendorph. My results were excellent. One seance was given when Dr. Prince was present. That evening the controls spoke clearly and loudly, so that even Dr. Prince, who is somewhat deaf, heard quite distinctly. After the seance Dr. Prince said—"How is it we have never heard of you before?" I thought jokingly that as the gentleman was quite deaf perhaps this was not surprising.

In New York there were seances at the home of Mrs. Derieux of the *American Magazine* to research members, and writers, and publishers. And I gave many sit-

tings at the home of Mrs. Stout, who has often arranged seances with me for the Research Society.

Mr. Lucius D. Humphrey arranged some seances for me, one at the home of Mrs. Mallinson and one at the house on Fifth Avenue of Mrs. Greenough. The Mallinson seance was a strange one. It seems that no spirits belonging to any of the sitters manifested. A guide came through me who read characters and interpreted dreams or visions, and that was all. I remember Mrs. Mallinson said to me afterwards, "I am so glad no spirits came—I didn't want them to anyway. What you did for us was much more interesting." This was very surprising to me. I can only account for it in that like attracts like, and that if Mrs. Mallinson did not care to talk to spirits, she probably attracted what she did desire. The other sitters with one or two exceptions did not know much about the subject.

On the same night, my friend Mr. M. Farber was having a seance with Mrs. Wriedt in Detroit. On his return, Mr. Farber asked me what kind of results I had on this certain night. I looked in my engagement book and saw that it was the same night as the Mallinson seance.

When I told him of my strange results, he laughed and said that at Mrs. Wriedt's sitting White Cloud and most of my other guides had come to him and said that as they were not needed that night in New York they thought they would go to him in Detroit!

During the seance at Mrs. Greenough's, a spirit came who had died of burning. This spirit, in taking control of me, at once felt again the scorching flames. With a scream, the spirit seized a huge jar of water which

stood near by and dumped it suddenly all over me, drenching me from head to foot! This spirit was recognized at once by Mrs. Greenough as one who had burned to death. Later the spirit was able to give her name clearly.

At the lovely and unusual home on the roof of the Hotel Plaza of Mrs. Harry Black, I gave a sitting to a group of interested people among whom were the Duc and Duchesse de Richelieu. I also gave a seance at the Central Park West home of Edna Ferber, the writer. My friend Mr. Farber had told her about me and she was very interested. I had told Miss Ferber over the telephone that it was better not to serve any drinks until the seance was over, and to hold the sitting where we would be free from interruptions.

When I met Miss Ferber in her bright little writing-room, I was much impressed with her personality, and to myself I clairvoyantly "read" her. I should say she was very psychic, although she may not know it, and this accounts somewhat for her rather erratic nature. She had just finished a novel and her dark eyes burned with weariness. "No one knows what I go through when I write a book," said Miss Ferber. "Sometimes I haven't an idea in my head, and then suddenly the characters of the story come and seem to write it themselves."

The seance which followed was a failure. There was a good-sized gathering of writers, and publishers, and before the evening was over, of actors. Evidently these people had never sat in a seance before, as they talked and laughed and moved about continuously, and answered the telephone, which kept ringing in a room

nearby. I did go into trance for a short time, but as White Cloud could do nothing with such interruptions and lack of seriousness, he soon gave up the attempt and brought me back to consciousness. It was a dismal affair.

At another seance in New York I had an unusual result through one of my guides, Black Hawk, giving a clairvoyant description of a matter which was affecting the health of a young lady. I quote this young lady's words—"George Wehner has helped me greatly by giving me a message in regard to my health. An X-ray of my teeth showed the exact condition he spoke of.—Virginia B. Goodwin."

There were several interesting tests in regard to foreign languages. In one seance given to some members of an Italian family, their relatives came and spoke to them in their own language. In one seance there was among the sitters a skeptical Jewish Hungarian lawyer. He was much surprised to hear spirits speak to him in a rather rare Hungarian dialect. Of this experience he wrote—"I was amazed when you in your trance pronounced Hungarian words—it is impossible but for a native to do so. Your choice of such Hungarian words could only be inspired, for from no dictionary or other mere information could you have got it.—S. Rutter, Jan. 1, 1924."

At the home of Mrs. Harry Bamberger where I have given many seances, one night there was a large gathering. There was a variety of nationalities represented among the sitters which proved very interesting for the seance. Spirits came to these individuals and spoke to them in their native tongues. One lady in writing

of this seance says—"White Cloud spoke in German, French, Hebrew, Hindu and Yiddish. Lolita (another guide) spoke in English and American Indian." In saying that White Cloud spoke these languages, the lady meant that as he was acting as spokesman for these spirits, he merely repeated in their various languages what they said.

In speaking foreign languages through me, spirits are not often able to speak them fluently, or for any length of time. But they are able with words and more or less broken phrases to make their ideas clear. The reason for this difficulty is, that I, the medium, do not know these languages. Therefore, before they can pronounce a word they have to create that thought in my brain, for the brain is their seat of control. But when they are speaking my own language they have but to touch the brain-cells already charged with the desired word-thoughts. It is like playing upon the keys of an organ. In reality spirits do not need to speak their own language at all. When they do so it is only to prove that they can, or to prove identity. Thought is a universal language, and spirits have but to think their thoughts into the medium's brain and the ideas will automatically be expressed in the medium's native language. Spirits have often sung their native folk-songs through me in the voices of both men and women.

There seems to be no end to the variety of mental mediumistic phenomena. And no two seances are alike. But such interesting results are not obtained at every seance. Sometimes such unusual results are few and far between. But it is something that they have been able to occur at all.



**I**N 1922 I went as usual to Detroit for the summer months. After the busy winter season in New York it always seemed good to get back to the Great Lakes region. The vast currents of force that sweep down from the magnetic North always restore my depleted powers. But in Detroit I never remain very long idle, for I am besieged from morning till night with calls for readings and seances.

During this particular summer I was exceptionally busy. At this time I did not give my professional seances in my grandmother's house, but gave them in the home of my English friends, the Burgesses.

Every day upon returning when the weather was fine I crossed a large and flowery meadow. Just as soon as I would get well into this meadow I would become conscious of a presence. As I am used to the feeling of unknown presences about me, especially after seances, I at first no more than noticed this. But after two or three days of persistent haunting I began to pay some attention to this spirit.

Out of the back of my head, as though my inner eye were seeing backwards, I began to see this spirit clairvoyantly, although not yet clearly enough to describe. But I knew that it was the form of a woman. I could only see her in this way for a few seconds, but

I would feel her presence as long as I was in the meadow. This experience lasted a full week, and each day the spirit would appear farther toward the front. This struck me as being very strange and made me pay all the more attention to the experience as I had never met with anything like it before.

Day by day this appearance swung farther, from the back of my head, around the left side, and finally almost directly before me. All this time I never once saw the spirit plainly, and was only permitted a fleeting glimpse of her. But on the last day she appeared in the meadow she showed herself exceptionally clear.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and the sun was shining gloriously. When I was about halfway through the meadow she appeared full figure, standing in the air about four feet from the ground. She was tall and slender. Her face was oval, with a rather long, thin nose, dark eyes, a small mouth with very red lips, and very black, stringy hair. Her complexion was dark, almost a copper-brown.

I did not get the details of her costume—it was her face and glittering eyes that held my attention—but I got a blurred impression of red and yellow, and something green around her head. She was a gypsy! One of those spirits I had seen in my childhood in gypsy camps.

While I looked at her she smiled, and lifting her right hand, held before my face what looked like a pack of white, blank cards. Then it dawned on me that this spirit was trying to give me something from the other side of life. So I spoke aloud to the gypsy as I often do to spirits.

"Do you want to give me something?"

The gypsy nodded her head and again held up the blank cards.

"All right," I said, "to-morrow morning is Sunday and I will be at home. If you come I will 'sit' for you."

Again her head nodded and this time her lips moved, but the only word I caught was one that sounded like "Geena." Up to this time she had never tried to speak. Now she hovered in the air a second or two, rapidly growing more ethereal, so that I could see the sunlight shining right through her, and I could see objects behind her. Finally she vanished altogether. Of course, the telling of it has been much slower than the actual happening, which occurred very rapidly.

The next morning I "sat" for her. Because of the psychic paintings I had been getting before, I had paints, crayons, etc., in the house. So now I had before me a small table and a lot of old business cards that were blank on one side, and a box of ordinary crayons. During breakfast I was impressed to have these things in readiness.

I did not wait five minutes before the gypsy appeared, looking just as she did on the day before. This time she stood on the floor at my left side and held one ghostly card after another before my eyes. But her cards were no longer blank! They now seemed to be painted with symbols in various bright colors. Hurriedly I copied them as well as I could, using the colored crayons, while the gypsy held the cards out to me.

I was perfectly conscious of what I was doing, but

my aunts said that when they came into the room to tell me that lunch was ready, I paid no attention whatever to them. Probably then I was in a semi-trance. The spirit gave me fifty and some odd cards that morning, and then left suddenly.

A few days later while at the breakfast table the gypsy came again saying that same word—"Geena!"—evidently the name she wished us to know her by. I hurriedly got the table, cards and crayons, and soon she was giving me more. Oddly enough, she began with the same card she had ended with before. I remembered it and reminded her of it. But "Geena" seemed impatient and stamped her foot on the floor and held the card decidedly before me, so I repeated it.

Later, of course, I had to eliminate it, as there were two exactly alike. This session was not so long, as there seemed only a few remaining cards for her to give. When I now counted them, omitting the duplicate, I had sixty-four cards.

My work consisted of roughly drawn symbols in gay colors, but with no writing of any kind upon them, and of course I did not know what to do with them. From their appearance I judged they were to be used for "reading" purposes. My aunts thought so too, and were much interested. To look at they were most fascinating.

A few days passed by again without a visit from the gypsy. When she did come I was in the middle of my dinner. So often spirits come to me while I am at the dining table. I think this is because of the circle of people around the table, and because conditions are usually harmonious while the family is dining.

This time the spirit made me divide the cards into certain groups, and I had to number them, and then quite suddenly she began to give me written words to go upon the cards. This visitation lasted a long time, and when the spirit left, every card was numbered and written upon.

We all looked them over and found that divided into groups they made five suits. They looked suspiciously like fortune-telling cards, and I did not like the idea at all. But Aunt Clara, who has told with the regular playing cards many uncanny things that, by the way, have come true, was mightily interested. She tried to use them, laying them out as she did her old ones. But she was not successful. Evidently these were not to be used in this manner.

Now a week or more passed, and still no return of our "Geena." Then one evening, as usual at the dinner hour, I was deeply entranced. The control who spoke was either the gypsy herself or another through whom she communicated. I believe the latter.

However, one of my aunts, who writes shorthand, was asked to write. Somebody brought pad and pencils, and my aunt at rapid dictation took down the entire directions of how to lay out and read the cards.

The gypsy said they were the leaves of the "Book of Life," and that she had gotten them from her mother who had brought them from a warm country originally. They were a present to the medium, she said, as a token of regard from certain spirits who had used my instrumentality.

Cards, she said, that were dedicated to psychic use only, should not be scoffed at. They were just as valu-

able, she said, in divining, as the crystal or other occult means. Composed of the dust of the earth, figuratively speaking, as are our material bodies and brain cells, she said that when charged with certain forces they became quickened and alive. When so treated and regarded, no card fell by chance!

It was all very interesting. In a short time we learned how to use them, and I have since given several thousand readings by this means, and sometimes with startlingly accurate results. In using them they seem to enlarge my psychic vision.

The gypsy has appeared to me several times since, and also through other mediums. Through them she has told me that the word "Geena" which I heard, was really "Regina"—"Queen."



**C**LAIRVOYANCE has played some strange tricks on me at times. Once, while living in a large apartment house in New York, I had a sudden impression that a letter from my aunt was downstairs in the mail-box. At that time her letters were always enclosed in grayish-blue envelopes.

On going down and looking in the box, sure enough, there was the gray envelope waiting. But it was deep down in the box and I could not get it out. So I went back for the key. But my landlady was about to go downstairs herself, and she said she would stop and get the letter for me.

Soon she returned rather angry, saying there was no letter in the box and wanting to know why I had played so stupid a joke on her. I was amazed. I declared that the letter was there. We had an argument about it.

Finally she suggested that we both go down together to prove our statements. Downstairs we went again, I running on ahead.

Once more looking into the box, plain as daylight, there lay my letter. My landlady's son now happened to come in. Calling to him I asked if he saw anything in the mail-box.

"Sure!" he exclaimed.

"What color is it?" I asked.

"Gray," answered the boy, "but can't you see it yourself? Are you crazy?"

Then his mother joined us. But the moment she looked into the box the letter vanished!

With a few cutting remarks regarding my sanity she flounced up the stairs, leaving her son and me to stare at each other in bewilderment.

However, in the very next mail, the gray letter was dropped into the box where it was found by the landlady. Rushing into my room with the letter the Irish woman said—"Here's the letter, and I always knew ye was a Banshee, and I'm afraid to have the likes of yiz in the house. Ye'd better be thinkin' about movin' out!"

And there was nothing of any importance in that troublesome letter after all!

One evening I was going into a restaurant on Fourth Avenue near to Thirty-first Street where I was living. I was expecting to meet a friend in this restaurant.

Often when my hand contacts a cold object I receive a vivid impression about some matter or other, or hear the voice of White Cloud. This evening, the moment my hand touched the cold knob of the restaurant door I heard the voice of White Cloud say—"No stay. Go home. Quick go home!"

So distinct was the message that I did not even wait to go in and excuse myself from my possibly waiting friend. I hurried home.

I was living in a large apartment house. When I entered the lobby I saw a man scrutinizing the many mail boxes, as if looking for a name. When he turned, I recognized an old friend from Detroit. Some one in

Detroit had given him my street number but he had not been able to locate which of the many apartments I was living in, and was just about to give up his search when I walked through the door.

There was nothing vitally important about his visit. He did bring me a message from some one in Detroit, but it did not happen to be of great consequence. This man had come to New York on business, and had been asked to look me up personally. That was all. Of course, had we missed each other we would have been much disappointed.

I felt rather guilty over my neglect of the friend I had expected to meet in the restaurant, and wondered how he would regard the matter. The next morning when I met him on the street he hastily apologized for having had to break his appointment of the evening before! He had not been in the restaurant at all. We then had a good laugh over our simultaneous breach of promise.

White Cloud, the Knowing Unseen, had of course, seen the conditions as we could not, and so had led me to a most enjoyable evening with my Detroit friend, which otherwise would have been but a lonely time.

Clairsentience, or the sensing of vibrations through the sense of feeling, played a trick on me once in the Natural History Museum of New York. It was the occasion of my first visit to that marvelous building. I was alone this day.

I entered the vast building as every one does through the Hall of Meteors. As I was in a hurry to get to the Indian collections which I had heard were very wonderful, I did not bother my head about what this first hall

contained. I simply noticed that large and small rocky objects were standing all along the walls and thought, "Oh, this is a mineral collection." So I hurried forward to the hall beyond.

But as I passed one of the largest rocks I laid my hand upon it quite unconsciously. Instantly, a sensation of terrific whirling shocked my nerves, and I was so near to being hurled to the floor that I staggered about trying to regain my balance. My brain reeled, and for a few seconds everything turned black.

Some people looked at me curiously, so I hurried on and dropped into one of the seats to recover my poise. I sat there for fully fifteen minutes before my nerves stopped recording that giddy, whirling sensation.

When I was entirely quiet I went back to that huge stone and read the label attached to the pedestal on which it rested. This rock was one of the large meteors, called Ahnighito (The Tent) which Peary had brought back from Alaska. Then I understood the cause of my sensations.

Being in an expectant and receptive mood, by placing my hand upon the meteor, I had quite naturally psychometrized its past experience of hurtling rapidly through the vast reaches of space.

Before H.P.B. (Madame Blavatsky) taught me how to protect myself I had a great deal of trouble with my mediumship. This was in the early days of my development when H.P.B. chose to come to me as U.K. (The Unknown).

Especially was I liable to have trouble just after I had finished a seance. It seemed that the communicating current was not shut off—that the plug in the switch-

board connecting the two worlds still united them—the doors of my psychic faculties would not close. And with those doors left open, any sort of entity—good or bad, human or elemental—could walk right in and take possession!

There were times when I would fall into a trance in the most unlikely places. Public places! It is a miracle during some of these happenings how I ever escaped being jailed. Several times when seen in this state by acquaintances I was thought to have been drunk!

One morning on a street-car in Detroit a lady sat down beside me. Something about this woman—I did not know exactly what—attracted my attention and caused me to stare at her. I have often been accused of staring at people unduly, but it is invariably because I am attracted by some psychic sight. Suddenly, while staring thus at this lady, I went under control. There in a crowded street-car I became entranced!

The next thing I remember was hearing the strange woman's voice close in my ear, saying—"It's all right. I understand perfectly. It's all right. Don't worry."

When I became myself again the lady told me the details, saying it was her father who had spoken through me. She wanted to say more to me and was just about to take my name and address when her street-stop came and she had to rush from the car. I never saw her again. The people around me on the car stared at me and whispered to each other, so that, feeling conspicuous and embarrassed, I got off the car.

Another strange experience of this nature occurred in New York on the Broadway Subway. I had given a seance at the apartment of Mrs. Goodale, on West

Sixty-seventh Street. The sitting had been a long one and I was quite tired.

I got on the downtown subway at Sixty-sixth Street. The train was crowded with late home-goers. At Columbus Circle (59th St.) I remember turning in my seat to look out at the station sign. I saw it distinctly—"Columbus Circle"—on the upright pillars, "59th Street."

It seemed to me that I had just turned my head, looked at the signs, and turned my head back again. But in that second of turning my head what a change had taken place! The car was now empty of all but the conductor and myself! And the conductor was comfortably sprawled out on an empty seat!

I went up to the conductor and asked rather sheepishly if we had come to Times Square yet. I felt bewildered. He laughed at me and said—"Say, you must have been sleepin'. We're under the river now runnin' into Brooklyn!"

I had a long ride back!



**I**N THE year of 1922 I had given up temporarily the practice of my mediumship and had gone back to the stage by joining some very dear friends, Jack Pomeroy and Bobbie Brewster, in their vaudeville act. The "turn" was a singing and dancing musical act in which I had to act two little character parts and play the piano.

The season was a hard one theatrically and we had great difficulty in securing consecutive bookings. So, rather than "lay-off" and wait for delayed decisions, we took what independent bookings we could secure and played all sorts of out-of-the-way places in and around New York.

But there were times when we could not even get this sort of work, and consequently we were all up to our necks in debt for lodgings. At last things came to the jumping-off place. My long-suffering landlady informed me that unless some payment was forthcoming I would find my belongings put out in the street. Not that I had so many that it would have mattered much! But this was not pleasant news. My companions found themselves nearing the same danger.

We all ate our dinner at the same place, a restaurant next to the Richmond Hotel on Forty-sixth Street West. My friends had the advantage of me in that they were

allowed by the proprietor to run a bill. But I had been paying as I ate. There was a waiter there whom I shall never forget. Nearly all Broadway knew him as "Benny," and he was a mighty decent fellow. When he noticed I was not ordering as copiously as usual he would slip the tip I gave him back into my pocket and hurry away. I got a real thrill out of this!

At last the day came when I did not have a penny left. I knew my comrades had nothing, and as I was not in the habit of borrowing I expected to go hungry. Early in the morning my landlady had added grudgingly some toast and coffee to my unpaid bill. I admit, the rotisserie windows caused me a few pangs that day!

Late that afternoon I was sitting in the gay and comfortable surroundings of the National Vaudeville Artists' Club, of which I was fortunately a member, with an empty stomach and a fit of the "blues." Outside a snowy squall was blowing, but here around me was warmth and the loud chattering of merry performers. From the balcony where I sat I could see the dining-room being opened, and the smiling groups of diners seating themselves at the flower adorned tables. Every one seemed to go down and I was left alone.

A sort of despair caught me by the throat and for a few minutes some bitter thoughts rushed through my mind regarding my spirit friends who had seemingly left me in the lurch. I decided that White Cloud was the best one to call upon, so I hurled these muttered words at him: "White Cloud, you have got to help me! If you don't help me now, I don't want you ever to come to me again!"

After this outburst I really did feel a little conscience-stricken, for White Cloud had taken pretty good care of me in times past, and after all, this predicament I found myself in was nobody's fault but my own. I got up and went out into the street.

I walked up Forty-sixth Street toward Broadway. Fine snow was driving down and the lights of the Great White Way shone mistily through it. At Broadway I paused, undecided which way to go.

There was a drug store (now a Child's restaurant) on that corner, and as I looked at the patch of light which fell through its window on to the sidewalk, I saw fluttering through the snow up against the wall something green. I stooped quickly and picked it up.

In my hand, crumpled together, lay three one dollar bills!

Three dollar dinners! Only one who has gone hungry can know just what that meant.

When I told my friends the story they would not believe it. They thought I had been borrowing.

Two days later a small check arrived which saved the day. Luck now seemed to break for us and we got our bookings. All our debts were paid and once more we were happy.

Was this coincidence or was it White Cloud? Think what you like. At any rate, when White Cloud has been asked about it his only answer has been a grunt and a mysterious chuckle!

We now left New York and went on the road for many weeks playing always westward. Some time in the month of January we had a "lay-off," and as our

next stand was to be Niagara City, it afforded me the chance to jump to Detroit to spend a few days with my people. This I did.

As soon as I reached that city I was taken ill. My whole stay was spent in bed. When the day arrived on which I had to leave I was forbidden to get up.

But people of the stage are in some respects like soldiers on duty. We know that we have to do our bit and that there is no one to take our particular place. Also it is one of the crimes of the theater to "hold up the stage" or to "kill a performance."

That night I took the train to Niagara City.

Crawling out of the berth in the cold gray dawn I felt worse than ever. A man and his wife told me that I had been delirious during the night. They had heard my rambling speech and had done what they could for me. The man thought I had the "flu."

Before the sun began to rise I had found the hotel where I rested in bed for a few hours. At ten-thirty I was at the theater for the Monday morning rehearsal. Here I met my friends, Bobbie and Jack, the young dancer and his wife. They too, had been ill. We had all taken a severe cold at our last hotel.

We rehearsed the orchestra, superintended the hanging of our scenery, and at length went on for the opening performance. I have no distinct recollection of that performance. I went through it in a daze—possibly in a trance—I never knew.

My friends became alarmed over my condition and insisted that I go to a doctor. I went. The doctor at once asked me if I had looked into my throat. He

looked, and made me look. My throat was literally covered with a white coating. The physician pronounced it to be diphtheria. He said I should go at once to a hospital.

"But I am in the theater and have to go on again to-night at 10.15," I insisted.

After some arguing and begging he finally agreed to let me continue if I promised not to divulge my real condition, and to keep as far as possible from the other performers backstage. I agreed to anything. He then swabbed my throat well and gave me a solution which I was to use every fifteen minutes. And I was to come back to him the first thing in the morning. Then he let me go.

Of course in the rush and excitement of the theater I did not find it convenient to follow the doctor's directions, but I somehow managed to drag through the evening show. As eating our usual midnight supper was out of the question for me I left my companions and went back to the hotel and to bed.

After wearily tossing about for a long time I finally sank into a troubled slumber. In my half-sleep I ached from head to foot and actually shook with chills, while at the same time my head seemed to burn with fire.

Suddenly I distinctly felt a hand grasp my shoulder and shake me purposefully. A loud, deep voice said clearly—"Get up! Get up!"

Like a child I obeyed. I felt too ill to resist anything.

"Dress!" commanded the voice.

Shaking with chills I crept into my clothing.

"Walk to the falls!" was the next strange order.

It seemed utterly impossible. I looked at my alarm clock. It was three A.M. and a bitterly cold January night. I looked questioningly around the room but could see nothing clairvoyantly.

"Go!" Close to my ear sounded that unearthly voice, this time in a husky whisper. Impelled by the same power that had caused me to leave the warm bed I pulled on my heavy overcoat, found my hat, and wobbled uncertainly out into the night.

The hotel was very close to the little park that edges the American Falls. This park had been pointed out to me in the afternoon and all day we had heard the muffled roar of the falling water. Not a soul was in the streets. I didn't see even a policeman.

Never will I forget that walk through the park. The park lights were shining brightly. There had been rain some days before and the ice on the branches of every tree and bush gleamed like millions of diamonds.

As I walked down the pathway beside the rapids above the falls, I suddenly became clairvoyant. Hundreds of little water elementals were playfully chasing one another about over the swift eddies of the river. The water was very rapid here, but it did not in any way affect the movements of the elementals. They sported about at will and did not seem to drift with the current. They looked about six inches to a foot in length, had bodies of fish and eels, but semi-human heads. They paid no attention whatever to me.

When I came to the point where the water rolls over the rocky ledge—right at the very edge—there appeared a kind of elemental that I had never seen before—

sinister, horrible-looking creatures with long snaky bodies and blunt heads that were faintly human in semblance. They would rear up three or four feet and undulate in a luring, beckoning manner, while a sort of sickening smile distorted their undeveloped faces.

A number of them came toward me, always in their peculiar beckoning, undulating motion, and I saw very plainly their eager, greedy eyes, lit with a noxious, greenish light. There was a strange fascination in their rhythmic movement which was almost hypnotic. So beckoning was it indeed, that I took several steps toward them, and had I not caught myself, the sudden jolt with which I came up against the iron railing which guards the walk might have toppled me over and into the falls.

I was not delirious. I was perfectly conscious of everything—the cold, biting air; the lights; the snow; the ice; the roaring water; the entire absence of human beings; and of these fearful creatures!

My jolt against the railing seemed to break the hypnotic spell of the evil elementals, for they sank down into the dark water. I believe, from this experience, that it is these creatures, denizens of the lower astral plane, that so often cause people to throw objects into Niagara, and even to jump into the falls.

I now stood right at the point where the great falls thunder down into the abyss. A heavy wind blew the mist back over me and in a few seconds I was covered with white hoarfrost. Once more I saw elementals, but how different were these!

These creatures were very beautiful and were only appearing in the mist below the falls. They were very

tall—seemingly thirty feet or more—and appeared to wear long, flowing, misty robes. Their heads were wonderfully human-looking, with long wind-blown hair. There were a number of them waving their arms and passing and repassing one another as if in the measures of some wild dance. They were unconscious apparently of my presence.

Unexpectedly, while I was watching them, a tall, majestic figure—an Indian in a red blanket—appeared among them, striding upward through the mist and advancing straight toward me. When the Indian stood before me, with a quick motion he removed his red blanket and wrapped it swiftly around my body. I felt the pressure of his arms, and immediately a warm, tingling glow shot from that red blanket and warmed me through and through. I at once recognized the features of my old guide—the medicine-man—Black Hawk. He smiled reassuringly, and in that single instant all feeling of illness left me.

I was instantaneously healed!

I also passed out of the current of clairvoyance, Black Hawk was no longer visible, nor the elementals. I walked back to the hotel with a light step and slept well until eleven A.M.

Needless to say I did not return to the doctor. My companions noticed my improved condition with surprise, and could not understand it. When I told them of my nocturnal visit to the Falls they laughed derisively. Of my psychic experience there I said nothing, as one could not have blamed them had they thought me insane. The white coating on my throat

## A CURIOUS LIFE

remained for several days after, but did not affect me in the least.

The Indians of long ago highly esteemed Niagara as a place of healing. After my experience there I do not doubt it.

**S**OME skeptical persons who have had sittings with me and who have acknowledged that they experienced the very best of results, even telling of their relations and friends who have spoken through me, giving their names clearly and other proofs of identification, still have allowed all this to count as nothing when they learned that I had spent some portions of my life on the stage. "Aha!" they have said, "an actor—that accounts for the excellent Indian impersonations!"

Now, while I never have blamed people for being skeptical and cautious in their means of investigation, I do feel a lack of intelligence in their procedure when they do not weigh the evidence received.

Fakers and impostors have naturally made people incredulous, but I do think it is unjust to the medium when the good results of one seance are entirely discredited because the conditions at a following seance are not good, or because some story or other has been circulated and accepted without being looked into.

It is quite probable that an actor could counterfeit a trance, providing he had first seen a real one, and play the Indian if he were at all familiar with those people. But that would be as far as an actor would get. Could he give the proofs of identification from spirits that are given so often in a genuine seance, sometimes

vaguely it is true, but more often with startling accuracy?

Names, sometimes dates, descriptions of face, form, and dress, descriptions of places distant or near, of houses, rooms, and even of furnishings? And the accurate portrayal at times of the actions, manners, habits and motives that were truly characteristic of the spirits while in their earthly bodies, and the frequent descriptions of the exact conditions by which death severed the soul from the body? Without a previous knowledge of them can any one who is simply an actor bring forth such facts?

If so, acting is mediumship, and Edwin Booth, Sarah Bernhardt, John Drew, and all other talented actors should have been great mediums.

The results which I have enumerated are to be met with through any genuine psychic under the proper conditions, and no pretended medium can consistently produce them again and again for people he has never seen before and whose names he has never heard, and in places where he has never been before.

One should not pass judgment upon a medium's work until a thorough investigation has been made, and that is a thing that requires time, and the study of repeated sittings under all sorts of conditions. It is only stupidity and ignorance that reject a subject before it is understood.

And yet, every new thing, every great discovery and invention has been at first disbelieved and rejected. Had a man tried to sell a radio outfit fifty years ago, and made the claims that we can make for it now, he most likely would have been arrested as

an impostor trying to get money under false pretences, or sent to an insane asylum.

Carle Carleton, the well-known theatrical producer, once said to me after a seance at his apartment in the Hotel des Artistes on West Sixty-seventh Street—"You have got me guessing! You have told me things that certainly nobody knew but myself, but if what you have done is acting, then you are a d— fool to waste your time in this way, for it's the best acting I have seen!"

Many actors and actresses for whom I have seanced have said the same. If what these people said were true, then why, when I was on the stage, did I not make a name for myself? Any one who knows the theatrical record of my life can testify that I never did anything important in that line, and that I was practically unknown. In the first place, I went on the stage only to learn the technique of the theater for writing purposes—and sometimes for bread and butter.

The instinct for acting perhaps is within me, and if it is, I believe I am the better medium for it. When spirits control me in trance, because of this very acting ability, they can the better make me impersonate their characteristic actions and expressions. The more adaptable, the more impressionistic the mediumistic subject may be, the more exact will be the possession, and consequently the results.

A good medium should be keyed to a high pitch of vibration. A bad fiddle, though played upon by a master, is never satisfactory, but a fine fiddle is capable of giving off tone in its most delicate shades.



**S**OME hours before I give a seance I am worked upon by my guides, White Cloud, Dr. Freeman, and others. They do this so that I will be in the proper condition to become entranced easily, and so that spirits desiring to communicate will be able to do so with some degree of facility.

What the guides do is to “lift” my physical vibrations; that is, they increase my rate of vibration. Just how this is done—what method they employ—I do not know. I experience many peculiar, often annoying, sensations during the process. I feel a drawing, tightening sensation in my nerves, as though they were being tuned up like the strings of a violin.

First, chilly little waves run up and down my spine, beginning always at the base of the brain. An almost indescribable numb feeling gradually grows in the back of my head and remains until I go in trance, which is often hours later.

Occasionally, when a previously arranged seance falls through and I have not been informed of it till the last minute, no preparatory sensations appear at all. When they do not precede a seance I may be pretty well assured that something has gone wrong; either that there will be no sitting, or that there will be no results through me.

This numb feeling annoys me considerably, for in some way it seems to confuse my thoughts regarding whatever work I may be engaged upon at the time. I often say things to people that I really have no intention of saying; my speech thickens somewhat; and very often I have difficulty in hearing distinctly what is said to me.

And yet, though it may seem, after what I have just said, contradictory, all my senses are sharpened. Sounds appear louder. I become thirsty, and often drink glass after glass of water. And I certainly become more or less irritable. Nothing seems to go quickly enough for me.

Of course, these things are not always noticeable to every one around me. I try as much as possible to control myself from giving in to these annoyances. But those who know me intimately can readily recognize these symptoms of "vibration raising."

Sometimes there steals over me a desire to lie down immediately, which is positively overpowering in its intensity. It seems as though every nerve is screaming aloud to be stretched out flat! Anywhere, at any time, this appalling hunger to lie down may seize me.

This strange condition of wanting to lie down, I notice, is imposed upon me more often when I am not giving regular seances than when I am.

Another strange thing sometimes noticeable at seances is that people are often affected by a desire to laugh. This laughter manifests usually at the beginning of a seance, and affects both men and women. This seems to be especially so at trance sittings where there is light enough in the room for the sitters to see

each other and to see the medium as well. I have not noticed this so much at dark seances, though occasionally. Not only are the sitters affected by this laughter, but sometimes the medium.

This laughter during seances has caused much embarrassment, alike to the sitters and to the medium. One is never quite certain what the laughter is about. The medium may think he, or the nature of his work, is being ridiculed; and the sitters may feel that the medium is laughing up his sleeve at their super-seriousness, or their incredulity; this, if the sitters are skeptics.

Often during the prayer with which it is customary to open the seance, some one will choke with stifled laughter. Another, who has had difficulty in keeping a straight face, loses control and joins in. Soon the entire circle is bursting with this pent-up, infectious emotion. I have seen, on more than one occasion, from eight to fifteen people, laugh uncontrollably in this manner. They apparently could not help it. There are always a few in a group like this who seem to have poise enough to restrain themselves, and the indignant glances which they shoot at their fellow-sitters only seems to increase the laughter.

When anything like this occurs at my seances I always urge the laughing ones to have it out, rather than to sit there trying to hold it in, cramming their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and usually, after an outburst or two, the disturbance ends. I can generally tell now from long experience if the laughter arises from a make-fun attitude or if it is of the uncontrollable variety. But when I discover for a surety that it is

caused by amusement seekers, or in a certain attitude of cheap smartness, I promptly refuse to sit any longer, and abruptly end the affair. It is the only way for me to do, for under the circumstances it would be foolish for me to let myself go into the trance, for it would be quite impossible for me to get any satisfactory results.

But the other sort—what I call genuine seance laughter—seems to be a kind of nervous explosion, perhaps akin to a form of hysteria. That seems to be about the nearest comparison one can make with it. I have been a victim of it myself, many a time, at seances of my own, and at those of other mediums; at church; and often at funerals. This kind of laughter seems to result from an over-tension of the nerves.

During seances, as I have already pointed out, I have found it best for the sitters to laugh it out, but the medium, if he is not yet in trance, should refrain from it, as he is likely to become an open door for the merely fun-loving, prank-playing, mischievous spirits who are sometimes earth-bound. No matter what the conditions may be around or with the sitters, arising from their state of mind, mode of life, etc., the medium should try hard not to become influenced by them, but should hold his mind above them until in trance his own guides and no others take control of him. In this way he will be more likely to overcome the distracting influences and give a satisfactory seance.

Laughter resembling that experienced at seances occurs where laughing-gas has been administered. It seems to be produced by a sudden letting-go of oneself, as in hysteria. And perhaps the maniac's wild laugh-

ter results from a letting-go beyond the reach of taking hold again.

Many people come out of great excitement shaking with uncontrollable laughter. And it is a well-known fact that if soldiers going into action can be stirred by the fun-making talents of a clown, they will march forward to their certain death with laughter on their faces.

I feel assured that laughter in seances is often induced by the best and most serious of spirits for the sole purpose of loosening up taut mentalities; over-solemnity; anxiety; sorrow; stubbornness; indifference; and that meanest of all attitudes—non-acknowledgment of a recognized test, or refusal of a direct truth—which can only be described as pure cussedness. There are probably many other good reasons why the phenomenon of laughter during seances is repeated time and again at various circles.

I have seen a grief-stricken mother, and many a sorrowing man or woman, laugh till the tears rolled down their cheeks, and for no apparent reason. I have seen white-haired old gentlemen, portly and dignified to the last degree, grow purple in the face through their efforts to hold in, and finally, after shamefaced glances at their friends, break into wheezing gales of laughter. And how genuinely they apologized to their friends and to me! There are reasons, and mighty good reasons, why this unlooked-for and surprising vent of the emotions is aggravated.

Over-eagerness, a phlegmatic state of mind, and other cramping conditions which I have enumerated before, become in a seance room restraints detrimental to spirit

manifestations, and consequently have to be removed. And in the removing process, the unseen workers are no respecters of personalities!

Instead of this strange seance laughter, why do not people weep? True, they do shed tears at times—when a much loved one has made his identity clear beyond a doubt—but the origin of this emotion is altogether different. Laughter quickens or raises the vibrations; weeping, and thoughts of sorrow lower them. Often when a sitter has been deeply moved, and is saddened by the return of a spirit, the communication is suddenly cut off by his depressing emotion.

The best results from a seance of any kind are obtained by keeping the mind in as serene a frame as possible. Joyous, happy thoughts are most helpful, and a cheerful expectancy. A seance is never injured by spontaneous, harmless laughter. And all of these attributes of harmony are well within the bounds of reverence which a true communion with our spirit friends demands.

Music has a wonderfully beneficial effect upon a seance. Music is vibration controlled to give forth the varying degrees of pitch that in a continuity of flow produces melody—sublime or otherwise—according to the ideality back of it, and which, in its certain combinations forms either harmony or discord. Then, since the success of spirit communication depends upon harmonious conditions—which is simply the regulating of the various vibrations—one can see the importance of having music in a circle.

How does music accomplish these harmonious results? First, by its pleasing effect, attracting and hold-

ing the attention of those sitting. Mentally, every one present is following the melody, so that all minds, by listening to the same tune, are becoming unified. Fortunately it is rare to find some one who does not care at all for music. And one who has no love for music in his soul is not apt to be spiritually inclined.

When music pleases, it produces harmony among the listeners. Restlessness ceases, nervousness is calmed, and relaxation follows. Relaxation, or loosening of tension, is exactly what is needed. Sometimes one who is cross and annoyed at having been persuaded to come to such an affair, changes his mind under the calming effect of music. Many people have told me these facts about themselves after seances are over.

The music does not necessarily need to be of a religious character. That which creates a sanctimonious atmosphere is really worse than nothing. It irritates sincere and sensitive people, and causes ridicule among the skeptical.

But there is a sacred music which every one knows and loves, and this kind is most suitable in a seance; certain well-loved hymns, for instance. Especially is this so if the spirits have been known to love them. Joyous, happy melodies, with words of truth and promise, are the best. Folk-songs—those which are familiar to all—are very good, as they awaken thoughts of home, and sweet family ties, and they often stimulate in the circle what is too often not found there, the currents of love—the greatest and most helpful force of all.

Singing—the tones of the human voice, which gives off some magnetic force—is better than instrumental

music. But as it seems quite impossible to find a group of people who know any songs or hymns well enough to sing them, the phonograph has to be resorted to. Good singing or instrumental records are quite excellent. But I do not find the radio to be helpful in a seance. It seems to bring in too many outside influences which are often disturbing. And one rarely gets suitable selections from the radio at the time. Good old-fashioned music boxes seem to be efficient in producing good results.

Music should never be too slow, or dragged, as this has a tendency to hinder the building up of the forces; it should be given with spirit and feeling. Of course, on the other hand, it should not be given too fast. Modern jazz, for instance, would hardly be appropriate. Yet time and again I have had to request people to remove jazz records from their phonographs at the beginning of a seance.

The rhythms of jazz, its dissonances and often primitive noises, create an atmosphere that too often attracts the undesirable kind of spirits. It awakens the primitive instincts of the listeners and is too apt to stir the animal propensities, which of all times should, during spiritual communion, be submerged beneath the thoughts of higher things.

One should hesitate to fill the seance room with the atmosphere of the bar room or the dance hall.

It should be remembered that it is our loved ones we expect and hope to greet, and the conditions we make for their reception should be in keeping with that expectancy.

But for scientific experiments—to see what will be

attracted by certain purposeful conditions—the use of jazz, or any kind of music, becomes an entirely different matter. But let only those who understand how, experiment. Dabblers, by their ignorant methods, simply cause confusion, and often disaster. Spiritualism, and theosophy too, for that matter, has altogether too many of this sort of person who, because he has sat with one or two mediums, or possesses psychic powers himself, gushes forth as though his word was the last to be said upon this vast subject and imagines he has learned to know it all!

It is noticeable in trumpet seances, that when the sitters sing, the human voice imparts a good deal of the vocal force needed to produce the direct spirit voice. The spirit utilizes the material forces of the sitters' voices, since it is through material matter he is returning.

Certain instruments are more adapted to lifting the vibrations and bringing the spiritual contact than others. The pipe-organ, with all its grand majesty of tone, is indeed the king. That is why the churches have adopted it. From its deep rich bass to its highest heavenly flute-like tones it inspires a reverence, if nothing more. To me, and I think to most mediums, it opens up currents of love, and brings one nearer to a receptive condition of divine inspiration than any other means; although a great orchestra, playing a great composition, seems at times equal to it.

Martial music, voiced by the full-throated blare of the brass band, inspires men to a sense of duty, and to deeds of heroism as nothing else can. And the Scottish bag-pipes—to what victories have they not led

men? Who can listen to their wildly piercing enthusiasm without being thrilled to the soul? One must be unusually wooden in make-up not to respond to musical vibration.

Even animals and insects and reptiles, and I believe, plants, are psychically responsive to it. Spiders have a well-known love for the tones of the violin. Many poor musicians practicing in their garret-studios have testified to this. One of my aunts, Clara, who was a pianist and organist, used to notice as many as eight spiders at a time, that used to come in from the garden and range themselves upon the wall above the piano while she practised. She also noticed that they responded to the high, delicate effects, especially. But a low, rumbling bass would drive them away. There was a large, fat toad also, that always crept out from under the piazza, even in bright sunlight, to listen to her music. As soon as she stopped playing the toad crept back. We tried him out many a time.

As a child I used to attract wild and timid cats to my side by blowing on my little metal flute. It never failed to bring the cat closer and closer, until at last the creature rubbed affectionately against me. My parrots, and other birds, and even gold-fish, have always responded to music. Noise frightens them. The snake-charmers of India understand to a nicety the magnetic influence of a certain kind of music, and they have learned what instrument is best adapted to their profession.

So if music in its different forms can calm or excite, lull or irritate, its use in the seance room experiments is well worth studying.

Mediums are often accused of being unreliable in the affairs of their daily life, and of not keeping promises. To a great extent this is true. But there is a very good reason for this seeming unreliability.

Mediums are so peculiarly constituted that they ought not to be compared too exactly with other people. It is not that they are less sincere or loyal in their hearts, or less truthful than others, but they are people who are intensely impressionistic, and pretty well used to following their own "hunches." Then too, they are constantly being pulled this way and that by forces of every kind; not only are they swayed by the influence of spirits, but by the minds of earthly people far and near.

I have often been accused of breaking promises in regard to appointments. It is true I have done so. But never with the intention to slight or inconvenience any one. Rather have I put myself out many a time in order to keep appointments. With me, and therefore I suppose with other mediums, a great deal depends upon the time at which the promise was given.

When I have finished a long seance, I awake from the trance state more or less dazed. This condition lasts sometimes for an hour or more. There is a vague, not-all-there-yet feeling in my head, such as one has after waking from a sound sleep suddenly. It is not always noticeable that I am feeling this way, for I converse when people speak to me, although it seems to me I must speak rather inanely, as I hardly know what I am saying.

At these times, I am likely to promise almost anything. And this is how my appointments usually get

mixed. I will promise faithfully to hold open the same date for several people, one after another! Then, if they do not call me on the phone later to verify the engagement, we are all in a fix. Sometimes I forget I have promised any one, and go ahead and book up the date to some one else the very next day.

Of course, this is annoying, to say the least. And it is not more trying for others than it is for me. Unless I am asked to write down the date in my book at once, this invariably happens.

On account of this I have sometimes had to give two hard seances in the same evening, one early, one late, neither of which could be postponed without causing ill feeling, because of people coming from a distance. In spite of worrying over it, results have often been the best during these mix-ups.

Because of this after-seance vagueness of mind, I have several times been induced to give to beggars on the street all the money I happened to have with me. Perhaps I was led to do so; they probably needed it more than I. At any rate it has happened.

During seances, many people are told things that they cannot understand at the time. Some of these things relate to past events that they have forgotten and would have to look up in order to verify. Other things relate to the future, and of course, cannot be known to be true until they have transpired. Names too, are often given that are not recognized at the time. Some of these things may be of great importance.

People have said that it does no good to tell of the past; that may be so generally; but it often serves to prove the identity of a spirit, and it teaches us

that the memory of the soul is indestructible, and that it surely survives the grave. Also, the past has a distinct bearing upon the present, and greatly influences the future.

Unfortunately, more often than not, facts of this nature are lost. Proofs simply cannot be kept track of unless a complete record is kept. That is the only way to make a real study of seances—to keep a strict record of all that is said through the medium—names, dates, everything. Even the seemingly trivial and apparently ridiculous things. Often, data very obscure at the time, prove to be valuable links in a chain of important events.

Experienced investigators have said that everything is important and worth recording that comes through in a seance.



**D**URING my experience as a professional medium many questions have been asked me regarding my work and how it is done. I have kept a list of the questions most often asked, and I now give them in these pages, with the answers I have gleaned from a knowledge gained by long experience.

(Question.) "How do you go into a trance; and can you do so at will?"

There is but one condition I make for myself in order to bring on the trance state. I relax utterly, by letting go of all earthly thoughts, and centering my mind upon God. All my life I have had the happy faculty of being able to put everything out of my mind—worry and joy alike—when I really wanted to.

Even after I am relaxed I do not yield myself to the sleep. I wait for the touch of my guide, White Cloud, who for many years has proven himself a true friend and protector. Through the course of innumerable seances I have become familiar with his touch, or the vibration of his individuality. I have learned to recognize the vibration of each of my guides, and can tell instantly if a visiting spirit is a newcomer or not.

When I feel (on the back of my neck) this touch of White Cloud's—a touch which is always reassuring

—I let myself “go” completely. The sensations leading up to this state I have described in previous pages.

A sort of a numb sensation appears in the back of my head; usually, though not always, my hands and feet become very cold. Icy, tingling waves run up and down my spine, while at the same time my whole body seems flooded with currents of warmth—like warm water—which seem to concentrate around my solar plexus. Gas usually forms in my stomach.

There are two peculiar sensations, one or the other of which I almost always experience at this time. One is of sinking or falling very rapidly, far more rapidly than the motion of the swiftest elevator. The other is a feeling of rapidly rising or soaring upward. These two sensations rarely mix in the same seance. I experience either one or the other or neither.

As I fall into the trance all noises increase in volume, then dim away altogether as consciousness is lost. Often, while all this is taking place and while still conscious, I see the auras of the sitters, and groups of spirits standing about on the floor or in the air, as if waiting for the moment when they will be able to manifest through me. Sometimes they crowd anxiously around me as if impatient to begin, and then I see White Cloud and other guides, holding them back.

I wish that the sitters could see as clearly as I do those waiting spirits who are so anxious to speak to their loved ones in the circle. If the sitters could feel the love which vibrates from these visitors I am sure they would more often conduct themselves differently.

I believe, if people only could see the spirits trying

to reach them, all doubt, all stubbornness, and all reluctance to admit facts would be swept away. And the spirits—those who have been over for any length of time at all—what infinite patience, sympathy and tolerance of the prevailing conditions they seem to possess!

To the medium who, while waiting for the trance sleep, sits watching this drama, the sitters often appear exceedingly stupid, and sometimes even callous and inconsequential. For there are people who attend seances solely for what information they hope to get regarding their worldly affairs, and who have no real affection or even regard for their passed-on-ones.

And yet, these people expect to be helped, and to be told material things by these very spirits. Such selfishness saddens those who are trying to communicate, and I have seen spirits turn despairingly away from such worldly seekers and disappear. It is this kind of seeker who is the first to complain of what they term "bad results" at a seance!

Sometimes a passed-over father tries to show his earthly child how utterly useless is the pursuit of materiality, and tries to lead that child from a life of extravagant selfishness to one of spiritual brotherhood. But the materialistic child resents this spiritual attitude of the father, and claims that the spirit is false, as the father in life was as materialistic as the child insists upon being! I met with a case of this kind in the poisonous atmosphere of Monte Carlo, whose octopus-like tentacles scar deeply the beauties of the Riviera.

But with such sitters I never argue the point. I

only hope that I will not be subjected to meeting them again—but I usually hope in vain—for generally they come back to me for more!

I cannot go into a trance at will. My will has nothing whatever to do with it. At the beginning of a seance I am never dead sure whether I will be able to go into the trance sleep or not. Whether I do so or not often depends upon the kind of conditions the sitters create. Sometimes when I most desire to, I cannot. There have been times when I have been unable to do anything for people who have come especially, from long distances. The ability to go in trance is intermittent.

Sometimes the trance state comes on so rapidly that I am asleep before the sitters have finished saying the Lord's Prayer. When there are people in the circle who have never sat before, I always try to say a few words of explanation, so they will understand the procedure and know what to do. But often, before I have finished even that, the trance sleep rushes over me like a wave, and I submerge.

Once in deep trance I am entirely unconscious of what is occurring. Unless people tell me after the seance what has occurred during that time, I have no way of knowing. There was a time when I could not tell whether or not there had been any results. But now I know from the way I feel upon awakening, that I have, or have not, been used as an instrument, though I cannot tell the quality of the results.

When I have been in trance for only a few minutes, if nothing has occurred, I awake feeling very irritable and uncomfortable. I feel as if I had been charged

too highly with some force, and that that force had not been able to flow through me, and so had remained, clogging up the channels. This sometimes causes me to feel quite ill, and lasts for two or three days.

I had this experience once when I gave a seance for a small group of people at the New York home of Mr. William Jamison, who had heard of my work through Mrs. Harry Hoyt. Conditions seemed perfectly harmonious to me before I entered the trance. But I awoke with a sort of a shock, or jolt, like a sudden letting go by the controls. White Cloud had come and one message had been given. But the strange part of it was that the message was not for any one present at the seance. It came for a friend of the Jamisons who was at that time in the Hawaiian Islands!

I do not know the reason for this occurrence, but evidently something was wrong with me, or with the connection made by the controls with me. I am sure that the sitters were in a receptive mood, and I know no one was opposing the manifestations. I had to count the evening nil, as nothing more would come through. Mr. and Mrs. Jamison were very nice about this disappointment, which surprised me somewhat, as it was their first experience of the kind. However, I arranged to sit again for them on another evening.

The conditions which have been made at the beginning of a seance should be maintained until the end; that is, people should remain in the same seats, and should not get up and move about the room, or leave it to answer phone or door bells, or for any other reason, unless they first ask permission of the controlling guide. The vibrations coming from the sitters have

been evened and harmonized by the spirit guides of the medium, and to move about disturbs them, sometimes making a successful seance impossible.

I find it difficult to make some people understand this. Ladies say they become nervous and have to get up to light a cigarette. And many men are as unthinking. What results can be expected from such actions? Conditions in the circle become confused, and the sitters' minds distracted. It is exactly like the crossed wires of the telephone exchange. Or it is like suddenly tuning in on a different radio station.

In reality, what is a seance? Simply a sort of telephone exchange. The medium is the receiving center through whom the spirits wish to communicate to their relations and friends. The wires (just as tangible as earthly telephone wires, or more comparable perhaps, to the sound waves of radio) must be plugged in, or tuned in correctly before results can be expected. After the proper connection has been made, it must not be interfered with; the sitter must respond, or the conversation will be a one-sided affair, and in that case, a short one. People who do not wish to talk to a spirit when he has been able to make the often difficult connection, should keep away from seances.

(Question.) "Are you always unconscious during the trance?"

There have been rare times when I have not been in full trance. I would go into the sleep in the usual way, and for a time remain perfectly unconscious, and then, very suddenly become conscious. And I would experience then the strangest sensations. My own mind is then fully awake and active, not in the slightest de-

gree dominated by the controlling spirit, because at the time, my mind, a separate thing, has stepped out of my body. Spirits have never been allowed to use my mind. They use their own minds, occupying only my physical organism.

At these moments of trance-consciousness I have felt distinctly the personality of the controlling spirit. It is comparable to the feeling one has when one has had to put up with a strange bed-fellow. On such occasions I hear the spirits talking through my vocal apparatus, one after another, although I can in no way influence their speech.

When I am not in deep trance, my astral head is simply tilted to one side, while the guides control my physical brain. These moments of trance-wakefulness are more apt to occur in such a case than when I am entirely out of the body.

I tried once, under these conditions, to influence White Cloud, whom I heard transmitting a message for a spirit whom I saw standing near. I heard the spirit tell White Cloud what to say to the sitter. But White Cloud, not fully comprehending the spirit's meaning, repeated it to the sitter in his broken English, which put an altogether different aspect upon the message. I realized this instantly, and tried with all my force to "think" White Cloud's words for him, in an effort to correct the mistake. But my effort had no effect whatever upon White Cloud. He did not even seem to realize I had "thought" anything.

But the instant the sitter did not understand the garbled message, White Cloud immediately realized his mistake, and turned once more to the waiting spirit,

who patiently went over the message again, using simpler wording. Then the old Indian transmitted it once more, and at last the message was received and understood. I wish I could reconstruct this interesting scene so it might be visible to all students of psychic phenomena.

Once in a while, when thus awakened in the trance, I find myself detached, in a separate body, from my own body. I have then seen my astral cord. It is a ribbon-like band of a pale silver color, and seems to be attached to something inside the head and also to the solar plexus of both my physical and astral bodies.

On finding myself out of the body in this way I do not feel like a floating thought-form. I feel very substantial, only infinitely lighter, and I have a beautiful sense of freedom of movement.

Whenever "stepping out of the body" has happened to me, my mother, in spirit, has nearly always stood beside me. Probably it is she who helps me to leave the body. My mother was only forty-two when she passed over, and she looks about the same as she did in earth-life when she was radiant over some unlooked-for pleasure; perhaps a little more ethereal.

When mother and I are able to be together during the time of the trance we do not remain long in the seance-room. My mother takes me away. I say this literally. She places her hand on my shoulder and says—"Come!"

Then we go away from the earth, leaving the lower astral plane in which we find ourselves the moment we leave the body, soaring on to the higher astral plane. We always go in exactly the same way, up through

the rooms of the house and through the roof and far beyond. It seems far to me, although my mother has told me it is not. We always come to a very bright land, flooded with a radiance like golden sunshine, and flowers bloom everywhere, and there are the songs of many birds.

We often arrive at the same destination—a bench under a huge flower-laden tree. I have never seen a tree like this one in the earth plane, although the trunk is like an old sycamore's that used to stand on our place at Newburgh-on-Hudson. The tree has two kinds of blossoms, white and rose. The white blossoms are always open, the rose blossoms closed. But as we sit there on the bench, my mother and I, the moment we speak or even think of world-brotherhood and world peace, the rose blossoms open, emitting a vibration which our ears receive as a very musical murmur. Intensely green is the foliage of this remarkable tree.

As we sit there, my mother talks to me of the beauties and the unfoldments of everlasting life. I, myself, never say anything. I always have a sense of shyness under the strangeness of these conditions. I feel so little—so like a very insignificant pupil in a school-room. But, with the ecstasy I feel at being once more with my darling mother, a terrible sadness overwhelms me, a sadness that this sweet communion will soon terminate in my earth return.

I am not sure of how I go back to my body. I think I make the journey in my mother's arms—for the last I see is her smiling face as I lay my head against her shoulder—then darkness, a sweet, tender sort of darkness, submerges my consciousness. A two-fold

awakening brings me back to the earth-world; an awakening from this heavenly visitation, and from the trance-sleep of the body.

There are times when conditions in the circle are not right, and I go into the trance for a few moments and then become conscious, but unable to move, as I have described before. But inexperienced sitters do not know this. It happens usually when the sitters have had too many cocktails, or when they have eaten too heavily.

In a case of this kind I do not seem to leave the body, but am conscious of White Cloud's control. The results at such a seance are rarely ever good. It seems that no connection can be made between the medium and the sitters. There seems to be a kind of static in the way. I have felt White Cloud try again and again, but at his best, his efforts turned out to be only vague, and naturally, misunderstood by the sitters.

Once at the home of Mrs. Phoenix Ingraham, in New York, this happened. Mrs. Ingraham had arranged the seance for her friends, a playwright and his wife, who had been her guests for dinner. The playwright had had too many cocktails. He asked me if I thought the drinks he had had would affect the seance. I told him that most likely they would, though much would depend upon the quantity he had taken.

Under the circumstances, perhaps I should not have tried to do anything, but Mrs. Ingraham was anxious for these people to see my work. As we sat waiting for the trance I spoke, during our conversation, of the Christ Force and its protection. The playwright

pooh-poohed this idea and said he did not believe in "that sort of thing."

Soon I went into the trance. Immediately I became conscious, although I was not out of the body. White Cloud was controlling. I heard him give a message to the writer—something about a "rush of flames." After that, everything was vague and confused.

One or two spirits groped toward the playwright's wife, and I believe, made themselves partially recognizable. Nothing whatever came for Mrs. Ingraham. The writer talked continuously of what he himself saw—the liquor had dulled his physical organism and loosened his psychic faculties to a degree—and at last our author went sound asleep.

Under such conditions White Cloud could do nothing. And the other guides either would not or could not come in. I awoke from the trance and felt tired and irritable.

Mrs. Ingraham was much disappointed, as she had spoken rather glowingly of me to her friends. But, considering the circumstances, what else could be expected? Unless one conforms with the natural laws that govern psychic phenomena, a seance cannot be successful in results.

The half-tipsy writer, because of his being psychic himself, was inviting dangerous forces to contact him while in such a state. And it was none too safe a condition for me.

The "flames" that White Cloud had spoken about referred to the writer's little sister, who, he said, was burned to death in childhood while he was a witness to the tragedy. Think of it! The beautiful spirit of

that man's sister was trying to make herself known to him while he was too drunk to speak with her! There are sometimes tragic situations in the seance room.

On the other hand, at a large party given by Mrs. Appel in Greenwich Village, in spite of the fact that many of the guests had been drinking freely, I had excellent results. But in this case, there were a large number of people in the circle, and I had weeded out the ones who were feeling too happy, and so had enough force from the really serious ones to offset the bad effects. (And in this I am following a law that I do not understand and cannot explain.)

I always have noticed in such gatherings, that a dull, reddish mist emanates from the sitters and hangs low in the room. Sometimes I have seen appear in this mist the eager faces of elementals, creatures not human, but with a human semblance. I have, on occasion, refused to sit when I have seen these things before going into a trance.

There have been times when White Cloud purposely would not let me become unconscious in the trance state, for the sake of my own protection, and for the reason that it seemed to him necessary for me to hear what was said. I will relate one such instance, which occurred in a large American city.

One day a handsome limousine stopped before my door, and two heavily veiled women came up the steps and rang my bell. They had made an appointment some days before, using as a means of admittance the name of some one I had previously "sat" for. But the names they gave me as their own were assumed

for the occasion, as I afterwards learned, for I am now fully aware who they are.

The ladies seated themselves most composedly and began to talk about my work. They had heard that I was a trance medium and that I gave clairvoyant readings. But they did not want me to become clairvoyant. They wanted the trance—deep trance.

They plied me with questions. Did I see things about people before I went in trance? And when I did go in trance did I know what I was saying? Was I entirely unconscious? Wasn't the deep sleep state only a pose I affected to make people have more confidence in the work? Did I ever see unpleasant things about my sitters? When I awoke from the trance was I perfectly sure that I didn't remember anything I had said?

And above all, if I did happen to remember something I had said in trance, was I a "safe" person to place confidence in?

Surely, they said, I must sometimes sit for people with strange or unusual quests. I assured them that I often did so. I also told them that even what I got for people during clairvoyant readings was perfectly safe knowledge to rest with me, and that when unpleasant secrets were made known to me, I, upon any account, never divulged names.

So they sat before me, and I relaxed, and waited for the coming of White Cloud.

White Cloud came to me, but put me into a half-trance only. I was now in a highly clairvoyant state. I saw, with closed eyes, the spirit of a man, whom I described, appear before one of the women. It was

the spirit of her father, whom she at once recognized, in a startled manner. The message that I transmitted from this spirit, although in this case I use fictitious names, was about as follows:

"Mary, this is father speaking—William."

"Yes, father, you are welcome. What have you got to say to me? What can you see for me?"

"My dear child, oh, my dear child I have loved so much, you are making a fearful mistake. Stop and think! Do not do it!"

"Do not do what?"

"Mary, you know what I mean. This is father speaking, and I say, do not do it!"

Although my eyes were closed, clairvoyantly I saw the woman lean forward suddenly, exclaiming in a tense, low voice—"You mean—father, are you sure the medium is really asleep?"

"I don't know anything about the medium. I am trying to talk to you while the force lasts. Stop! Stop! Do not do it!"

At this point a strange thing happened. The spirit of the father suddenly became aware that I, the medium, was not unconscious, for he unexpectedly appealed directly to me! I distinctly heard his voice beating pathetically into my very brain—"Help me, help me! Tell her what I show to you!"

Then, by some mysterious action of the spirit's, I became fully aware of the situation. I saw that this woman was mixed up in a clandestine love affair, that she held evil thoughts regarding some money, and that she had come to me to find out if it were safe for her to do away with her own husband.

Murder!

This sudden revelation startled me terribly. But the quiet voice of White Cloud whispered—"Go on!"

I now spoke directly to the woman myself, for I was no longer even in a semi-trance, but I kept my eyes closed.

"The spirit of your father tells me that you have come here to find out something about your husband," I said cautiously.

"My husband! Yes—well, what about it?"

"You are thinking of taking a very serious step."

"Yes, that's right. Go on!"

"You are thinking of leaving your husband."

"Not exactly. See if you get anything clearer about that."

"I get something about money—and another man—"

"Yes, yes!" (Excitedly.) "What about that?"

"Wait a minute!" I said. "This is all very wrong. Your father says you must not do it. Your father is very sad about this plan of yours."

"Plan? What plan?"—in a frightened voice.

"The plan to do away with your husband, and to get the money and the other man!"

Dead silence for a few seconds. Then in a perfectly calm and icy voice the woman said: "You have gotten exactly what I came to find out. You are a wonderful medium. But this is what I *must* know. *Will I be safe in carrying out my plan? Will I succeed?*"

I did not wait to hear what the father, or White Cloud, or any spirit said. I used my own judgment, and deliberately answered as I felt I must.

"No!" I said. "You will not succeed. If you attempt

this crime, you will be found out, arrested, and you will die in the electric chair. Imagine how the spirit of your father must feel to know that you have planned murder!"

Then I opened my eyes and looked at the woman. She was frightened and, having pushed up her veil during the conversation, looked deathly pale.

"You know what you have told me?"—she rather gasped out the words.

"Yes."

Then both women became greatly excited and begged me to keep the secret, promising faithfully to give up their plan. The woman I had read for said she had been persuaded into the scheme by her lover, the man I had seen. She said she had been terribly afraid about the whole thing, and that was the reason she had come to me for a seance. I gathered from the trend of events that the woman who accompanied her was the sister of the lover.

I told them I could promise nothing, as I would have to be sure they kept their word. Although it was not true at the time, I was impressed to say to the woman that I knew who she really was. This frightened her more than ever. They went away promising to give up their plans.

I later found out that this woman was well known in the social circles of the city. And the murder never happened. A short time after this the woman divorced her husband, but I never heard anything further about the lover.

I am happy to know that my seance was instrumental in at least saving the life of the husband.

After these women had left the house, a little thoroughbred black-and-tan dog that I owned, ran into the room where we had sat. As the dog reached the center of the room she stood still as if the sight of something unpleasant had suddenly checked her. She stared ahead at a Something, her hair bristling and her eyes bulging. Then she pointed her nose upward and let out one doleful howl after another. All the rest of the day, every chance she got, the dog dashed into this room and repeated her shrill howling.

Was that frightened, fearful father still there?

Had White Cloud in this instance left me in an unconscious state, it is hard to tell how the affair might have terminated. Evidently White Cloud found the task too difficult for his handling, and the spirit of the anxious father could not reach his evilly disposed child, so I had to be awakened and the messages given through me. Also it was necessary for the prevention of the crime that the woman realize that some earth-person knew her ugly secret.

(Question.) "Why do you need to go in a trance at all?"

Very often I do not need to go into a trance. But it seems that my guides like better to work that way with me. The guides have said that when I am in the unconscious state, my own mind, and my sub-conscious, have not so much chance to work in with the messages, or material that is being transmitted by spirits.

With conscious clairvoyance, the medium hears what he is saying, and it is almost impossible for him to keep his mind from forming conjectures about what

he is repeating for the spirit. I know this to be true from my own clairvoyant readings.

At the beginning of my public work I often hesitated to say without restraint exactly what was being poured into my mind. But I soon learned that I was wrong. Sometimes, especially if I knew the person I was reading for, my own mind contradicted the message I was giving. It seemed to me, from what I, myself, knew about the person, that the message must be wrong: this when the message was entirely correct. Now, I do not permit my mind to interfere with any message. When I am not in a trance, and giving a conscious clairvoyant reading, I keep my own mind out of it entirely, and give the message exactly as I receive the impression, regardless of what I know about the sitter.

(Question.) "Why does a guide so often interpret for other spirits?"

We used to wonder, in the days when I was developing the phase of trance mediumship, why it was that spirits could not always come through me direct. Usually it was White Cloud who spoke for them, and who helped to make their identity clear. We thought if White Cloud could come in so forcibly and plainly, why not others?

When we asked the old Indian spirit about this he would only grunt and say—"Me know Medie." The guide U.K. finally explained the reason for this. U.K. said that the guides were from long experience, very familiar with the medium's organism. They knew how to manipulate the forces and how to use the medium.

Visiting spirits, especially those coming for the first

time, would not be familiar with the method of using the medium, and might not be able to manifest through him at all, or in their attempts they might even injure him. So the guides really form a protecting go-between.

Sometimes a spirit's force is so powerful, that unless checked, it might shatter the delicate nervous system of the medium. After visiting spirits have come a number of times and learned how to control easily, the guides permit them to manifest direct. But regular guides always stand on guard to help either the controlling spirit or the medium if that should become necessary.

With me, especially in my present stage of development (for I feel that I am still developing), White Cloud often lets spirits speak directly to their loved ones. At such times, the spirits are enabled to impersonate themselves quite naturally, using familiar expressions of speech and action, and occasionally transfiguring my features to resemble theirs.

That is why I have often been called an "impersonating trance-medium."

(Question.) "Why are there guides?"

To ask why there are spirit guides is to ask why there are teachers in our earth-life. Many spirits make it their work in after-life to return to mediumistic people (that is, people who are easily reached by spirits and readily impressed by them), to help them unfold their peculiar gifts, and then to work through them in order to reach humanity by spirit communion, teaching humanity the real truths of never-ending life. They show the world the necessity of turning to the spiritual realities for progression and happiness.

The spirits who make this work their profession are, in the technique of mediumship, called guides. I like to call them "friends," or "helpers." For they are that. A genuine medium could not develop without them.

(Question.) "What is the difference between a medium and a psychic?"

The chief difference between a medium and a psychic is that the former is used by spirits who have learned how to use their inner eye, and that the latter has learned to use his own inner eye without being controlled by spirits. Then there is the psychic-medium, who uses his own inner eye, and yet can allow spirits to use his organism when he so desires. Such an one am I.

The same end is often attained, but the means to that end are vastly different. The psychic frequently boasts he has developed his own powers alone and without aid. This I do not believe. I think that spirit guides have helped such people to develop their gifts as much as they have helped mediums to unfold theirs. I have often seen spirits helping the lonely psychic who was not sufficiently awake with his inner eye to perceive them.

The psychic is prone to look down upon the medium. By him, mediumship is thought to be a lower phase of spiritual expression. And how he dislikes being mistaken for a medium!

Very few laymen know the real difference, if they are aware there is any at all, and are constantly making the mistake of confusing the two. Every one who

studies or professes an interest in occultism is to the layman, a medium.

I have heard psychics indignantly say—"What, I a medium? I should say not! Let myself be controlled by astrals? Why, I would not yield up my individuality for a second!"

And yet, I have seen some of these people so swayed by the influence of certain of their earth-plane friends that they could hardly be said to possess an individuality of their own! And I have known some who were sleep-walkers, and who, when in the somnambulistic state, spoke in voices and with expressions most markedly belonging to other entities, expressing themselves in a manner entirely foreign to their own personalities.

My experience has taught me this strange fact: people at large seem to doubt the psychic. They seem to find the real medium more convincing. Perhaps it is through a lack of understanding of the subject as a whole, that they seem to make this distinction. Yet it is so. The trained and perfectly conscious, and often self-conscious psychic, does not seem able to inspire a real belief in spirit communication, such as the humbler and more modest medium does. Why do these scornful psychics so often beg the mediums for readings and seances?

(Question.) "Why are there American Indian spirit controls?"

It used to puzzle me a good deal at first why Indian spirits came so often.

In our first circles a great many Indians came through. White Cloud came from the very first, and has remained.

There were associations with American Indians in our family. My grandfather, Benjamin Haslett, had known and had dealings with Indians in Canada. He had always liked them, and they had grown to love him. So much did they love him, in fact, that they tried to make him presents of large tracts of land, which of course he refused, telling them they must hold it safely for their own people. My father, too, had spent some time of his early life in northern Michigan where there were many Indians. But these associations hardly seemed sufficient reason for the constant manifestations of Indian controls at our home sittings.

When we asked White Cloud about it he replied to this effect: "Before palefaces came this land was ours. Our fathers and grandfathers were born on it. We lived close to it. The earth spoke to us and told us her secrets. The earth is our mother. When we die we do not leave it. We still love it. We still camp on it. Even though it is crowded with palefaces, still it is ours. Manitou made it so."

When we asked the guides, Henry Watts and U.K., they said this; and I make these statements from old notes recorded at the time:

"The American Indians belonged to their particular part of the earth. For centuries they had lived on their hunting and camping grounds, and eaten the sustenance supplied by their native regions, so that they were really a part of their mother earth. Living as they did, close to the very surface of the earth, they absorbed the earth's great currents. Because of their simple life and primitive habits they were an integral part of the nature they loved.

"The old time Indian was a natural poet. He realized the truth expressed in nature, although he did not always express himself coherently. Before contamination by the forces of civilization he had few real vices. Therefore his natural psychic faculties were not dulled, and he was intensely psychic.

"Civilization called him intuitive in the sense that animals are. But his nature was deeply spiritual, for his misunderstood customs, ceremonies, and symbolism all showed a groping toward the higher, uplifting, unknown things of life. And fully known to him was the knowledge of life after death.

"In passing from their earthly bodies Indians did not at once progress to other planes. They remained near, and even on the earth, constituting a spiritual part of the nature-forces they had loved and worshiped. To-day, Karmic laws hold many of them here. Others choose to remain as helpers and guardians.

"That is why Indian spirits come so frequently through mediums. The aborigines of any land are humanized forces of the nature which mothers them.

"Mediums developed in Africa would probably attract early African controls, if there were any spiritual affinity between them. Very savage races—those hardly evolved out of the animal stage of existence—would not be fitted to become guides. American Indians were of a high grade of intelligence.

"Mediums might attract controls from foreign lands through some personal contact. Or the spirits might go to any part of the earth to find the particular medium they could work through best. In reality there is only one world—the world of spirit—one house—

the House of God; but in that House there are indeed many mansions."

People who ridicule or deride the Indian guide do so through ignorance. Prejudice and certain religious tenets often warp the honesty of the so-called investigator. But not for long can truth be obscured.

My own experience, and the experiences related to me by contemporary mediums, have shown me that the Indian guides have done more, probably, for the spreading of the truth of spiritualism, immortalism, or whatever one may choose to call it, than any other kind of guide. They, by their knowledge of the management of the natural forces and currents of the seance-circle, make it possible for the more intelligent spirits and guides of the higher planes to communicate. Just as in telegraphy the wires, the insulation of the wires, the switchboard, and the operators are of the utmost importance before the correct message may be flashed through, so are the guides and spirits in their varying degrees of spiritual development, necessary links in the cable over which flash the bright messages of God and His angels.

(Question.) "Why do you sit in a circle?"

My guides, early in my development, instructed us to sit in a circle. I find that the guides of most mediums require this condition.

The spirits of White Cloud and Henry Watts, who always instructed us in these matters, said that an even circle with no large gaps in it made it easier for the spirits to manifest; because a circle forms an inclosure that holds, as a reservoir holds water, the needed forces.

According to the guide Henry Watts, magnetic, electric, and subtler currents, all as yet not understood, flow through each person who is sitting. When the company is arranged in an even, closed circle, these currents flow uniformly, and the currents of the sitters mingle and unite harmoniously—a very essential condition to a successful seance.

The spirit guides work to harmonize these currents. Some people give off more force than others, and no two people give off the same kind of force. The guides have made a study of all this, and the adjusting of these various forces, vibrations, auric conditions, and the like, is one of the main features of a developing-circle.

Some people have to be “loosened up” to give off power; others have to have their too copious outflow of force checked. This loosening up and the checking which I have mentioned can be regulated more easily in a circle than if the sitters were scattered about the room. The forces emanating from the people in a circle form a battery. That is why, sometimes, when the power seems weak, the guides advise the sitters to take hold of one another’s hands, and make the circle more compact, so that the stronger forces reinforce the weaker, which concentrates within the circle the necessary forces.

And yet, much of this difficult work of the guides goes by almost unnoticed and unappreciated. It really takes long experience and long contact with one’s guides to learn about this concentration of the forces. Save for some unusual or strange sensations from time to time during the sittings, those who are being worked

upon hardly realize that anything out of the ordinary is occurring.

(Question.) "Does mediumship exhaust you?"

The too frequent practice of mediumship is exhausting. There is no question about that. A great amount of energy is burned out during a seance. I usually, after a seance, get starving hungry, because my energy has been burned out during the manifestations. A medium is exactly like a charged battery. When the current is turned on for operating purposes the energy is burned. When the battery is allowed to run out, manifestations cease. To connect a wire with a battery is to allow the force to escape over the wire. When the sick woman touched the hem of the garment of Jesus, did he not say—"Somebody hath touched me: for I perceive that virtue hath gone out of me"?

Until the battery of the medium is recharged there will be naturally more or less physical and mental fatigue. This stands to reason. One's guides should see to it, before the battery is drained of its power, that the medium receives timely warning. Then it would be best for the medium to stop sitting for a while, until a continuance of work was advised by the guides.

(Question.) "Has every one more or less mediumistic gifts?"

I think any one who is at all impressionable has mediumistic gifts. I believe that the psychic channels of each one of us are open in one way or another.

But people are not always conscious of this. Many people receive wonderful guidance from spirits without realizing it. They call it intuition and hunches. "Something seems to tell me" is another favorite ex-

pression for guidance, the source of which is unknown.

These unconsciously guided people do not necessarily turn out to be what we term "mediums." In the spiritualistic sense of the word, a medium is really an instrument to which are attached the telephones and cables of force between this plane of life and the planes beyond.

But these people of whom I speak answer to callings far removed from the profession of mediumship. Still they are unconsciously mediumistic and receive guidance, but generally only for themselves. As a rule they are unusually successful in their life interests.

Generally I find that as soon as such people are told, or discover they are mediumistic, they immediately fire up with excitement and fervor, and want to "develop" so as to become message-givers. Usually, I think this to be a mistake. Had they been intended for this calling, I think the gift would have manifested early in life, and nothing they might have done would have prevented it. And most likely they are better suited for the post they already occupy. But of course there are exceptions to all rules.

The gifts of a natural medium will assert themselves in a way that can hardly be resisted. And if they are not allowed to function, the medium is apt to become ill.

It has been my experience that when people of marked mediumistic tendencies sit often in my seances, or are closely associated with me for any length of time, they begin to develop their gifts. Like attracts like, as has so often been said; and mediumistic people magnetically attract or borrow force from one an-

other. This statement is not a theory, but a well-known fact among the mediums themselves and those who study mediums.

That is the reason why so many mediums refuse to sit or be with younger and less developed mediums. They borrow too much force and not all mediums are generous enough to share their force with others. A well developed medium can help greatly a lesser developed instrument. On a number of such occasions, Daniel D. Home, the great medium, aided young mediums in this way.

In developing for mediumship, it is well, if you are fortunate enough to be able to secure one, to have a good, sincere, and well developed medium sit with you. And also, the guides of that medium will test you out and probably become interested in helping you.

I believe, from my experience in the work, that spirits are constantly on the look-out for new instruments.

(Question.) "For development, should one sit in the dark or in the light?"

Most physical phases of mediumship, such as knockings, moving about of objects, trumpet voicing, slate-writing, materialization of flowers or objects, or the materialization of spirit forms, seem to require complete or nearly complete darkness. The currents or forces used for the production of such phenomena seem to be built up and manipulated by the spirits more easily in the dark than in the light. Seance darkness always seems to create doubt in the minds of investigators. And it is true, darkness can become a cloak for fakers. But so much is understood now of the science

of spirit phenomena, that the faker can not long escape detection.

But let us consider the question of darkness as it is required for the operation of other forces—forces that are well understood by the materialists. Darkness for that purpose is accepted without question. For example:

Seeds have to be put into the dark earth before they will sprout well. Certain chemicals, unless kept in the dark, lose their properties. Bulbs, and many other forms of young plant life have to be kept in the dark. Sensitive photographic plates are destroyed when exposed to the light, and have to be developed in darkness. Electric currents flow more freely in the dark than in the light.

Man no longer questions the darkness in relation to these familiar things, because he has learned to understand them. When he learns to understand more about physical spiritualistic phenomena he will no longer question the value of darkness necessary to their production. True it is that nearly everything, in the early stages of development goes through a period which seems to be a seclusion from the too direct influence of strong light. Light is so powerful a vibration that the object contacted by it requires a certain developed strength to be able to absorb without injury, its rays. After the seeds have sprouted in the protection of the dark earth, they push up through the mold with a strength sufficient to be able to absorb the benefits of the strong light.

Darkness gathers, light diffuses. Darkness becomes a great reservoir of force and strength, and the light draws upon and burns up that strength. That is why

a cabinet—enclosed darkened space—even in a “light” seance is a help. The enclosed space becomes the battery from which the force is drawn.

With a fairly well developed medium this cabinet is not really a necessity. But quite often, rooms have partially darkened corners, alcoves, nooks; partly shut-in spaces between pieces of large furniture; fire-places with the dark chimney space; and the dark spaces under draped or covered tables; also closets;—and all of these places are utilized by the spirit guides for batteries—for the gathering and sustaining of force—and so, those who decry and despise the misunderstood “cabinet,” often are unconsciously surrounded by cabinets—darkness utilized in the midst of light. Electricity is stored in the darkness of the battery.

A dim red light is often used in materializations, and sometimes in the other manifestations. I have tried all sorts of lights, and have found that with my own particular phase of mediumship, which is deep trance, and which comes under the head of mental phenomena, that nothing in the way of light really matters. I seem to work as well in one sort of light as in another, or in the dark. When I am tired, darkness seems to be an aid in relieving strain.

(Question.) “Can you hear spirit voices?”

Nearly every day of my life I hear spirit voices. Sometimes these voices are clear and distinct like the voices of the earth-people around me. But with this great difference: the clearness does not always last throughout a sentence. I hear a few words plainly, and then the rest blurs. When the voices are distinct, the characteristic sound of speech of the individual is audi-

ble. At times, to go into an empty room and suddenly hear a voice address me is, to say the least, startling.

More often, however, the voices manifest to me in a loud, clear whisper. These whispers really have an unearthly quality about them, ethereal, yet penetrating. Again, even in the whispering, I can often recognize vocal characteristics.

There is another way in which I hear the voices of the dead, and that is the strangest way of all. The voice sounds inside my own head!

Voices sounding inside my head cause a most strange sensation. I feel and sense my own thought activity, but at the same time, a separate and distinct voice is actually speaking to me, apparently inside my own brain!

The thoughts of the spirit never seem to confuse or mix with my own. I think about and wonder at the voice even while it is speaking. A manifestation of these voices can hardly be called a conversation. Just a clear, concise message. Neither time nor place make any difference to the unseen communicators, when conditions are right for them to operate. They seem to seize whatever moment offers availability. I am apt to hear the voices as freely in the midst of a crowd as when I am alone.

Nor do these voices of spirits always address me. Sometimes I hear two or three spirits conversing together. It is just like listening to people talking in another room. And the spirits do not seem to know that I hear them, or else they do not care.

There have been times when I have suddenly heard around me a babble of many voices. Singing and laugh-

ter, too. On rather rare occasions I have heard weeping and moaning—some unhappy soul wandering in the self-created darkness of misdeeds.

Joan of Arc heard voices and got her guidance from them; and so with countless other religious characters.

At times, it has seemed to me as if I were on a telephone wire that unexpectedly has become crossed with another, allowing me to "listen in" upon different planes of life. Whether this unlooked for connection of wires or currents is the result of some peculiar functioning of my own physical organism, or whether it is effected for some purpose by my guides, I do not know. But whatever the cause, it is an almost daily occurrence. Many people who hear voices continually, and who are thought to be a little insane, are, I believe, people whose wires have been crossed with those in other planes, and who do not know how to shut them off.

There are times when all my psychic faculties appear to open up to the sounds and sights of other planes. My ears are maddened by a mighty confusion of sounds like a thousand-fold screaming of radio-static, and my eyes are dazzled by multitudinous flashes of every conceivable tone of color ray, and a colossal jumble of flying faces and forms and scenes! All my wires are temporarily crossed and I am tuned in on many planes. Were this condition to last long I should certainly go mad. Even as it is, when this strange condition occurs, I suffer with violent headaches.

(Question.) "How do you see spirits?"

I see spirits with my inner eye, and also with my physical eyes. The inner eye shows them to me as in

a vision. The outer eyes let me see them just as I see earth-people. I do not look for them, they simply appear suddenly before me.

Locked doors are of no account to spirits, for they pass easily through matter. I see them come straight through the walls, down through the ceiling, and up through the floor. Sometimes they pass around the furniture as we do, and at other times they go right through it. They do not always stand on the floor, but often above it, and sometimes even below its surface, so that the feet and part of the legs will be below the floor-level, and the rest of the body above it. Sometimes they stand high up in the air over the furniture. They often walk as we do, but quite as often they move with a swift gliding motion, or float slowly by.

I have seen spirits in houses of all sorts, in the street, in trains, motor-cars, taxis, ships, theaters, on the stage with the actors, outdoors in the air, at weddings, at funerals, and at their own funerals, and in fields and woods, and on roads, and even on high mountain tops. I have seen them in all kinds of weather and at all seasons, and in every country I ever have visited. I have seen spirits mingling with people in all walks of life, whether these people believed in their presence or not. I have often seen spirits in churches and in cemeteries. I have frequently seen spirits mingling with the guests at a dinner party.

I have seen spirits clothed and unclothed, and in costumes of every variety and period imaginable, from flowing robes to peasant garments and evening clothes. I have seen spirits with canes and crutches, with pipes and cigarettes, with all sorts of objects.

I have seen spirits whose clothing was distinctly clear, but whose faces were blurred, as though they wore masks of ectoplasm. I have seen spirits old and white-haired, and I have seen them young and beautiful. They have appeared to me whole and sound, and crippled and bent, armless, legless, headless, and I have seen them with scars, moles, birthmarks, and wounds, and with mustaches and beards.

These spirits have not been mere stationary glimpses of the dead, but living, moving actualities. But I do not believe, simply because they have appeared thus to me, that they must of necessity look the same in their own planes of life. I feel sure that they only appear as they were remembered in order to establish their identity. For I have seen them, while being described and yet not recognized, change their clothing to some other garment better remembered by the person they have been trying to reach.

In reality they are not maimed or mutilated in any way, but only appear so purposely when they come back to earth. Were they to come looking exactly as they are, people, in many cases, would not recognize them. People always look for the marked characteristics they remember so well in their dead.

I have also seen spirits that appeared inactive and silent. They appeared to be soundly sleeping. I have seen these death-like forms attended by other spirits who seemed waiting for them to awake, and I have seen them alone and unattended. My guides have told me that these are souls who have passed over from some great shock, and who will rest in their deep sleep for some time.

I have seen spirits singly, in groups, and in processions and crowds. In and around the houses of mediums and very psychic people I have seen spirit crowds. Not always do I see them in their natural clothing, but sometimes as dark, even black figures. Usually these dark forms are the wandering souls of suicides, executed people, and evil spirits of all kinds.

Frequently I have seen degraded souls who were obsessing earth-people. Not only one, but often several of these obsessing entities cling to their victims with the tenacity of leeches. And not always are these entities human, but sometimes elementals and elementaries. Especially have I seen them surround drunkards, dope-fiends, and gamblers.

Many people with psychic vision have seen obsessing spirits. Violet Tweedale, the author of "Ghosts I Have Seen," has mentioned several cases. Dr. Wickland and his wife are well-known workers in this field, having cured many cases of so-called insanity by removing the obsessions. The Wicklands have carried on their wonderful work in California and in other parts of the world. These obsessions, when human, often do not realize they have passed over, and after being removed, have to be talked to and reasoned with before they will leave their victim alone and try to mend their ways, and progress.

I have not only seen spirits, but I have heard them and felt them. I have heard them talk, shout, whisper and sing. I have heard them playing on all sorts of musical instruments. And they have touched me and pushed me and led me about many a time. They have kissed me, and I have even felt their tears fall on my

face. And I have felt the breath of their laughter.

One of the saddest things I have seen is the sight of the prematurely born and often unwanted babies; sometimes clustered about their mothers, sometimes floating about in space. Usually these little souls are taken care of by spirits who make such work their mission. But it is sad to think how many of these reincarnating souls are denied admission.

Not only have I seen the spirits of human beings and elementals, but the spirits of animals as well.

The higher spirits manifest to me as radiant beings, in lovely robes, often, of gold and rose and blue, and silver and white. Some of these spirits from higher planes appear in a dazzling light, while others have halo-like lights about their heads, and points of light tipping their hands and feet. I have seen some spirits who appeared with long and delicate wings.

In regard to the matter of spirits wearing clothing, I have asked my guides why I have seen some clothed and others unclothed. The answer was that we get nothing on the other side of life that we have not earned. People who have been miserly, selfish and stingy, and who perhaps have denied help to others during their earth life, are apt to find themselves destitute, without a home and even without clothing.

In summing up this question of how I see spirits, I would say that I see them as clearly, frequently, as I see the earth-people around me, and in any way that they choose to manifest before me.

(Question.) "What length of time is required before a spirit is able to communicate after death?"

I find, from my experience with the return of spirits

after death, that I cannot give a definite statement about time. No one knows the laws governing this. A great deal depends upon how spiritually developed is the passed-on-one, or how much he or she knew, during the earth-life, of the truths of spirit communion.

Again, one must take into consideration the conditions under which the spirit passed out of the body. Spirits have told me that when their illness had been a long wearing-out process, or one of great suffering, they, upon awakening in the spirit world, had had to rest for a long time. They did not know how to come back, and were so weak and tired that they had no inclination to try. They knew they were in another plane of life, that death had been only a change and a relief from suffering, and they felt content to wait till they had gathered strength enough to commune with their dear ones left in the earth plane.

Spirits who have experienced a too-sudden death, such as might have resulted from accident, murder, or suicide, have often come back and told the results of their mode of passing. Such spirits have told me that a sudden cutting-off from earthly ties results in a great shock to the soul. Many tell of a brief awakening or realization of the change they have passed through, followed by a deep, long sleep; a sleep of months, and sometimes of a year or more in our time. They say they are taken care of by spirits whose mission it is to minister to new comers.

On the other hand, some spirits return and even communicate while their body is still unburied. I once had an experience of this kind. I had prevented my friend, Dr. Conradi, who was slowly dying

of cancer of the throat, from committing suicide. He had never been sure that there was any truth in the claims of spiritualism, but several sittings with me convinced him, and furthermore, the doctor seemed to borrow of my psychic qualities, for after the first sitting he became extremely clairvoyant. This gave him courage to go on and live out his life till God saw fit to call him.

One day while at dinner with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Du Charme Bagley, with whom I was living at the time, I suddenly fell into a trance, controlled by the spirit of Dr. Conradi. Mrs. Bagley, alarmed, rushed to the phone and called up Pearl River, where the doctor's home was located. His wife came to the phone and affirmed the experience. The doctor had passed away about an hour before!

Dr. Conradi controlled me for many hours, telling in detail the events occurring at his home miles distant, all of which the Bagleys verified later. He complained of his wife's giving away his instruments to a certain man whom he did not like. And he begged the Bagleys to persuade his wife to have his remains cremated as he had always desired. He said that she had changed her mind in regard to the matter. It was all true. His wife had changed her mind, and the poor doctor's body was buried in the earth. The Bagleys finally induced him to become reconciled to the idea of earth burial.

The control lasted so long that Mrs. Bagley in alarm sent for our friend, Eleanor Gates, the authoress. Eleanor Gates, in turn, sent for another medium, who was able to convince Dr. Conradi that it was best for

him not to keep me in trance. The poor soul did not seem to know he was doing so. At last he saw his mother and sister in spirit and left me. When the control ceased, I fell to the floor exhausted. However, in a very short time I was myself again, none the worse for the experience. My guides said they were keeping me from harm, but by allowing the doctor to control me for a while, they were able to help him overcome the frantic desire to remain on earth with his wife whom he loved so devotedly. This was, of course, an unusual case.

Many spirits, and I am convinced that these are usually mediums or people unusually psychic, have been able to communicate a few minutes after physical death. The spirit of Rudolph Valentino, whom I shall tell about later, was one of these.

Friends of mine sat in a circle with the trumpet medium, Mrs. Wriedt, of Detroit, when the spirit of my friend, George Brittain, who was thought living at the moment, came through and announced the fact that he had just passed over. This unexpected news caused a good deal of excitement and comment among the sitters. Some expressed the belief that the communicator was a lying spirit. Others were alarmed.

But the spirits continued using the forces as best they could under the disturbed conditions, and went right ahead with the seance as though nothing unusual had occurred. Mrs. Wriedt, herself, a friend of the Brittain family, was greatly worried and upset over the message. She said that the voice, although weak, sounded remarkably like the voice of George Brittain. Others thought so too.

When the sitting was concluded by the guide, Dr. Sharp, Mrs. Wriedt rushed to the telephone and called the Brittain home. She was told that Mrs. Brittain had gone to the hospital where her husband, George, had been taken suddenly, and that he had just died.

The "voiced" message had been a conclusive test.

On May 2nd, 1925, I had another experience with a spirit who communicated very soon after death. Mrs. Coff, a Russian lady, took me uptown in New York to sit for a friend of hers, Dr. Georgiana Kitchen. I realized, as soon as she came near enough for me to sense her vibrations, that Dr. Kitchen was herself very mediumistic. She was very sympathetic too, which made her an excellent "receiver."

Only she, Mrs. Coff, and I, "sat." We began the seance with the Lord's Prayer, but we had not finished when I began to feel very strange. Some one other than White Cloud was trying to control me.

I held back. I could feel the strange spirit struggling hard to get hold of my organism, and at the same time I was experiencing the conditions of the spirit's passing from the body. Not knowing whether the spirit, whom I could not see, was well-inclined or not, I mentally refused to yield myself, and waited for the coming of White Cloud. At last I heard White Cloud's voice saying—"You let go! Now you let go!" I let go, and immediately was taken in trance by the strange spirit.

From this point on, I relate what Mrs. Coff and the doctor told me afterward. The spirit who controlled me was that of a man who gave his name as "William." He spoke of the cause of his passing, which had been

tuberculosis in a slow form. He spoke to Dr. Kitchen of his funeral, to which she had gone at ten o'clock of that very day! He thanked her for what she was doing for his brother, whose name he gave as "Thomas," and which was the correct name. He sent a message to his mother, and to other members of his family, calling them all by name.

And what was really most unusual of all, he was speaking for the first time since his passing, and by direct control of the medium. He said that White Cloud, and Annie, my mother, were both helping him to speak. Spirits who speak thus directly through my mediumship, nearly always say they are helped to do so by my mother.

I find that the length of time required before a spirit can communicate after death depends entirely upon the conditions surrounding that spirit, and upon his knowledge of life after death.

(Question.) "Do results through mediumship depend upon any particular religion?"

Results through mediumship do not depend upon any particular religion, though they may be affected by it. There seems to be after all, only one great religion—the religion of right living, and divine love.

This is continuously expressed by the return of spirits through mediums, in word, feeling, and action, even if not always in correct understanding. Mediumship is really only a kind of long distance telephoning and telegraphing. When we speak over a telephone we do not consider our beliefs nor to what creed we belong, in fact, we hardly even consider the quality of thought we are transmitting over the wire. And the instrument

cannot be affected by what is spoken through it. So it is with the medium.

In a telegram we consider our thought to the extent of making it terse and to the point because we are limited to a certain number of words. So also in mediumship. There are times when conditions are not suitable for lengthy communications to be transmitted through the mediums. The spirit then, according to his intelligence, projects the message in as trite and effective a manner as possible.

Many people cannot understand why there should be a medium at all where communication with spirits is concerned. But then one might as well ask why there should be switchboards, wires, and operators, when one desires to send a telegram, or to telephone. Why cannot one stand on the roof of the Times Building in New York and shout his message to his friends in Boston? For the same reason that man needs the telegraph system, spirits need the medium.

On the "other side of life," there is an even greater diversity of opinion upon all subjects than there is here. Many spirits hold exactly the same views upon most subjects that they did in earthly life. Others hold to the same ideas, but with expanded outlook upon them, due to the wider comprehension that release from limitations of the flesh has given. Still others have dropped nearly all of their former ruts of thought, and have adopted broader conceptions entirely.

It is spirits of the astral plane, which lies nearest, and even dove-tails with our earth-life, that cling so tenaciously to their former habits of thought. Even

to the most materialistic thoughts, to thoughts of personal belongings, clothes, food, and even to money.

But spirits from the higher planes seldom speak of these minor accessories to a mundane existence. They are more truly the spirits of the spirit, and are occupied with the attributes of the soul, and the spiritual clothing of high deeds, the food of wisdom and higher understanding, and the wealth of the Infinite Creator, which is not bartered for.

These spirits are occupied with the upliftment of humanity and the evolution of life in general. It is they who broadcast to the earth world, great and holy inspirations, to be caught by sensitive minds attuned to them. Inventors, writers, speakers, musicians, painters, sculptors, in fact, every sort of creator, should look up reverently and expectantly to the reception of these inspirations, and should be aware of the great responsibility resting upon the use made of them. The use of an inspiration should not debase, but glorify.

These spirits recognize the true brotherhood of man, as Jesus, the greatest of all teachers, taught it. These are the souls who make of spiritualism and its workers, a mighty instrument for Christianity. Under their direction spiritualism proves Christianity. Many of them have died to prove it, as died Jesus.

My experience as a public telephone between spirits out of the body and those still in it, furnishes ample proof that many spirits still cling to their old familiar ideas and beliefs. Here are some instances.

One night in New York when I was giving a seance in the home of a very fine Jewish family, a curious thing occurred. Among the spirits who manifested was

the old grandfather. He did not make his presence known through the guides, but controlled directly, speaking in person. He had been a rigid orthodox Jew, and evidently still was, for he deplored the fact that those he loved neglected the beliefs and customs of their ancient race. He even enumerated several of these.

Then, when asked by his grandson why he had never spoken to them through me before, as I had sat for them several times, he replied that he had often been with them, but never before could he bring himself to come in contact with such a medium, who was a despised Goi—Gentile! I, as a medium was not kosher!

On another occasion in Detroit, I sat for a large group of Roman Catholics. They were very much interested. The circle was held in the house of one of them. Their attitude toward the subject was such as to inspire the very best results. I have found this to be true, with but very few exceptions, of all Catholics I have sat for, and the number has been many.

Faith, Catholics most certainly possess, and a continuance of life beyond the grave they have never doubted. They even believe in the purgatorial astral plane. It is only the idea of communication with spirits that seems to worry them.

But on this occasion there was no squeamishness. Relations and friends came through as usual, and among them, the spirits of several priests and nuns. All of these spirit people seemed still to be Catholics, and spoke of the Church being an institution "over there" as well as here. Some spoke of being helped by the prayers of their loved ones, and thanked them

for their kind offices. Others encouraged their dear ones not to neglect their duties to the Church.

During the course of the seance, a certain much loved prelate, Bishop Foley, made himself known to a lady by asking her if she did not remember having been confirmed by him. The lady, much surprised and pleased, acknowledged this. He then turned to the group of sitters and spoke to them at length upon the dangers of dabbling in spiritualism!

He said the Church had never denied the truth of the return of spirits at certain possible times and for certain spiritual reasons, but it had forbidden its children to play with so sacred a fire. Lay-students of so vast a subject were apt to become engulfed by its attendant dangers. The saints, he said, whose pure lives and miracles of mediumship had exalted them to the realm of high spirits, were souls who had at heart the uplift of humanity, and they alone were the spirits man was safe in invoking. He urged them to remember that weak minds could be dominated by stronger, and that if the stronger happened to be given over to evil, obsession or insanity might be the result. With his usual blessing he departed as suddenly as he had come.

It was easy to see why this man had been so revered and loved during his earth life, for his return in spirit showed a fine and lofty purpose—that of guiding his people to the best of his knowledge. He wished to safeguard those he loved, and his words of warning were true indeed, as I am sure no loyal spiritualist would deny. I could not help feeling that, after all, this very demonstration of his own return but proved the reason why most spirits seek a means of communica-

tion. And surely the bishop's message justified him.

People of all religions come to me and to other mediums. There seems latent in every normal human being the instinctive desire for this great knowledge. They may fight it, and argue it with bitter denials, but in time they seek it. Often they come under the pretense of curiosity, but their real soul-hunger is very transparent to a clairvoyant. It only takes some calamity to befall them, or the death of some one really precious to them, to show up the utter emptiness of materialism.

Spirits, regardless of what religious form they may have accepted while in the body, communicate because they have love in their souls for those still left on earth. Regardless of how they died, they come.

(Question.) "Is mediumship a spiritual thing?"

Mediumship, as I have learned to understand it, is not a spiritual thing at all. It is a material thing, and is subject to the laws governing matter. The medium is himself functioning in a material body. Communications coming from spirits in other planes have to pass through the medium's material body and be transmitted to earth-world spirits still in their physical bodies. Therefore, the process of mediumship must be subject to the laws governing matter. It is disembodied spirit communicating with embodied spirit: at times, the temporary return of spirit into matter.

But the purpose and use to which mediumship is put—that is a spiritual thing. Some will no doubt say that if mediumship is a material process, the kind of life led by the medium will matter little. But that idea is all wrong. Dissipated force results in ill health,

and an unhealthy body makes an imperfect instrument of communication. Good mediumship depends upon a healthy nervous system which will respond readily to all vibrations. An unhealthy nervous organism may be well compared to the disordered lines of a telephone exchange. A telegraph operator would not think of transmitting a message over a broken down instrument.

The life led by the medium may not affect the possibility of spirit communication, but it most certainly will affect the quality of the message. A medium whose views are spiritual and who is honestly striving to overcome the grosser tendencies, will naturally attract spirits from the higher planes.

(Question.) "What type of people make the best mediums?"

Mediums are found among all types of people. It is all a matter of an individual's vibration or variable-ness of vibration. The earth-world is in the lowest degree of vibration and Man in the highest, on the earth-plane.

Spirits, freed from the weighting flesh, vibrate at a much more rapid rate.

Individual human beings differ greatly in their degrees of vibration. As a rule, blondes possess the most rapid, brunettes the most slow. Albinos possess the most rapid of all.

Blondes are electric, brunettes, magnetic. Therefore blondes are usually mediums of the mental type—clairvoyant or trance. Brunettes as a rule make the best "physical" mediums, because their surplus magnetism can be utilized for physical manifestations such as the production of materializations; the direct voice

with or without the trumpet; independent movement of objects; levitation, etc.

Of course, there are people who possess a combination of both electric and magnetic qualities. When properly developed and balanced, these subjects make the most marvelous mediums, because demonstrations of all kinds may be studied through their instrumentality. But people of this peculiar combination are rare indeed. D. D. Home was a medium of this type who possessed nearly all phases of mediumship.

All people are more or less mediumistic, just as all people possess a more or less accurate sense of color, form and sound. But just as only a chosen few become real painters, sculptors, or musicians, so only a chosen few become real mediums. Mediumship is a special gift of God, just as are all the divers gifts of man, and I am led to believe through my own experience and from watching that of others, that when God calls one to do a special work, that work shall be done, hinder you what may. Many times I have given up this work to pursue other, only to be drawn back into it, and by the most devious ways. Now I know that whatever other work may come into my life, my mediumship will not be laid aside, but will run along parallel with it.

A real medium is one who might be said to possess a "loose organism." Consider the fact that we are composed of millions of atoms, and that these atoms are in constant vibration, and that not one of them touches another! Just as some great power of attraction holds together the satellites of a solar system, so does some affinity of attraction bind together the atoms in a sin-

gle body. Permeating the body and passing between the atoms are the ethers that fathom space.

Material science of to-day recognizes the existence of these ethers, but of what they are composed it has yet to say. That these ethers are more sublimate than currents of electricity or magnetism is understood.

A genuine medium is one whose atoms are less tightly bound together than those of other individuals. Their system of attraction and suspension is looser and freer. Hence they are more elastic in their physical and mental functions. The fruitful ethers permeate them more readily and with greater speed, and as these ethers are charged with a mighty carrying power, to which neither time nor space exist, it can be seen, when a medium is fully open to them, what an extraordinary channel of communication they can become, much like the waves of wireless, or the sound-waves of radio, with the brain of the medium as a receiving station, and the minds of the spirits as broadcasters.

The great difficulty is in becoming open to them. Even the greatest mediums have been open to them in a more or less limited way. Perhaps when the thought or belief in limitation is erased from the human mind the world will see unalloyed spirit-communication.

There are a great many kinds of mediums whose individual gifts are suitable for this or that phase of phenomena, but all may be divided into either the mental or physical class, or a combination of both. And one type is as important as another in the investigation and serious study of this vast subject.

Unfortunately, many investigators only turn to the physical phenomena, and become disappointed and even

prejudiced because of the baffling conditions under which physical phenomena often have to be produced, such as darkness. And again, unfortunately, this particular phase lends itself more readily to fraudulent methods than any other.

But with all mediumship, unless identity of the spirit producing the phenomena is established, there can be no justification of assuming that a disembodied spirit is producing them. Fortunately, those who study the subject find evidence of proof far outweighing the lack of it.

Trance or mental, has been said to be the highest form of mediumship, because mind is unlimited in its powers of development and accomplishment, but again the proof of this lies in the quality of phenomena produced. All phases of mediumship should be studied impartially.

When Dean Frederick Edwards, then the head of the American Society for Psychical Research, at the end of a seance held in the home of Mrs. Eleanor Ray Broenniman, was asked as an authority what phase of mediumship I actually possessed, he said in effect: "Mr. Wehner is a genuine deep-trance subject. We have only too few of this sort of medium. People nowadays are not content to go through the process of development necessary to attain the ability of yielding to deep control. It requires an amount of sacrifice to go through the twistings and banging about of the body which always accompany the development of the deep trance. Mediums to-day are too eager to get before the public, and often do so before they are ready. I am glad that

Mr. Wehner has given himself up to this splendid phase of mediumship."

(Question.) "Do spirits utter only platitudes?"

I once read an article by Mary Roberts Rhinehart in which she claimed that spirits uttered only platitudes. And E. Barrington, otherwise known as L. Adams Beck, in an article in *Hearst's International Cosmopolitan* for May, 1927, says—"One thing seemed clear to me the more I studied—the impossibility of the spirits of the dead returning to communicate with the living. That was the easy explanation but on the face of it one could hardly believe that the spirits of departed friends or even of enemies would return for the purpose of uttering the appalling platitudes which are all that are recorded of them. I have never heard a word of theirs which is not platitude pure and simple and from this doom not even the spirits of the mightiest are exempt."

From her statements I feel sure E. Barrington must have had only the most inferior material to investigate. Or surely her investigations were too hastily carried on and she missed that which thousands of intelligent investigators discover. Or it may depend upon what she calls a platitude. The dictionary definition of platitude is—a flat, dull, or commonplace statement.

Messages from spirits that have had the power to save lives and property, prevent suicides, change the course of people's lives from evil to good, and to prove beyond doubt the survival beyond death of the individuality, can hardly be called platitudes. There can be nothing flat, dull, or commonplace in that which helps humanity. The messages may be expressed elo-

quently or uncouthly, surely it is not the letter but the spirit of the utterance which counts.

It is true that countless platitudes are found in the communications of spirits. But one must remember that all spirits are not, or were not on earth, brilliant people. And how often is it that brilliant people here on earth when they are off guard utter the most surprising platitudes? If all the thousands of helpful, inspiring, and uplifting utterances of spirits are platitudes, then the same might be said of the commandment—"Do unto others as you would be done by."

One cannot judge of so vast a subject as mediumship has become by merely running to a few mediums here and there who may be only half developed. Before condemning, one should in all fairness, study many mediums of all types. One should study this subject just as painstakingly as any other, the day has passed when it can be turned off with light contemptuousness.

If such utterances from spirits as "We bring peace to you," and "We are happy and are helping you," may be called platitudes, then what would one call the utterances of the risen Jesus when he said to Mary Magdalene, "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"—and then again to the disciples, "Peace be unto you," and "Have ye here any meat?" And yet again when some of the disciples were in a ship fishing, "Children, have ye any meat?"—"Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find."—"Bring of the fish which ye have now caught."—"Come and dine." This was the third time Jesus had shown himself to the disciples. And after they had dined He asked several of them if they loved Him.

If spirits must always say something that is not trivial, why did not the risen Christ say something more profound? At these moments of communication Jesus seemed only concerned with the comfort of His disciples. And He was a spirit communicating after death!

To most spirits who have any spark of love in their being, their first concern is to make themselves known to those they love, to convince them of everlasting life, and to help them.

The utterances of love are never platitudes.

(Question.) "How many people should sit in a circle?"

It is not conducive to good results to have too many people sitting in a seance. Seven or eight, or, at most, ten—is for me the best number.

Platform mediums require large numbers, and are able often to reach many. But that wonderful phase of manifestation is a type by itself and can hardly be compared to any other. Platform mediums are seldom good in a seance for a few.

With me, and with most mediums I know, a large number of people is a great drain, and consequently very wearing to the instrument. There are more to be reached, and also a greater number of spirits attracted, so naturally more force and energy are consumed.

In a large group of people there are usually some who are extremely positive, some who are phlegmatic, and generally a few who are skeptical or else stubborn, if not actually antagonistic. Before good results can be gotten, such people have to be concentrated upon by the

guides, and their positiveness made more negative some way.

Sitters have often said to me, "Oh, I don't believe it matters how many are in the circle. I have seen you get some of your best results with a crowd." This last statement is quite true. I have had good results with a crowd. But it just happened that that particular crowd was, as a whole, harmonious, sympathetic and seeking.

Even in a small circle there are sometimes one or two sitters who are not reached. Once in a while, as at one of my seances for the American Psychic Research, one person will attract all the force and get all the manifestations. Sometimes these people will have as many as twenty or thirty recognized spirits come to them, while the other sitters cannot get in touch with any one.

During a seance, while I am in trance, my whole abdomen often swells, and I am forced to the unpleasant task of ridding my stomach of a great deal of gas. This is a most distressing condition to witness, I am told, and must also be offensive at times. But it seems it cannot be helped.

I have tried to overcome this condition by not eating before sitting, but this seems to have nothing to do with it. Whether I do or do not eat before a seance, I am told that I have this unpleasant experience when under control.

The guides say it is brought about by certain chemical changes effected during the process of the spirits to control my physical organism. And I believe this to be true. I have noticed that other trance mediums are affected in this manner also, likewise some clairvoyants.

(Question.) "Is there age with spirits?"

There seems to be no age as we understand the term, with spirits. But in returning to communicate, for identification, they appear as they looked when they left the earth life, or as their friends best remembered them.

For instance: I have seen spirits clairvoyantly who had passed out in infancy or childhood, return, appearing as babes or children, although many years later, and as soon as they were recognized, transform before my eyes and appear as they had grown in the after-life. In this way I have been able sometimes to tell approximately how many years had passed since their earth death.

And the same is true of very old people.

There is certainly no old age in the life beyond this plane. Those who were aged, return, impressing the medium or the guide with their appearance as it was at the time they were last on earth in order to be recognized. But as soon as this recognition takes place they change to the way they actually look in the spirit life. Old people become young and joyous again, filled with what Americans picturesquely call "pep."

What spirits, after being in the life of the spirit for some time, seem to attain to, is a sort of maturity. The young dead grow rapidly forward, the old creep out of their false cloak of age, until a level of a general maturity is reached.

(Question.) "Do you ever have unpleasant experiences with spirits?"

Yes, I often have had unpleasant experiences with spirits and with my psychic work. This will not seem surprising when one considers that the vast bulk of

dead humanity remains, at least for some time, almost exactly the same after death as before. Evilly disposed people will still be evil. It takes more than mere death to change them.

Many of these spirits, even after they learn better, deliberately choose to remain as evil forces of destruction, opposed to all construction. When they discover a psychic whose work is dedicated to good, they do all in their power to destroy him as a means of communication for good. Therefore the psychic who does not know how to protect himself in the Christ Spirit is in a bad way. A medium's guides do much to protect him.

In the sustained circle, the guides often let in such spirits who need help, the so-called evil spirits. These spirits are people who, while in the earth-plane, have led a wrong or misdirected kind of life. Having passed into the astral plane, they have clung to their old beliefs and desires, and are often, after realizing the death change, very bitter in feeling toward the people left behind on earth, and most antagonistic even toward good spirits who wish to help them to a better understanding.

It seems, from my experience with spirits of this caliber, that quite often the helping spirits are enabled to get into closer touch and to influence them for better after they have come back through a medium and once more made the earth contact. My guides, now that I know how to protect myself, often induce spirits of this kind to come through me, but only in the sustained circle, and one that has the understanding of how to handle the situation.

These spirits are often very ill-tempered and ex-

ceedingly deceptive and cunning. More than once they have attempted to destroy me. They, being the opposers of truth, and knowing that I have been used as an instrument of good, have tried to annihilate my mediumship.

In the early days of my development I used to be bothered at times by vampire spirits, or those depraved souls who have not overcome their bad sexual ideas. They used to come to me at night while I slept, and while attempting their mundane practices, I would awake with an uncanny terror and see them surrounding my bed with leechlike red mouths and glowing eyes. But the guide called "U.K." soon taught me how to close the doors of my consciousness to them, which was only to call forth the Christ Force which dwells within the inner temple of the soul.

There are certain sounds that at times bring on a sad, and sometimes uneasy psychic condition with me. It is as though this kind of sound furnished a vibration more suited than another to the approach of troubled or restless spirits.

I have experienced this times without number.

Wind—not violent, but a sly, sighing wind, that steals close by the house corners, far-off barkings of dogs, boat-tootings on the distant river, muffled fog-horns, and to me, beyond all—the droning on a summer night of myriad insects. The mournful sound of these perfectly mundane things seems to open up a channel for the coming of the disquieted and the uneasy, those who seem lonely, in search of company, or in search of help.

At such times I have recognized spirits that I knew

to be unhappy over earthly people or incompleted affairs. Or else they were people who had done great wrongs in their earthly lives and who had passed on unrepentant; and upon several occasions I recognized suicides.

These troubled souls are the only spirits that have ever really startled me. The auric force of the suicide is damp and clammy, and causes peculiar little chills to run all over me that are even more chilly, and this force gives out a strange acid-sharp sort of vibration that pierces to the marrow of one's soul.

Sometimes when these uneasy souls were present I noticed a faintly pungent odor.

I believe it is this uncanny vibration of spirits that is felt by dogs which causes them to howl and whine. Several times a cat happened to be with me when I was visited by these unhappy astrals and each time the animal acted in the same manner—arched its back, ruffled its fur, and spat wrathfully!

That many writers, ancient and modern, have used these sounds to enhance their mysterious, and even tragic episodes, only proves to me how sensitive these authors were to the correct psychic facts. Even poets and musicians have consciously or unconsciously realized the value in their works of the voices of nature. The moods of nature are but the reflection of moods of beings in another stage of evolution.

Loud sounds, tempestuous noises, and roarings, do not with me, unless these settle down to a steady tune, bring on a psychic state.

Low vibrations are apt to create low, unhappy psychic states.

(Question.) "Do you believe in prophecy?"

I do believe in prophecy. And any one who believes at all in the Bible must believe in it, for the Bible is filled with prophecies. Certainly any one who has had much experience with psychic matters believes in prophecy, for there it is met with in full force, and I should say nine times out of ten is fulfilled. Certain clairvoyants have the gift of prophecy more than others. And certain guides are more gifted than others to prophesy through their mediums.

When I sat for the Boston Research Society, Dr. E. Worcester impressed on me the fact that a record of all fulfilled prophecies should be kept, as they, he said, furnished proof beyond doubt that mind-reading was out of the question, as an event could not be picked from any one's mind when that event had not happened yet. But it is often difficult to keep such a record, for it usually takes some time for a prophecy to be fulfilled. But not so always.

I was once having tea in the home of a friend of mine, Vera Lyons, a dancer. Suddenly I clairvoyantly saw flames leap up before her face.

"Vera," I said, "you had better be careful of a fire."

The dancer laughed. But that very evening when she was cooking something special for her husband, Frederick Lyons of the "George White Scandals," the flames leaped up into her face and caught on to some things hanging on a line overhead, and soon the kitchenette was in a blaze. The dancer was not injured, nor the place much damaged, but before the fire was put out the fire department was called.

Fulfilled prophecies are so common that it is useless

for me to enumerate those which have come through my mediumship. Books could be written on that subject alone.

(Question.) "Who are your guides and how do they look?"

White Cloud was the first guide to come to me. I have seen him visually since my earliest remembrances. Elsewhere I have told how, when I was still a baby in my mother's arms, I saw the "man with feathers." Françoise Haslett, my little cousin, a most clairvoyant child, while staying at my grandmother's house used to see him many times, and she called him by the same childish term.

Throughout my childhood White Cloud was with me. I used to compose little Indian melodies. Every one was surprised at them because they were so Indian in character, when I had never heard Indian music. People thought I originated them myself. But I did not. I only remembered them from hearing White Cloud sing them. As I walked through rocky ravines, or sat beside lonely waterfalls, many a time I was delighted by the singing of White Cloud. During my childhood I heard his voice clearly and distinctly; objectively. Now, I seldom hear his voice in that way. More often I hear it clairvoyantly.

Many mediumistic people and professional mediums have seen and described White Cloud, and their descriptions have usually tallied with my own sights of him. A Mr. Stuart, of England, a very spiritual man, while waiting for me to come and give a seance in the studio of Eleanor Gates in the Heckscher Building on Fifth Avenue, New York, saw the spirit of an In-

dian in the room. From his description, Eleanor Gates at once recognized the spirit as White Cloud. My guide had preceded my coming!

Sometimes White Cloud has shown himself to people as a whitish mist. So many times it has been said to me: "Oh, Mr. Wehner, I see a large white cloud forming beside you!" This appearance is different from that of ectoplasm, which has sometimes been seen coming from me in a seance.

When I have seen White Cloud clearly he has appeared to be tall, broad-shouldered and well-built. His face is oval and lean, and his high cheek bones have little hollows under them. He is full over the eyes, with forehead slightly retreating. His eyes are deep-set and black, and fairly wide apart. His nose is slightly Roman, his mouth is rather wide, with not too thin lips.

I have only seen his hair on two or three occasions, as he usually appears wearing a large feather war-bonnet. But when he has shown himself without the bonnet, his hair has looked to be brushed straight back and gathered into two braids, and one long feather is worn at a down-slanting angle at the back of his head.

His clothing never varies. He wears a white buckskin fringe and porcupine quill-work. The quill-work is in red, yellow, blue and a bright yellowish green, and shows in the V of the coat and in a side strip down the leggings. His moccasins are also decorated with stained quills. On the band of his headdress, at each side, are round shell-disks, and fastened below these disks are long-hanging strips of ermine skin.

White Cloud stands very straight, and his fine head

is proudly poised. His smile is always a thing of cheer, a beautiful smile showing strong white teeth, and the fleeting glimpse I have had of it at times has always reassured me and given me courage to go through some very dark and bitter hours. This guide appears to be in the prime of life, yet I know him to be an old, old soul.

White Cloud has proven truthful regarding things as he has seen them. He has made but very few mistakes in his transmitting of messages from spirit-people to their earthly friends. His patience seems to be infinite in dealing with hard subjects. It is only when he feels insulted by the remarks of the unthinking, or feels that a slight has been put upon his method of work, that he loses patience and begins to anger. At such times his comments are right to the point, and keenly cutting. But he is never malicious. He simply will allow no trifling, and will not stand scoffing or undue criticism to go too far. He checks such proceedings abruptly, and sometimes, on account of them, brings the seance to a sudden close.

He is beloved by many, both in America and in other countries, and whenever I am away for long from my friends, he often goes to them through other mediums with messages about my doings. Only the other day, as I sat writing here in France, a letter from New York informed me that at a recent seance with the noted trumpet medium, Mr. Valentine, White Cloud had come through to my friends telling them I would not return to America until after "big turkey time." My friends all expected me in America before Christmas, and as I will not be able to return until

after New Year's Day, I thought the message a good test. The more so as Mr. Valentine has never met me and knows nothing of my guides.

White Cloud is the guide who, when spirits cannot control me directly, describes to the sitters those who are trying to communicate with them. He is usually pretty good at getting their given names, and almost always can describe the conditions under which they passed out of the body. This helps them to be recognized. When identification is established, he imparts as well as he can, their message. He fore-shows me most of the important happenings of my life, and often saves me from danger. He is most valuable, and to him I owe an unpayable debt of gratitude.

"Frank" is another guide who generally opens my seances by whistling very beautifully. He whistles obligatos to whatever music is played on the phonograph, and also whistles solos, anything from simple songs to operatic arias, and much that has never before been heard. He was the adopted son of Mr. Charles Bassett of Detroit, and used to play the flute. He is tall and slender, with a sweet, mild expression of countenance. He looks much as he appears in his photographs. Frank's whistling helps to harmonize the circle, and builds up the forces. Sometimes he gives very good messages.

Leota, or Lolita, as she calls herself ever since Dorothy Benjamin Caruso chose to call her that, is a guide who is difficult to understand. She usually appears as a little Indian girl, saying funny and flippant things to make people laugh. Often her remarks are uncannily witty and more to the point than many peo-

ple like, and frequently in the midst of her apparent fun-making she startles skeptical persons with clever revelations of their lives and characters.

But when occasion warrants it she can appear very different. She then becomes a very helpful guide with an abundance of information, and she is very good at seeing and interpreting the aura. Lolita is a versatile and complex character.

Alestes is a guide who only comes to interpret visions and to explain the nature of dreams. In this respect his work is like that of a psycho-analyst.

When I have seen him he has appeared as a tall slender man with dark piercing eyes, wearing a yellow robe and a large white turban.

Henry Watts, who in earth life was a cousin of my grandmother's, is a guide who gives spiritual talks and information. When people have sustained regular sittings with me for purposes of development or for other reasons, this guide always takes charge of the circle. Curiously enough, I have never seen Henry Watts, but often feel his presence.

Another guide whom I have never seen but who works with me nevertheless, is Dr. Freeman. This doctor was for years my grandmother's family physician in Canada. Dr. Freeman's work consists of helping me to go into the trance, and he also works with the vibrations of the sitters. He very seldom manifests to the sitters, but he is very necessary and important to me. He is a worker behind the scenes.

My own mother, Annie, is also a guide of this kind. But she helps those spirits who wish to control me directly, without giving their messages to White Cloud

to transmit. My mother often speaks to the sitters, telling them of her work with the earth-bound, and with the spirits of unwanted children who are forced back into the astral plane in swarms. She is often seen by other mediums and by sitters who are clairvoyant.

Ami is a Hindu who comes but rarely to speak on nature and philosophical subjects. He is not very tall, but rather short and stocky in build, with rounded yet pleasing features, and beautiful dark brown eyes. He wears a white robe and a white turban. He is often seen by mediums and clairvoyant people.

Rudolph Valentino, since his close connection with me through circumstances which I shall relate later, is trying hard to become one of my guides. He intends to lecture through me. He was a medium himself, and his psychic faculties have helped him to develop rapidly in his new environment. Since his passing he has spoken more or less coherently through many mediums. He is full of energy and purposeful vitality and I am sure will go far.

Black Hawk is a guide who comes to diagnose the various conditions of people. He is remarkably clever at this, and is seldom other than clear in his perceptions. Although he does not always call things by their right names, I have never known him to be wrong in his decisions. He sometimes senses sensations that belong to past illnesses and thinks they are of the present, but that is the nearest approach he has made to a mistake. X-rays of certain of his descriptions have proven that he was correct.

In appearance he is tall and thin, with a proud, striking profile. His hair hangs in two braids, and he

wears one feather at the back. I have never seen him in anything but a bright red blanket. I have told elsewhere how he healed me at the "great falling water," Niagara.

The guide U.K. or the Unknown, was for a long time a mystery to us. U.K. always appeared as a man in a white robe and a white turban. He was seen by many mediumistic people. U.K. always came at the close of a seance, answering only spiritual questions. Everything of real importance that I have learned of psychic matters I have learned from U.K. It was U.K. who taught me how to put the psychic circle of protection around me, and to close the doors of my instrumentality after a seance or psychic experience.

U.K., the Unknown, is the beloved spirit of Madame Blavatsky, H.P.B. She did not always choose to come as H.P.B. because of the prejudice against her name in some quarters. And her frequent statements against mediumship made it seem ridiculous that she should come through a medium. But people in passing over do not always adhere to the statements they made while in life. After death one continues fortunately to live and learn.

That it is claimed by many that she has reincarnated does not affect the matter in the least. A great soul such as she is of necessity not confined to a single instrument. She was a dear friend of my father's in his young manhood, and she has appeared to me all my life. Much misunderstood as she was and is, because of her strangely contradictory nature at times, she has done more for occultism and true Christianity than any other. Her language was bombastic, but the actions

## A CURIOUS LIFE

of her eventful life in relation to others were such as the precepts of Jesus taught.

I have seen her often as she appeared in life, and I have seen her looking younger and indescribably radiant. I owe all to this human, helpful soul.

**T**HE spirits of my mother's father, Benjamin Haslett, and his father by adoption have been, while not actually guides, great helpers to me. They have comforted me in trying times and are among those who help harmonize the forces during a seance.

Early in life my grandfather Haslett was adopted by a Polish exile, Louis Count Chlopicki, whose uncle, Jozef Chlopicki, was a famous general, and dictator of Poland in 1830. Louis, whose estates were confiscated by the Russians, went to America. Fond of hunting, he settled on the edge of the prairies in El Paso, Illinois. Here my grandfather, but newly wedded to my grandmother, lived with the Count. Their house became a center for the noted people of America and for the visiting notables from Europe.

Grandmother has often told me of the interesting personages to whom she was hostess in the house of Count Chlopicki. James Fenimore Cooper was one of the celebrities who often visited there. And Adelina Patti, while a very young girl. At that time Patti would not sing unless she were allowed to carry a huge doll with her on the stage.

And there was Governor Banks, who later became General Banks of the United States Army. In 1859, the Count entertained the great English statesman,

Richard Cobden, who was called the "Apostle of Free Trade." This was during his second visit to America.

In 1860, the Prince of Wales visited America. The old Count made great preparations to entertain him and his suite, and the party with which he was traveling. During the hunt on the prairies a terrific storm arose which prevented the arrival of the Prince. But in the confusion which followed, part of the suite arrived, expecting to meet the Prince and the rest of the party. In spite of the accident they all managed to have a great time with much feasting and drinking. Grandmother forgets all the names with the exception of the Marquis and Marquise de Chandos, whom she liked very much.

The famous midget, Tom Thumb, was also a guest there, and while at table he sat in my Aunt Clara's high-chair. This was at the time when the Civil War was just commencing, and train-load after train-load of soldiers kept passing the place. Tom Thumb was lifted up to a window to see the passing soldiers, and when they caught sight of him there was a great waving of caps and crying of—"Tom Thumb, there's Tom Thumb!"

Count Chlopicki, wishing to show his adopted son his estates and castles in Poland, journeyed with him across the Atlantic. But in France he was not able to obtain passports, as his name was among the political Polish exiles. From this time on, during their stay in France, they were continuously followed by gendarmes, who were even stationed outside the doors of the place where they were staying.

This was during the time that Emperor Napoleon

the Third and the Empress Eugenie were in the height of their glory. During his visit the Count was presented to them. He and my grandfather witnessed a wonderful military parade when the Emperor and Empress were reviewing the troops. The Empress wore a beautiful scarlet velvet riding habit and rode a snow-white horse. The Emperor was in a carriage with the retinue following.

During the parade the rain suddenly poured down in torrents. Grandfather said it was a great sight to see thousands of umbrellas shoot up from the mighty throng. To him, this seemed prophetic, as their glory did not last long.

The Count now left France and went to England, where he presented my grandfather as his son to his old friend, Sir Dudley Steward. Sir Dudley was anxious for them to be presented at the Court of St. James, but the poor old Count could not stand the expense. Broken-hearted at not being able to enlist influence enough to lift his exile and to obtain permission to revisit his beloved native land, Count Chlopicki, with grandfather, now embarked once more for America.

The old man was very eccentric, and spent much of his time at eating and drinking and gambling. He used to arise at all hours of the night and prepare with his own hands, his choicest native Polish dishes. And he ate quantities of caviar. Of money or its value he had not the slightest notion. And had it not been for grandmother's care of his rather limited finances, he would have been turned into the street.

The old Count could never realize why he should

have to pay for anything. He used to go into the shops, pick out what he desired, and walk serenely out with never a thought of the reckoning. As he was a well-known figure, the shopkeepers did not mind this, but simply sent the bills in to grandmother!

Once, when he was passing a shop, he saw some particularly fine oranges, which he thought would be nice to take home to Aunt Clara, who was then a small child, and the idol of his eye. So in he went, and while the shopkeeper was busy, the Count quietly filled the pocket of his great coat with the heavy oranges. The weight of the fruit burst the pocket lining, so that as fast as he tucked the oranges away, a golden stream of them dropped from his pocket and trailed across the floor. As he turned to leave, the shopkeeper said, "Count, aren't you leaving something behind?" Turning, the Count saw that he had made himself conspicuous, and in great mortification he hurried from the shop, swearing roundly at "uncouth Americans!"

After Count Chlopicki died, and while he was lying in his coffin, his spirit was seen in the street by a man to whom he owed a bill. The man was walking with a friend, and said: "Oh, there goes the Count!" Hurrying after him he saw the old gentleman turn a corner, but when he reached the same corner the Count had disappeared.

The man now went to grandmother's house and demanded to see the Count, as he wanted his bill settled.

"But Count Chlopicki is dead," said grandmother.

"Nonsense!" almost shouted the man, "didn't I just see him in the street?"

"Well, come with me," said grandmother, and she led the tradesman into the room where the Count lay in his coffin. The man turned pale and crossed himself.

"Then it was his ghost I saw," he exclaimed.



**I**N OCTOBER 21, 1921, fourteen years after the passing of my mother, my father, now aged seventy-four, joined her in the life beyond. In the latter years of his life he had grown very clairvoyant, and had often seen his beloved Annie.

Born in Posen, Prussia, his life had been a series of vicissitudes and successes. When I was a child, during many a bedtime hour, he used to tell me stories of his mother's old castle: of how the peasants plucked geese on winter nights in the old stone halls underground, by the flickering light of pitch-smeared faggots placed in fluted niches in the thick walls, and of how strolling mountebanks sometimes gave performances in the courtyard.

His mother, Friederike, was a most remarkable woman. Although a titled woman, she was an extremely democratic personage. Her love for the people and her intense interest in their rights, which at that period were rather scanty, led her into disrepute with her family. As a young woman she used to forsake the banquet tables, disgusted with the ribald stories and jokes, all too frequent at the gatherings of the German nobility of those days.

She used to creep down dark and deserted stairways into the lower regions of the *schloss*, and spend her

stolen hours with the peasants while they spun and carded wool. One old woman was a medium, and Friederike was enchanted with her weird mutterings, and visions, and descriptions of spirits. The rest of the peasants sat shivering with fright, not so much at the doings of the sibyl, as at the thought that grandmother might be discovered with them. Her father, a very severe man, had forbidden his daughter to have anything to do with the domestics.

My grandmother's love for the peasantry had manifested while she was a very young child, when she used to run away from home for a day or two at a time, only eventually to be found in some peasant's cottage, where she had exchanged her beautiful clothes for those gay costumes of the peasant children. And upon many an occasion she had saved from punishment boys who had poached game from the forest. "God put the animals in the woods, not for a few," she said, "but for all." Her father could not understand this democratic child.

Later, when Friederike had married my grandfather Wehner, who held a high position in the army, she influenced him to join in the rebellions of 1848. Grandmother had hopes of Germany becoming a republic! But this maneuver brought misfortune to the family, for their estates were confiscated, and they practically became as exiles.

But undaunted, Grandmother Wehner took what remained of her fortune and, with a large number of the people from her estates, sailed for that haven of freedom, America. After a stormy passage of many days they arrived in New York, and immediately set

out for the Michigan wilderness. There, in the midst of the lonely forests, with her little colony, she founded a settlement which is now known as Sebewaing, near Bay City.

Here, at this settlement, after a year of worry and homesickness for his native land, my grandfather died. But no hardship seemed too hard for the indomitable Friederike. She lived in a house made of heavy logs, and there gave the first lessons ever given to children in that part of the then uncivilized world. She made friends with the Indians who camped in the forests, and even learned a good deal of their language. She had no fear of prowling bears, nor of the gray timber wolves which ran in packs over the crusted snow in the winter.

Grandmother Wehner lived to within a few days of being one hundred years old. Never once did she seem to regret her former life of luxury, nor did she ever complain. I am sorry to say that I never saw this grandmother during her earth-life, though I have seen her often in spirit, and other psychics have seen her and described her to me.

My father was not entirely of Prussian blood, having a considerable Polish strain. The Wehners had intermarried with the Counts of the Posodowsky family. At the present time the name has been hyphenated, as so used by Count Posodowsky-Wehner, whose position at the German Court was high.

Early in life it was discovered that my father had exceptional talent for sculpturing, and so he was educated for that profession. He studied with Henry Kirke Brown, who died in 1886, and who was the first great

American sculptor. My father's works are scattered in many cities of the United States, one notable piece being a portrait bust in bronze of Major General George Henry Thomas, called the "Rock of Chickamauga." This bust is placed in the Memorial Hall at West Point, New York. When the unveiling took place amidst a most impressive military ceremony, the aged sister of the general burst into tears at sight of the marvelous likeness.

Other striking pieces of my father's art were a marble bust of Thackeray, which is in Philadelphia, and a bronze bust of Governor John D. Bagley, which stood for years in the Campus Martius in Detroit, but which is now preserved in the Carnegie Library of that city. And in the museum there, there is a life-size statue in marble called the "Spanish Boy," a portrait which my father did of a Spanish lad adopted by Senator Thomas Palmer.

When my father was quite a young man he was prominent in Washington society. A frequent guest of President Grant at the White House, he was reported to have been very attentive to Nellie Grant. Although there were rumors of an engagement, nothing ever came of it. At about this time, for a while, he was director of the Corcoran Art Gallery.

During the time that my father had a temporary studio in Lansing, Michigan, where he was doing some sculpturing for the capital buildings, there used to come to his studios every morning a young boy who was intensely fond of art. This boy used to say: "You know, Mr. Wehner, artists are never very rich, but some day

I am going to be wealthy, and then I'll be the artist's friend—your friend."

At this generous idea my father laughed heartily, and probably never gave it another thought. Yet this childish prophecy proved true. This boy, Edwin Burch, of Detroit, became a very wealthy man, and he also became indeed the friend of the artist. After the death of my mother, my father lived with his friend, and Edwin Burch gave him many commissions.

And it was at the country place of his dearest friend, at Memphis, Michigan, that my father left this earth in 1921.

After his death, for over a year we had no communications from my father. The spirit of my mother said that his soul was resting, for his death had been sudden and violent.

In 1923, my clairvoyant little cousin, Françoise Haslett, was staying at the house of my grandmother. She slept in the same room with my aunts, Clara and Emma. One morning early my aunts awoke and saw Françoise sitting up in bed staring into space. The child told them that she had seen a man come in through one of the windows and that he had stood by the bed watching them while they slept. She said that around him were purple and yellow flowers which she could have picked. From her description of this man, my aunts at once recognized him as Father.

After this, my father communicated often through me, and through others. He tells us that he is working with his art, just as he did in earth life, only now with his former knowledge greatly illumined.



**I**N THE autumn of 1925, in New York, I found on my desk one day, a message requesting me to give a seance at the home of Mrs. Rudolph Valentino. At first I thought I did not care to do so, not having found people from the movie-world to be always sincere. But the voice of White Cloud close to my ear said: "Go! You go that place!" Of course that settled the matter.

I went.

When I entered Mrs. Valentino's apartment on the top floor at 9 West 81st Street I was at once charmed by its colorful atmosphere. The floors were carpeted in jet black. The walls were a soft gray and the wood-work, silver. Across the front of the large living-room a long step led up through vermilion-curtained French windows into a glass veranda from which the myriad lights of Central Park and the city beyond could be seen.

The furniture was of the modern art and was in Chinese red and black. Above the table hung a silver chandelier of exquisite workmanship representing a huge flower cup like a morning-glory's, with around it vine leaves, curling tendrils, and bunches of little silver grapes. A few pictures extraordinary in coloring glowed from the walls.

Upon my approach to this room a bevy of small

Pekinese dogs and one tiny Griffon rushed forward to greet me. Since these people liked animals I felt sure I should like them, and felt more at home at once.

A group of people was sitting in this room as I entered, an English actor, and the director of the picture Mrs. Valentino was then making. There was Donna Shinn Russel, an American girl, but whose vivacious temperament and dark eyes gave one a decidedly Italian impression. On an immense black lounge sat Mrs. Richard Hudnut, looking very beautiful in a long, clinging gown of jade green, over which she wore a Venetian coat of gold and rose velvet. Her tall, slender, youthful figure, her fine features and proudly poised head crowned with red-gold hair, gave her a majestic appearance. I remember wondering if she too were not an actress.

Standing by the table in the center of the room was Mrs. Valentino, or Natacha Rambova as she is known on the stage and in private life. Tall, slender, and strikingly beautiful in an exotic way, clad in a long graceful gown of purple satin over which she wore a long Persian coat of gold and silver lamé lined with red, and on her head one of her famous turbans, of lacquer-red, she seemed like a princess just stepped out of some Oriental fantasy. Her ancient Oriental jewels accentuated this idea.

Her movements were lithe and graceful and her dark eyes filled with the smoldering light which mediums at once recognize as belonging to the psychic personality. But what struck me most about this picturesque personage was the unusual quality of her beautifully modulated voice. In that voice I read pathos, sym-

pathetic understanding, and great depth of feeling. In spite of the press stories regarding Miss Rambova, she is the real daughter of Mrs. Hudnut, and I at once noticed the similarity of certain features and mannerisms between them.

The seance that night was extraordinarily fine. Every one had results with the exception of Mrs. Hudnut who received nothing. The motion picture director was in tears over a message he had not expected to receive—the clearing up of a misunderstanding with some one who had since passed out of the body—which had touched him deeply. And Natacha Rambova's eyes were not dry.

The important point of this seance was that it wrought a great change in the mind of Miss Rambova, upsetting many of her materialistic viewpoints and creating the desire in her for the more spiritual. There and then she decided to study seriously the great truths of spiritualism and theosophy.

Miss Rambova asked me to let her book up all the available time I had, but as I had engagements for weeks ahead I told her this was impossible. But nothing is impossible to the intrepid Rambova. At last I arranged matters so she could have seances twice a week.

The next morning I received a visit from Mrs. Hudnut during which I gave her a private seance. This time she obtained excellent results, receiving visits from many relations and friends, and the assurance that her daughter had taken a spiritual stand that she would never regret; she might in time deviate from it, but regret it never. As Mrs. Hudnut was to sail for

France in a few days this encouragement took the sadness from her parting with Natacha.

A few days later, the morning of the day on which she was to sail, Mrs. Hudnut rushed up to my studio and asked me if I could have my trunk packed in time for the steamer which sailed that night. "I have two tickets," she said, "as my friend Donna is not going now. Wouldn't you like to visit Mr. Hudnut and me at our château on the Riviera?" But this charming invitation I had to refuse as I had engagements with the American Research Society which I did not care to break.

Shortly after this, in March, I left for the wilds of Nicaragua, Central America, with Mrs. Eleanor Broenniman and her son, Edgar, who had just finished his studies at Harvard. This sudden and unusual experience came about in this strange way.

Sometime previous to this, possibly a year and a half before, I had given a seance in the home of a friend of Mrs. Broenniman's, in which a message came explaining the mysterious death of a man named Claude Wright. The latter had been a theosophist and was one of those students who had stood at the death-bed of Madame Blavatsky herself.

This seance was held in the home of Mrs. R. T. M. Scott. Unknown to me Mrs. Scott related the incidents of this seance to Mrs. Broenniman whom I had never yet met. The incidents were as follows.

White Cloud said that Claude Wright, who had been sent by Mrs. Broenniman to investigate the business managers of her enormous banana and sugar plantations, had not met with a natural death. The tricky

managers, not wishing to have their schemes exposed by any investigator, had taken Mr. Wright up the jungle rivers in a small boat manned by two Indians, apparently to show him the distant plantations. But one hot night while Mr. Wright was climbing to the cooler roof of the boat at the invitation of one of the tricksters, he seemed to slip accidentally and fall backward into the dark alligator-infested waters of the river. Unheeding of his cries for help the boat with its evil party sped on and Claude Wright was left to die in the blackness of the jungle night. The next day, portions of his body which had been damaged by alligators and ferocious fish, washed ashore, and Indian hunters from the Pearl Lagoon settlement gathered them together and buried them there in the jungle depths. Therefore Mrs. Broenniman had never received any true reports of the actual conditions existing on her property, and shortly after, the tricky managers abandoned the place with a large sum of the lady's money.

When Mrs. Broenniman heard these incidents from Mrs. Scott she arranged to meet me, and soon we became very good friends. At the beginning of March, 1926, Mrs. Broenniman and her son decided to make the trip to Nicaragua to visit the property which they had never seen, and at the same time to check up if possible on White Cloud's description of Claude Wright's death. They invited me to go with them. As I am always delighted at the prospect of any adventurous journey, in a few days we found ourselves well on the way, stopping over at New Orleans.

In New Orleans I psychically felt that heavy brooding sadness which is a left-over of the depressing force

engendered by past slave days. Although I had never seen the spot, that night I arose in my sleep, dressed, and wandered out to the old slave market.

Sleep-walking, as previous experiences have shown, was nothing new to me. In the morning, the door which Edgar had locked, was found unlocked and slightly ajar. My clothing, which I had neatly arranged upon retiring, was now scattered about the room where I had discarded it on my return.

I now remembered as if in a dream of having been with many negroes (a race I have always loved) and with whom I walked about in the slave market. During a seance held later, my guides said that the negroes I had seen were earth-bound slaves. These souls were still unreleased, being bound to the scene of their former mental sufferings.

In his younger days my grandfather had visited this very market and had seen children torn from their parents, and husbands and wives parted, and in this sleep-walking expedition his spirit was with me, protecting me.

We sailed from this charming old city on a small banana boat called the "Nicarao." We had to sign a paper relieving the company of any responsibility regarding our lives, as the boat was to be loaded with gasoline and dynamite which, in the event of a tornado, might explode.

Now began one of the happiest voyages I have ever experienced. It had been very chilly in New Orleans, but now in a day at sea the sun became much stronger and the air of a delightful, balmy character, which I have not experienced elsewhere. We sat on the deck

for long hours at a time, speeding through a strange silence broken only by the swish of the dark blue waves. In the mellow hush of this basking southern air there was an eerie quality of infinite peace. In this atmosphere the soul seemed poised between the spheres of earth and Heaven and yet belonging not quite to either.

Through many sunny hours we watched schools of swift metallic-looking flying-fish skimming the valleys between huge waves as they were pursued by larger fish. And sometimes the dark fin of a shark rose above the cobalt sea. The nights were indescribably beautiful, uncannily bespangled with immense starry reaches, whose orbits glowed more brightly than I had ever seen them glow before. During this delightful voyage I saw many varieties of air and water elementals, many with huge ungainly gray-green bodies and dolphinlike heads; and some with the bodies resembling great fish and reptiles; but none with any human semblance.

On the fourth day when we were far in the Caribbean Sea, we sighted land to our right, that wave-tossed stretch of sand where Christopher Columbus is said to have landed. A few waving palm trees and some white-winged gulls were all that seemed to mark the place.

On the fifth day we steamed into Bluefields. Here the waters teemed with sharks which rose and dipped all around the ship. A swarthy pilot now came aboard and took our ship over the tricky sandbars which here abound. Several times the ship jolted and scraped on the shallows.

At last we docked. It seemed very strange to see the

docks filled with nothing but the blackest of men, interspersed with brown Indians. Most of these men were banana loaders, and they wore next to nothing. Their splendid bodies gleamed darkly in the brilliant sunshine against the white buildings crowned with a hill of wind-swept palms. Beyond the docks on a rising promontory lay the little white, red-roofed town.

In the town we found very comfortable lodgings in a roomy screened-in house next to the "Palace," a hideous building which was now being used for a barracks, and was filled with a savage-looking lot of native soldiers, some of whom carried guns, but most of whom had no other weapons than their dangerous-looking long-bladed "machettes." There was much loud talking going on day and night in the barracks, and much disquietude in the town, for this was the commencement of the Revolution of 1926.

The days were long and sunny, the air fresh and balmy, and the sun, broiling. But no matter how hot the sun, cool sea-breezes stirred the huge leaves of the bread-fruit trees in the garden, above which circled the buzzards all the day long. The unrest of the town was compensated for by the beauty of the surroundings: the riots of flowers, the brilliant sea, and the colorful natives.

Mrs. Broenniman's estate lay far up in the jungles on the Wawashan River. So early one morning we passed between the markets laden with every kind of tropical fruit and immense quantities of gay flowers and bright green and yellow parrots and embarked on a little boat that plied up the river to a settlement called Pearl Lagoon. The boat was filled with Jamaican

negroes who spoke a very charming English, a few South American Spaniards, and native Indians. We also carried a small cargo of bananas and coconuts.

After a voyage through very beautiful country, we arrived at noon at a small muddy clearing on the shore which was called Cukra, named after an extinct volcano whose lofty head lifted in the near distance. Here we disembarked and mounted wild-looking native ponies bearing wooden saddles which an Indian had in waiting for us. The ride up the steep trails on the side of Cukra was most fascinating, and gave us expansive views of the Nicaraguan landscape for miles around. In the blazing noontide sun the jungles fairly steamed, and a multitude of strange sounds greeted our ears—hoarse cries and parrot screechings, clear whistles, lovely snatches of bird songs, and the coughings and gruntings of certain animals which rooted about in the thick, rank undergrowth.

Now and again we passed clusters of native huts, built upon stilts and thatched with palm leaves. Suddenly we came upon a clearing where there stood a rather large hut with a still larger family swarming in and out of it. Here we were met by a man who said he had had a dream in which he saw two white men and a white woman arriving on ponies on this very day. He said his visions always came true. So in consequence of this dream he had had prepared a sort of native feast. It was all ready for us, spread out on a table in the hut, which was very neat and clean inside. There was fried bread-fruit which was rather tasteless; native bread with some concoction of coconuts to spread on it; tropical fruit in abundance, much of

which was new to us; alligator pears; and fresh coco-nuts which were split before our eyes with a machette so that we could drink the cool milk.

After we had partaken somewhat lightly of this generous repast, the heat making it impossible to think much of food, we mounted our sturdy ponies and began the return to the river and boat. About halfway back we turned off the trail to see a native sugar-making outfit. An old horse was going round and round in a circle trampling out the sugar-cane. The juice was boiling in the blazing sun over a hot fire in a huge black iron caldron which was tended by a tall, gaunt, black woman, who was using a huge ladle with a very long handle to skim off the scum as it rose to the surface.

All of these people seemed to be light-hearted and happy, and laughed and sang as they worked. There was a beautiful little green parrot with red shoulders and a blue head which seemed to take a fancy to me. So for five dollars I bought it from the woman, who seemed rather reluctant to let it go, although she looked longingly at the money. At last we descended the trail, I with the parrot on my shoulder. When we were about halfway down the steep slope of Cukra suddenly the whole jungle seemed to bend its multitudinous heads as a cool wind swept by. This was the forerunner of one of those sudden tropical storms. The cries, screechings, hootings and scufflings of the jungle-side ceased abruptly. Enormous drops of rain now splashed against the broad leaves of the palms and forest plants, and in a second more the deluge emptied its waters with the force of a cloud-burst. The storm lasted but a few minutes but we were all soaked through.

We now embarked again in the little boat and journeyed on to Pearl Lagoon, an Indian settlement of little white houses, native huts, dingy Chinese shops, and a picturesque Moravian Mission, where we stayed. The mission house was of wood, large and airy, and built upon high solid posts. Edgar and I shared the same room. In the morning about seven o'clock I was awakened by a sound as of distant muttering thunder, only that this thunder seemed to come from the ground, and there was a strange tenseness in the atmosphere.

Suddenly the whole house began to rock and shake back and forth violently and there was the sound of smashing china and falling objects. I heard Mrs. Broeniman scream in some other part of the house. Jumping from the bed I ran to the window and looked out. Several houses in the native village were tumbling down, horses and cattle were rushing madly across the plains, and flocks of birds were flying from the jungles. I felt primitively ecstatic and had the desire to do a wild Indian dance.

Of course I realized now that this was a full-fledged earthquake.

After my first shock of surprise had passed I became sharply clairvoyant and saw many spirits of ancient Indians dancing in circles exultantly as though delighted with the shaking of the ground. I knew they were ancient because of their scanty clothing and head-dresses. And malignant-looking elementals appeared among them waving their arms and legs and rolling about on the ground as if in malicious glee.

The severe shocks lasted about twenty minutes all told with intervals of rest in between. The mission

house was nearly shaken off its strong foundations, and the Chinese shops lost all their liquor stock. Much damage was reported far and wide. The old Indians said it was the worst quake in ninety-nine years.

Wherever I went in this beautiful land I felt a haunting depression such as I always feel where there are devas of malicious force present. I believe the ancient peoples who were so badly treated by the Spanish conquerors keep alive through their earth-bound condition the forces of hatred and revenge and that they deliberately, through their knowledge of how to control and use the Nature forces, try to prevent the white man from getting a footing in their land.

While here in Pearl Lagoon we verified from the Indians White Cloud's story of the means of Claude Wright's death. We met one of the Indians who had helped pilot the boat up the Wawashan River on that fateful night. He said that his people had never liked those managers of Mrs. Broenniman's estates, that they were overbearing and dishonest and feared by the natives. But while the Indians had only met Claude Wright a few times they had liked him from the first because of his straightforward, frank, honest manner with them.

White Cloud's message was true.

The Indians had found parts of his body washed up on the shore and buried them in the jungle a little distance from the village, and had marked the grave. In token of this proof and in remembrance of Claude, Mrs. Broenniman established a memorial fund for the education of Indian children.

We now recommenced our journey's last stage which

was to take us to the plantations on the Wawashan. Late one afternoon we embarked in our little boat which was run by a powerful motor. Two young Indians manned the craft while another older Indian managed the boat trailing behind, which was a large mahogany dug-out canoe.

The waves in Pearl Lagoon, which is really a large arm of the sea running inland, were high, and our little ship was tossed and pitched about considerably. Unexpectedly an extra large wave dumped us down with great force on a coral reef and put us at a hopeless disadvantage, for our engine was now out of commission.

As the swift tropical night was approaching there was only one course left for us to pursue, and that was for us to pile our luggage in the dug-out, climb in after it and paddle the remaining nineteen miles. This was no easy task as the waves kept lifting and dropping the boats. But the old Indian was an expert in managing the dug-out and with his help we accomplished the feat.

The two young Indians refused to leave their ship and said they would drift about all night and felt sure they would be aided by passing Caribs in the morning. So in the rather tippy dug-out we were now a somber party. There were Mrs. Broenniman and her son, Mr. Bratigan (her present manager), the old Indian, myself and our luggage.

As there was only the old Indian to paddle the heavily laden canoe our progress was naturally slow. After we had crept along like a snail for about half an hour I was suddenly surprised to hear the voice of White Cloud:

"You help paddle canoe!"

"Oh, Mrs. Broenniman," I cried, "White Cloud is here and he tells me to help paddle."

"Don't you do it," shouted Mr. Bratigan. "Unless you're an expert you'll upset the canoe and these waters are full of sword-fish and sometimes sharks."

"Better leave well enough alone," said Mrs. Broenniman. So for a while we slid slowly along. The sun had dropped behind the roof of the jungle and night had descended instantly and blackly. Now the full moon arose over the tree tops and in a few seconds all was transformed again. The atmosphere became flooded with a translucent silver radiance. On both sides of the river the dense jungle stood out gray-green in the moonlight, and the orchids and flowering vines that swept down from the high branches were clearly visible in all their loveliness.

Again the voice of White Cloud commanded: "You help paddle canoe!" But no one could hear that spirit-voice but myself, so I relayed his message again to my companions. This time, to my surprise, in spite of Mr. Bratigan's objections, the old Indian spoke up and said in a loud, firm voice: "It all right. Wan Isa (Great Spirit) speak. Give young man paddle!"

Mr. Bratigan, who had been ill, and was lying in the bottom of the dug-out and so could not paddle, now rummaged about in his end of the canoe and finally reluctantly handed me a long and heavy paddle. The moment I took the paddle into my hands I began to feel like an Indian and knew inwardly what to do. The old Indian motioned me to paddle on the opposite

side of the canoe from where his paddle dipped so quietly and expertly.

I did so. I experienced no difficulty, my paddle fell into his rhythm at once, and the canoe shot forward at a much better speed. After a short time my companions remarked that the canoe seemed to be running even faster than two paddlers warranted. But the old Indian only laughed. "It is Wan Isa," he said calmly and confidently.

I felt more and more like an Indian and fell into a semi-trance singing many plaintive Indian melodies which I had never heard before. All night long I paddled, never once stopping to rest, and sometimes even standing up Indian-fashion. Every time the paddles dipped into the black water beautiful flames of blue, gold and red, shot from the stroke. The tropical waters are very phosphorescent. And now bright electric eels passed us swiftly, and weird fish whose bones appeared to light up and shine through their flat bodies.

About midnight we stopped at a Carib village which lay on a sandy stretch of clearing scooped out of the jungle. Here, at our old Indian's shouting, some brown Caribs with flaring torches came down to the canoe and sized up the situation. After much persuasion one of them came with us to help paddle. In the early hours of the cool dawn we arrived at the plantation house, or rather, all that remained of it, where we were very happy to throw ourselves into our cot beds. When I came out of the semi-trance condition I scarcely felt any fatigue from the long night's paddling, nor was there a sign of a blister on my hands which were unaccustomed to such work. This experience was one of

much wonder to Edgar, but Mrs. Broenniman understood it perfectly. And the Indians were quite delighted with me.

In the morning we went on a tour of inspection. We found the house, which once must have been very fine, in a dilapidated condition, with not a vestige of screening left and none of the windows or doors in working order. But this did not bother us. In the upstairs rooms we had hung our mosquito nets over the beds and felt quite safe from the attacks of insects.

A Danish caretaker and his wife who lived on the estate kept a herd of cattle which wandered about on the prairie-like stretches between the forests. And in a small corral near the house were kept a number of pigs. One night I was awakened by a loud roar which was answered by another more distant. I sat up in bed. The cattle, at some little distance from the house, were lowing and bellowing in a most excited manner. There was another roar shortly followed by an agonizing scream from some animal. In the morning we discovered that two large jaguars had attacked the herd, killing one of the calves.

The cattle have an interesting way of protecting their young. The cows form a circle around their calves, while the bulls stand in front of the cows with lowered horns. But a hungry jaguar does not stop at such defenses. He leaps over the backs of the large animals and sinks his great fangs in the throat of a calf, whereupon the frightened cattle scatter, leaving the victim to the mercy of the jungle-thief.

The second night we were awakened again by the roaring which sounded very near and seemed to make

the old walls tremble. The roar sounded like that of a deep-chested lion in the zoo at home, and fairly made one's hair stand on end. The jaguars were attacking the pigs. The following morning we found their muddy paw-tracks all over the ground floor veranda, and even halfway up the outside stairs! But these animals, ferocious enough in the jungle, will not approach too near their greatest enemy, man. That morning Mr. Bratigan, Edgar and I, went on a hunt for the big cats through the cane-brakes. We finally discovered the jaguars' lair, which was merely a jumbled mass of dry broken-down canes littered with the gnawed bones of many animals and tufts of their own fur. There was no sign of cubs as I had hoped, and the only sign of life about the spot was the rapid swishing of the high canes—possibly a jaguar slinking away at our stealthy approach. That night at my suggestion lanterns were hung around the pigpens and no more pork was lost. Shortly after this the Indians killed one of the cats.

We found the sugar mills in a hopeless state of ruin, the woodwork in places devoured by ants and the machinery and vats red and rusted. Quick-growing vines covered parts of the buildings and bright metallic-colored lizards darted about everywhere. It would have required a large sum of money to put the place in running order. The bananas were destroyed for any profitable use by the Colorado disease.

On the upper balcony overhanging the river, where Indians passed now and again in canoes laden with fish, fruit, and the much-prized iguanos (a kind of large edible lizard), Mrs. Broenniman and I had many interesting seances with H.P.B. and other spirits. In

this curiously free atmosphere, that is, an atmosphere free from the complicated thought-forces of many people, I was intensely psychic all the time, and almost as clairvoyant as in my early childhood.

At last, our investigations finished, we started on our homeward trail, stopping again at Pearl Lagoon, where we visited a nearby seaside native village called Tasbapownie. Here the scene was indescribably beautiful. Great white wave-crests spumed into spray on the golden beaches fringed with towering coconut palms beyond which clustered the thatched Indian houses. Mrs. Broenniman and I made the trip in a launch up a very narrow winding river overhung with dense flowering vines and filled with alligators. At sharp turns the boat had to be urged ahead with long poles. Edgar and Mr. Bratigan were making their way on foot as they were going to examine some sugar-cane possibilities. As we arrived at the very muddy landing place in Tasbapownie a wild group of Indian women came down to watch us wade through the black slime of the marsh, and loud was their laughter and uncomplimentary their remarks, I imagine, at our discomfort. At this seldom-visited village I gathered several fine parrots which I brought back with me.

At Pearl Lagoon we had several feasts of the fine-flavored meat of the wari (wild boar), iguano meat, which was white and much like that of chicken; dishes of delicious iguano eggs, fish, and any number of strange fruits. As the trip from Pearl Lagoon to the regular boat station was long and trying, Mrs. Broenniman and Mr. Bratigan decided to go in the launch with the luggage while Edgar and I were to go by

horsesback across country with an Indian boy for guide.

The following experience is significant in that it was being seen by a medium, Mrs. Gabriel, in New York, in a vision during a Saturday night seance at the home of Mrs. Harry Bamberger. The Bamberger circle is one of which I am a member and is composed of a group of people whom I love very dearly. I shall speak of this interesting circle later. To make Mrs. Gabriel's vision clear I must first relate my experience as it really happened to me.

Early in the morning an Indian boy led two horses out of a corral for Edgar and me to choose from. One horse, which was brown, carried a fine Spanish saddle, the other, which was white, was rigged up with one of the native wooden saddles, which contraption could be very uncomfortable to any but the most hardened rider. We tossed a coin for the better saddle and it fell to Edgar.

"Well, I am in for it now," I thought as I mounted the animal. Edgar's horse, which appeared to be very lively, dashed far ahead and Edgar called back to me banteringly to hurry along. The Indian boy now rode up beside me and said with a mischievous twinkle in his dark eyes, "You like horse run fast?" "Sure!" I answered.

The boy thereupon slapped the horse on the flank with the palm of his hand and said some strange word in his native tongue. Whatever that word might have been, it certainly had a most magic effect upon the white horse. He pricked up his ears and darted forward so unexpectedly that I was nearly thrown from the saddle.

There was nothing slow about this white horse. We caught up to Edgar and my nag shoved up against the brown horse, pushing him from the trail. I began now to feel like an Indian again as I had felt in the canoe on the night of the shipwreck. I pressed my knees against the horse's sides and whooped as we sped onward out of Edgar's sight. My broad hat was lost in the mad rush. We passed through several native villages where the people ran out to see us galloping by. Soon we were out on the broad savannahs, great stretches of plains dotted here and there by clumps of various stunted palms and fringed on the sides by the dense walls of the forest. The effect of the magic word still carried force, for my horse seemed possessed by the spirit of speed. The Indian boy had told me to follow the trail, and as there seemed to be only one I sped ahead gloriously and without worry. The sky was of a dazzling blue, birds sang and skimmed over the tall grass, and the air was filled with sunlight and fragrance.

Suddenly my horse stopped dead in his tracks and stood trembling in every limb and sniffing the air with an air of suspicious terror. I jumped to the ground and stroked him on the nose and spoke in quieting tones which had a calming effect for the poor beast stopped shaking. I looked about in the sandy trail thinking a snake might have been the cause of this fright. But there was no disturbing element to be seen. Later, Mr. Bratigan said the animal had smelled leopards. After leading the horse along a short distance I remounted him and we were soon merrily speeding once more on our way.

According to schedule we were supposed to arrive later than the launch carrying Mrs. Broenniman, but I drew up at the boat landing long before. I dismounted and felt none the worse for my wild ride. So I sat conversing with several Indians who were clustered about the landing. I found that they all believed in spirits and in communications with them and that several of them were very clairvoyant.

Sometime after the arrival of Mrs. Broenniman's launch, Edgar arrived on the brown horse and was so tired and sore that it was with difficulty that he dismounted. He could not understand why I, who had had that fearful wooden saddle, should feel no discomfort whatsoever. This puzzled him all the way to Bluefields.

That night at Bluefields poor Edgar suffered terribly and showed me two large saddle sores on his legs, but on me there was not a mark. White Cloud spoke through me and explained that he had taken care of his "medie." I believe this did more than anything else to convince Edgar in the belief that one could be helped by spirits.

Our mission in Nicaragua was now finished. We had investigated the estates, we had found the grave of Claude Wright, and in everything the spirit of White Cloud had been correct. It was with a real sadness of heart that I sailed away from this romantic and delightful land.

Upon my return to New York I resumed the seances held every Saturday night at Mrs. Bamberger's home. Here Mrs. Gabriel related to me her vision. "I saw," she said, "a white horse being led out of a corral.

But on it was seated White Cloud! Then you mounted the horse and sat on White Cloud's lap. White Cloud smiled and away you started. I know this sounds funny," Mrs. Gabriel concluded, "but that was my vision. Can you understand it?"

"Understand it?" I laughed. I thought of Edgar's sore legs and the Spanish saddle and of my own unbroken skin on the wooden affair, and I thought thankfully of White Cloud. "Yes, I think I understand your vision pretty well," I said.



**T**HE Bamberger circle held for years at the New York home of Mrs. Bamberger we call the Saturday Nighters. The circle is composed of a group of people whose chief interest is the study of the various phases of higher spiritualism and of the philosophy of theosophy and, in fact, all the branches of the Wisdom Religion.

The group consists of Mrs. Bamberger, a beautiful and generous woman; Mrs. Leopold, her mother; Marian Hauver, of whom I have spoken before; the two Joys, dear old Irish ladies well-versed in the folklore of Ireland; Dr. and Mrs. Jerwan; Ernst Strauss; Natacha Rambova, the writer of "Rudy," his life and revelations; Albert Mullady, assistant editor of *Aviation*, who is our splendid stenographer and scribe; Mr. S. Epstein, familiarly known to us as "Israfil"; and last, but in no way least, the three mediums, Mrs. Alpha Gabriel, a test-medium and inspirational speaker known to many spiritualistic churches throughout the East; Miriam Epstein, the wife of Israfil, an unusual and extraordinary trance automatic writer; and myself.

I have never seen a medium just like Miriam. Her phases of manifestation require certain peculiar conditions. She requires a very dim light in order to be able to fall into the trance sleep. Her husband sits on

one side of her high-backed chair and Mrs. Bamberger on the other. Gently they stroke her arms. This caressing motion seems to quiet her nerves and to induce the trance. I have never seen it necessary to treat any other medium in this manner, most of them not liking to be touched, but as Miriam is unusually susceptible to disturbances around her this may account for the requirement.

When she does fall into the trance it is generally with sudden and violent jerkings of the body, and half-muttered words, spasmodic movements of her arms and, like most mediums, with more or less expulsion of gas through the mouth. After she is asleep her hand, either her right or left, seizes a pencil and writes over large sheets of paper with lightning-like rapidity. Sometimes she writes backwards or upside down, and often while the written messages are in progress her various controls keep up a running conversation with the sitters. Her guides are several, but chief among them is "Freda," who has given the circle some wonderful tests and guidance.

When the circle is heavy or phlegmatic, Miriam is sometimes controlled by certain Indian spirits who call themselves the "Fun-makers." These controls shout and sing and laugh and make fantastic grimaces, causing the sitters to laugh and thus to loosen up the tension so that more serious results may follow.

Miriam, in her everyday life, is a most interesting personality. Filled with a boundless nervous energy, supersensitive to a high degree, she possesses all the temperamental requisites of the true medium. Her vivacious humor is inexhaustible and sometimes there

is an elfin mischievousness in her moods which upsets the dignity of those around her. She comes from Nimes in the sunny south of France, and sparkling in her blood is all the vivaciousness of the people from that region. Kind-hearted and generous, nothing is too much trouble for her to do when it amounts to helping some one, and furthermore, she influences those around her to do the same. She has an exceedingly strong will and the fact that she is a medium has in no way caused her character to become negative. Like most mediums she resents being crossed in any purpose that has been revealed clearly to her. Miriam is a good fighter for her cause.



**E**ARLY in May, 1926, with Natacha Rambova and her aunt, Mrs. Teresa Werner, I sailed for Europe. We went on the *Homeric*, Natacha taking five Pekinese dogs, and I, a monkey! What we lost in dignity by the accompaniment of this menagerie we made up in amusement. The dogs became seasick and the monkey enjoyed himself by jumping in and out of the porthole.

This was my first trip to Europe and, in looking forward to wonderful experiences psychically in a world old, but new to me, I was not disappointed. During the crossing I saw many huge water elementals which I had not seen in other waters, and many of the familiar air-beings. One rainy day a great ungainly octopus-like elemental washed up on deck with a wave and remained there for some time. It was much larger than a real octopus and its tentacles were much thicker and shorter.

In Paris we were met by Mrs. Hudnut and Mrs. Wheaton, and we all repaired at once to the Hotel Majestic on the Avenue Kleber. On board ship every day I had given a seance in Natacha's and Mrs. Werner's sitting-room, and now in Paris I continued them.

Paris! What a place for one endowed with psychic gifts. Here where every building, every paving stone

radiates the real history of past ages there is a treasure trove for the psychic.

Now began a glorious round of picture galleries, museums, and historical places. One Sunday afternoon when all Paris was gray and somber with falling rain, Aunt Tessy (Mrs. Werner) and I were browsing about in the Louvre. We were in the old Salle d'Appolon looking at the ancient jeweled objects in glass cases.

Suddenly I became very clairvoyant. The whole room changed. I no longer saw the Sunday crowd jostling in and out. Instead, people of a bygone period emerged from the shadows and lived again in that eerie world that so strangely dovetails with our own. I saw groups of men and women sitting in the deep window embrasures. I saw liveried servants enter bearing trays of refreshments, and one came into the room with a number of slim grayhounds on leashes.

I heard the tinkling sound of a musical instrument which sounded like a harpsichord, and of a woman singing with a sweet, clear voice. A little later I heard the music played of a gavotte, and saw people gracefully dancing.

Aunt Tessy had walked on and was awaiting me at the door. I now went up to her and told her what I had seen and heard. I told her I had heard the music only when I stood upon a certain board in the floor. Aunt Tessy now went and stood upon the same board. I shall never forget the look of intense surprise that passed over her face.

"Why, I can hear it, too, as plainly as ever I heard anything in all my life!" she exclaimed. This did not surprise me. Often people who are in my company for

some time are able to borrow in some mysterious manner of absorption something of my mediumistic powers. But this borrowed faculty does not usually last long.

Now began a period rich in psychic experiences with earth-bound souls, and with memory-pictures glimpsed in the astral light of old palaces and châteaux at Versailles, Fontainebleau, the lovely district of the Loire, and in the south of France at places around Nice—Antibes, Juan les Pins, Isle de Saint-Honorat, Cagne-sur-mer, Villefranche, La Turbie, high on the mountains above Monte Carlo, and even in the Casino itself—and at Nimes, Arles, Avignon, Orange, Lyons, Marseilles, and at the most fascinating ruins of an ancient Court of Love called Les Baux.

As these experiences were numerous, there would not be space enough in the present volume to relate them in detail, so I must relegate them to another book.

What a delight to wander through old castle rooms rich in secret stairways, passages, and trapdoors, where had been carried on the plots and schemes, the triumphs and murders, the lives and deaths of people of a long-past age. I would describe the earth-bound spirits—earth-bound because of their frightful crimes and untimely deaths which proved to be weighty thought-anchors to them—and I would relate in detail the still living memory-pictures of scenes long since enacted, while Miss Rambova made notes of them.

Later we would hold seances and H.P.B. would speak through me explaining and interpreting these glimpses into a world much nearer than most of us imagine, a world of chained “undead.”

At the lovely Château Juan les Pins, the Riviera home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hudnut, we spent the summer and early autumn. Here much excellent psychic work was accomplished. Mr. Hudnut, who was a confirmed skeptic and almost an atheist, became firmly convinced of the truths of the communion of souls and the continuance of life throughout eternity. He became the president of a group founded by H.P.B. which she called the "Legion de Service Spirituelle." Mrs. Cora Brown Potter (the mother of Fifi Stillman and actress-favorite of King Edward VII of England), was the vice-president. Many wonderful seances were held both at the château and at the Villa des Marguerites, the home of Mrs. Brown Potter at Monaco.

During these days I did much automatic writing and some very interesting psychic paintings, and in addition gave many seances to prominent people on the Riviera.

Many people have told me they have found the vibrations of the Riviera very trying, because of the selfishness and worldliness of the wealthy sojourners of this World's Playground. But I did not find this to be entirely so.

All of the wealthy, thank God, are not steeped in selfishness, and all of the inhabitants of the Cote d'Or are not wealthy. I found in this earthly paradise three distinct vibrations. One, as my informants had said, of the idle, gambling, ultra-social sets; and another of the simple, faith-keeping peasant-folk; and last and best, that of the open-minded, cultured, sincere and seeking people, to whom riches mean no more than the happy means of relieving the sufferings of

those less fortunate than themselves. To this earnest, helpful class belonged the Hudnuts and certain of their friends, and it was in the facilitating rays of such an atmosphere that my best work was done.

One of Mrs. Hudnut's dearest friends now joined the group, Blanche Wheaton, one of the finest and most generous women I know, and a medium herself with a remarkable gift for automatic writing. Blanche Wheaton gave many prophecies which were later fulfilled, all of them clear and distinct, but of too personal a nature to relate here, and many peculiar tests regarding the location of certain antique art objects which were being sought. Her messages would tell the street numbers of unheard-of little shops hidden away in outlandish streets that no one seemed ever to have heard of, in Paris, and in other cities. Yet when hunted up, these streets and numbers were usually correct, and when so, their shops always contained the objects sought, and those treasures were usually of great value. Some marvelous old ivory carvings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were found in this way for the rare collection of Miss Rambova. And once in Taormina in Sicily a fine old Buddha and an unusually splendid Byzantine Madonna were thus found.

The Hudnut château is filled with treasures; old Gobelin tapestries, collections of jades and ambers, and lovely old furniture upholstered in Saint Cyr needlepoint in mellowed colors, and there are enormous Savonnerie rugs of great beauty of color and design. All of these things hallowed by the breath of time

give forth a vibrational quality that makes for an unusually psychic atmosphere.

I gave many exceptional seances in the lovely room dedicated to our beloved H.P.B. Over the old Italian mantel in this room hangs a portrait of H.P.B. done by Paul Ivanovitch, the Court-painter to Rumania and Serbia. The eyes of this picture follow one about with a mysterious persistency as if seeking to pierce one's very soul with the light of understanding. On many a night we have sat there in our circle room while that strange three-day wind, the Mistral, howled down the chimneys, and the roar of the Mediterranean swept up through the Court of Palms.

While on a visit to Paris during the summer I first met Loie Fuller. We drove to her house and walled-in garden in Neuilly. As I looked out of the taxi window I saw three roughly dressed men climbing over the wall. I called Mrs. Hudnut's attention to the fact but she could see no one. To my surprise these figures which had seemed so real a moment before now disappeared into thin air before my eyes, and I realized that what I had seen had been but a clairvoyant vision of something that had happened or was going to happen. "I hope Loie Fuller is not going to have a robbery," I remarked.

We found that Loie was away at the Court of Rumania, but Gab, her secretary and manager, said she would be back the following Monday and arranged for us to go to dinner on that evening.

When we arrived on the evening appointed we found many important people being ushered in and out of the house and we were shown into a large drawing-

room where the chairs were arranged in a circle. Loie did not like to sit and talk to people unless the chairs were drawn in a circle.

After a while, during which time we inspected the largest collection of models of the hands of famous personages and with which Loie hoped to found a museum of hands, the dancer entered. She was short and heavy, but with wonderfully quick bright eyes and she looked a good deal like H.P.B. At first she paid no attention to me but rushed up and hugged and kissed Mrs. Hudnut and Natacha.

After some conversation with them she suddenly turned and gave me a piercing look. "Well, young man, what are you doing in my house?" she asked. Natacha now hurriedly introduced me, stating that I was the one of whom she had spoken on a previous visit.

"Hmm, is that so," said Loie, looking me over from head to toe, "Hmm, you don't say so. So that's who he is. Well, young man, do you like me?"

Rather taken by surprise I hastened to reply, "Why certainly, I like you very much, Miss Fuller."

"Miss Fuller—listen to that will you—young man, don't you know the whole world calls me 'Loie'? Hmm?"

"All right," I replied hurriedly, "I'm sure I like you very much, Loie." I really meant this, especially since I saw the form of H.P.B. overshadowing her interestedly.

Loie Fuller now rushed over and embraced me affectionately. "There," she laughed, "he likes me and he's a perfect darling. So you're a medium, eh?"

She went over to the door and opening it shouted at the top of her voice—"Gab—oh, Gab!" The lady in question now came into the room. "That's the one," cried Loie pointing at me. "That's the medium. Take a good look at him now. You can tell by his eyes he's a psychic. They all look like that—always looking off at nothing. Well, George, if you really are a medium sit down and tell me something. What's the good of your being a medium if you can't tell me something? Eh?"

At first I was nonplused. Then I thought of what I had seen on my first visit—the men climbing over the wall—and I related the incident.

"Hear that?" said Loie. "Isn't that wonderful? And to think he could see that! Well, I never! And it's all true too, wait till you see. Gab, go and bring in my big new darling. Wait till you see him, Mrs. Hudson."

In a moment Gab came in followed by a big, bearded gendarme. Loie threw her arms around him and said explanatorily: "Here he is! Now, just as that medium said, I had a robbery. Think of it, Loie Fuller, having a robbery. So to protect me in future the President of France has sent me this darling to guard my house. And God knows how much he can eat!"

On the way down to dinner which was served outside in the garden Gab remarked that we were having pheasants. "Oh, my God, pheasants," screamed Loie, "then I'll have to wash my hands—when you pick bones, you know, you have to wash your hands."

I grew to love this frank, original, remarkable woman. And I soon discovered that she herself was

very psychic and had more of an understanding of the subject than she led most people to believe. Her parents had been spiritualists. Her great idea was to do good and to bring peace to the world. She believed that possessions were universal and she often drew criticism upon herself by extracting money from wealthy friends to relay it on to less fortunate but more needy beings. She used to say about the belief in a hereafter: "Well, if there is one I'll know it when I get there, and if there isn't one I'll never know it, so it doesn't matter!"

On the morning of August 16th, 1926, Natacha received a cablegram from Mr. Ullman, the manager of Rudolph Valentino. The message was sent at the request of Rudy himself, and told of his illness and operation. None of us thought this to be very serious, as we knew Rudy to possess splendid strength.

But during our usual Wednesday night circle messages "came through" which struck in our hearts a note of foreboding. Rudy himself spoke through me calling for "Auntie" (Mrs. Werner) and muttered incoherently. He seemed to think we were all back in New York, and said: "Natacha, I knew you would come." The spirit, "Jenny," now spoke saying that Rudy had seen and called out to her as he was being taken from his hotel in the ambulance.

That Rudy, lying ill and unconscious in New York, should be communicating with us in France at the same time is not mystifying to those who have had experience in psychic matters. In his extreme illness his first thoughts had been naturally of his wife and of Aunt Tessy whom he regarded as a mother. His

spirit, leaving temporarily the ill and weakened body, had rushed forth to the loved ones who were the focus-point of his thoughts and yearning.

On Friday morning Natacha received another cable from Ullman stating that Rudy was better and on the road to complete recovery. That night we had a special seance in which, in spite of the reassuring news, the prophecy of Rudy's death was given.

Rudy was extremely psychic in temperament and was a really very good medium himself. He used to have automatic writing seances with Natacha, Aunt Tessy, and Mrs. Hudnut, during which many excellent test-messages were given. It was this very fact of his having been a medium which enabled him to return through me so soon after his passing and to become the mouthpiece for higher spirits to give to the world messages that would arouse thought and understanding of the life to come.

On that particular Friday night his guides, Black Feather, an Indian, and Mesolope, an Egyptian, spoke through me to Natacha, giving her an outline of Rudy's character-traits, and of what spiritual thought and insight he had been able to acquire during his earth-life. Mesolope spoke with great compassion, saying that the term of Rudy's earth-life was over, and that within a very few days he would pass into the life of the spirit. When I awoke from the trance state every one was in tears and I felt depressed myself.

The next morning Natacha cabled to Ullman inquiring about Rudy's condition, but there was no reply. There was nothing more to be said. The answer had already been given.

On Monday morning Natacha told me that when she awoke her room had been filled with the perfume of tuberose. We felt then that Rudy had indeed passed on.

Tuesday morning came cables verifying the seance prophecy. Dear Rudy, beloved of millions, had ended his present earth-incarnation and had passed into that great Future which is so inexplicably always the Now.

Natacha was prostrated by the news. Those who fancy this much misunderstood child to be cold and indifferent should have seen her as I saw her then. Her genuine grief proved her great love for Rudy, and her remorse at their misunderstandings and mistakes was heart-breaking to see. I am convinced, from my closeness to the true facts surrounding these romantic figures, and regardless of what others may say, that Rudy was and ever will be the one real love of Natacha Rambova's earth-life.

I was happy that these two children of the lime-light had been reconciled by their exchange of cables before death had stepped in. It made the final separation easier, and Rudy made the Great Change with Natacha's last cable under his pillow.

Miss Rambova shortly received a letter from her sister in New York saying Mr. and Mrs. Ullman had told her that as Rudy was being taken from his hotel in the ambulance he had seen and cried out to the spirit, "Jenny."

We all felt grateful that the guide Mesopope had forewarned us and thus prepared us for the shock which always comes with death.

The third day after his passing Rudy was brought

to us by the spirit of his mother, Gabriella. Rudy was at first much upset over his sudden departure from earth when he had been in the midst of all sorts of plans for new work. In his naïve egotism he wondered how the theatrical world could exist without him.

H.P.B. explained in her wonderful way that the reason for this attitude of mind was because of the excitement and grief of the entire world centered upon his passing. In time, she said, this would pass, and he would find himself.

Little by little we found this to be true. At every seance Rudy came describing to us the wonders and revelations of his new existence. He was like an enthusiastic boy reborn, and filled to overflowing with the wonder of it.

One evening, soon after the last rites had been performed at Hollywood, we were all sitting in the round glassed veranda overlooking the sea, watching a glorious sunset like a bright glimpse of some celestial plane fading behind the Esterels, when H.P.B. suddenly appeared to me and said: "Tell Natacha to write the story of her life with Rudy, and as an additional part to it Rudy will contribute his revelations. Tell her to begin at once and not delay, as it will be a work that will accomplish much good."

I relayed this peremptory message to Natacha, but she at first was inclined to reject the idea entirely. In her grief it seemed impossible to be expected to sit down and review all the details of their meeting, marriage, experiences together and lastly, their unhappy divorce. But after some time had elapsed, be-

cause of the good H.P.B. had said would be done by this work, Natacha began the task of recording her memoirs. The "Revelations" of Rudy began to pour through me and were of intense interest to us. Mrs. Hudnut contributed her share of memory-pictures and soon we were all exceedingly busy.

In November, in the midst of all this, Natacha and I returned to America. On the train to Paris we met the lively and interesting Count de Salm, and his company helped to break the monotony of the trip.

In Paris we had several days of revisiting old haunts, the Louvre, the old Cluny house, and also Loie Fuller's house. Loie was in a state of energetic preparation for the journey to America of the Queen of Rumania, and could speak to us of nothing else.

Our last afternoon in Paris we spent strolling through the Tuileries Gardens. The muffled roar of the city swept skyward, and yellow leaves from the old trees fell silently earthward. It was that indescribable and never-to-be-forgotten hour of mauve twilight which steals like a magic breath over the chimney-pots of Paris.

Oh, Paris! In this beautiful and hallowed hour all your ancient memories come to life and are reflected to the psychic's gaze, as clearly as the towers of Notre Dame throw their beauty into the swiftly flowing Seine.

With a deep regret we tore ourselves away from this intense beauty, and sought to stifle the pangs of departure by dining at L'Escargo d'Or and other interesting old cafés. Our last night we spent at the Opera, and the next day found us journeying to Cher-

bourg where we embarked once more on the *Homeric* New Yorkward bound.

During the voyage across, and in spite of the rough seas and seasickness, Natacha worked on the book, and we had daily seances in which Rudy rapidly gave his interesting messages.

We arrived in New York on Thanksgiving Day, and were met by a host of press men. Interviews on our interest in matters spiritual now appeared in all the dailies, and Natacha was besieged with demands for articles for various magazines and with invitations to lecture on the subject.

Miss Rambova's book, now completed, soon appeared by installments in the *Graphic* where it caused somewhat of a sensation. It was accompanied by sensational composite pictures which nearly broke our hearts but which we were powerless to stop. But judging from the quantities of letters we received daily, the purpose of the work was being fulfilled. There were some adverse criticisms, of course, but generally speaking, the "Revelations" were unusually well received. Sermons were preached upon them in many churches and editorials about these spirit messages appeared everywhere.

The book, under the title of "Rudy—An Intimate Portrait of Rudolph Valentino," by his wife, Natacha Rambova—was at last published in a fine and dignified edition by Hutchinson and Co., of Paternoster Row, London. According to a letter received from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the first edition was sold out in a very short time, and he had difficulty in keeping it in stock in his Psychic Bookshop.

A very busy winter now followed for me, but I

found time, however, to give a series of seances for the American Research Society again.

In May, 1927, I left again for Europe, visiting the Azores, Madeira, Sicily, and stopping at Naples where I visited Pompeii; then going on to Greece and Egypt. I had most interesting psychic experiences in all these fascinating places, but especially in Pompeii, Athens, and in the native sections of old Cairo.

We twice passed the active volcano of Stromboli, both times at night, and on both occasions the volcano was in eruption, throwing great flames high into the night sky. Like a mammoth cone it rises abruptly from the sea. I was enchanted by the glimpses through my powerful glasses of huge fire-elementals leaping and careening in the red glare of the flames.

On board ship I had given several seances, and now in nearly all these places I gave more to my friends and acquaintances. These experiences were like the pages of history turning over in a new light.

I shall never forget my first wondrous trip up the Nile from Alexandria to Cairo. It was as though the stories of the Bible had suddenly come to life. I could think only of the old hymn, "On the other side of Jordan in the green fields of Eden," as the train sped through fresh green fields where white-robed men and heavily veiled women were working at the crops, or turning the ancient waterwheels of irrigation, or trudging along the dusty roads with tall water-jars upon their stately heads, or riding on donkeys and camels.

Just as we neared Cairo I was fortunate enough to see a mirage like a great shimmering sea stretching across the sands of the hauntingly beautiful Sahara.

What a power of psychic force I felt as I gazed out into the fathomless mysteries that lay hidden behind the veil of the desert.

A great sadness fell upon me in Egypt, yet also a great joy. It seemed to me as though I had been long away from a beloved land and that I was at last coming home.

Many a spirit hovered near me as I stood reverently in old mosques, or on some high parapet overlooking the multitudinous roofs of Cairo. But everywhere was the vibration of tragedy—the poverty of the beggar, the cast-out widow, the sufferings of half-starved man and beast, and that seemingly greatest horror of all, that fatalistic indifference to tragedy itself which strikes a Westerner and especially a sensitive psychic as so appalling.

From Cleopatra's old town, Alexandria, I embarked for Marseilles, where I met Mrs. Hudnut and our friend, Mrs. Henry Weldon Hughes, and together we motored to the Riviera and to the beautiful Château Juan les Pins.

Here I took up my psychic work in good earnest and we again had many seances with excellent results. As the summer heat came on I began to feel ill and finally left on a delightful tour through all parts of Switzerland.

On ascending the Jungfrau I had a most exciting experience with dangerous elementals. It was late in August, and winding up through that most remarkable railroad tunnel in the inside of the mountain we emerged at the Jungfraujoeh, a snug hotel jutting out on the edge of the precipice high above the Aletch

glacier. Although it had been warm and sunny down in the valleys, up here above the clouds a blizzard was raging. I sat in the warm dining-room in a window-seat overhanging the glacier and watched the snow and sleet swirling in mad eddies around the rock ledges. Great black birds, looking like huge ravens, flew fitfully from rock to rock unmindful of the storm. I thought of Schubert's song, "The Raven," and its line, "From the day I left the town he has not departed." These birds are said never to depart from this cold high altitude.

Because of the storm I could get no guide to take me to the peak of the Jungfrau. But at last one came in, Fritz Steuri, one of the best guides in all Switzerland, who said he would undertake the job if I had the nerve to go with him. I at once agreed eagerly.

As soon as we were dressed for the occasion and armed with staves, hatchets, and ropes, we started out. We left the hotel by a little door in the roof which led out onto the rocky ledge. The instant we left the protection of the rocky wall the heavy wind nearly knocked me down. I repented of my ambition almost before we began, but there was no turning back.

After many difficult climbs, difficult because of the blinding sleet and the snow which obliterated the trail, and after many hair-raising walks along ridges about two feet wide with nothing but empty space on either side, we finally arrived at the summit. Now the storm suddenly abated and the sun shone forth. The scene was one of unspeakable beauty and grandeur. Fritz Steuri pointed out the various peaks, the Matterhorn, the Silberhorn, and many distant cities, and we could

even see in the far distance the location of the Black Forest.

As it was late afternoon the snow-clad peaks now glowed with rose and gold, while the bright emerald of the far-below slopes made a striking contrast. I felt a calm I had never known before. Here on the roof of the world, as it were, I felt the tribulations of man sink into petty insignificance, and I felt, in this rarefied atmosphere, strangely nearer to those peaceful realms of the spirit.

As we lay face downward on the dizzy ledge looking down, I began to pour forth the thought of the Christ Force with all my strength. Over the dim world far below, I mentally broadcasted in a frenzy of ecstasy, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward all men." My guide lay beside me, silent and contemplative, awed by the wondrous beauty of valley, crag, and tumbling clouds.

After about five minutes of this concentration I saw the huge forms of many malign-looking elementals emerging from the cloud-banks clustered about the nearby peaks, and coming rapidly toward us menacingly. They seemed to resent our intrusion of their mighty strongholds and appeared determined to attack and destroy us.

For one ludicrous moment a picture flashed incongruously through my mind—the picture of a Chinese hero with drawn sword, battling with a host of demons. But I was no Chinese hero, nor had I any sword, but after a sickening moment of dizzy fear I realized that my best weapon against these denizens of the astral was the very Christ Force I had been so prayerfully trying to send earthward.

So I rallied my wits and mentally formed around us the circle of the Christ Force of protection. H.P.B. had always taught me, when contacting dangerous astral entities, to do this.

The clouds now rushed angrily together and blotted out the views, snow and sleet began to fall with renewed vigor, and Fritz Steuri jumped to his feet saying that as night was coming on and the storm recommencing we had better start back at once as we had no time to lose.

The elementals, which in a rough way vaguely resembled gigantic men, swarmed closer and closer, laughing shrilly in the wind, and clutching at us with their long claw-like arms. Their continuous whirling filled me with a dizzy vertigo. I feel sure that it is these malign astral entities which are the cause of many an experienced mountain climber's sudden dizziness and fall to death. They resent any intrusion of their high domains. Of course, I could say nothing of all this to my guide, but I could see him now and again as we paused upon the brink of some difficult descent, furtively cross himself.

As we came to the last steep slope, the elementals crowded closer as if realizing their chance of destroying us was about lost. Just as this idea flashed into my mind I heard a loud cry from the guide who in our descent was behind me. Instinctively I drove my strong staff deep into the hard snow and threw myself back upon it. In the next instant the guide on a large block of loose snow shot past me and on toward the depths below. When he came to the end of the rope it nearly tore me from my clutch on the staff, and the pull

of the rope cut deeply into my side. With a last derisive peal of laughter the elementals swirled away leaving us weak from fright at the mishap but still triumphant.

I lay against my staff until the guide crept back to me. "In all my years of mountain climbing I have never had such a thing happen to me," said Fritz Steuri, when we were snugly seated once more in the warm dining room of the Jungfraujoeh.

From Switzerland by way of Ebnat-Kappel I journeyed by bus into that smallest of principalities, Liechtenstein, to visit some friends, Resi and Walter Nescher, and Adeline and Willie Nescher and their dear old aunt. Adeline, Willie, and their aunt, lived in a quaint little Swiss cottage by the Rhine, with towering mountains all around. Nowhere do the Alps look so beautiful as here.

We drove up to the old medieval castle perched high on the rocks where it is guarded by the three great peaks, "Die Drei Schwestern" (the three sisters). This lovely castle is one of the houses of the Prince of Liechtenstein, and is called Schloss Vaduz. We spent one whole unforgettable day in wandering through its lovely old rooms, rich in emblazoned tile stoves and fragrant with old pine walls, and I saw many psychic left-overs in the astral light.

But there is not space here to relate in detail the psychic experiences in all the old places of all the countries I visited, and so I am forced to collect them together in another volume as stated before.

We now went on an extremely interesting walking tour into Austria and the Tyrol. Through dark forests

where the foxes barked and where I saw many tree-elementals and by lonely waterfalls where I again saw the fairy-folk at work and play.

In Vienna I visited my friend Paul Ivanovitch, the Court painter to Serbia and Rumania. With him I visited many old galleries and palaces and castles among which were the Liechtenstein palace and the very charming Schloss Kreutzenstein.

Every night I went to the Opera where the "Ring" of Wagner was being given in a magnificent spirit. After the opera I used to stroll for hours about the streets of the obscurer quarters watching that interweaving of life in the spirit with life in the body. Sometimes I stopped for beer and cheese in some little café where peasants were dancing, beside the murky waters of the "Blue" Danube.

I spent hours in the glorious cathedral of St. Stephens watching thought-forms left by worshipping congregations. I also visited the little house of Franz Schubert, where I felt a poignantly sad note in those rooms filled with pieces of his furniture, his piano, and many of his manuscripts.

I felt in Vienna a vibration of gayety and vivacity not equalled anywhere else, and a carefreeness more pronounced than that of any other city, and of course I felt music everywhere. The great art centers here are most inspiring and I felt the vibration of inspirational work going on here keenly.

I was surprised at the large number of girls and women who approached men openly on the streets at night. I had been hailed by them so often that one night on the way home from the Opernhoff, a walk

of about ten blocks, I decided to keep count. On reaching my hotel I found I had been stopped no less than thirty-four times.

Leaving Austria I now traveled into Italy, spending some marvelous days in Venice, Milan, and Genoa. The spell of Italy's psychic qualities will never leave me. The beauties of the landscape, the languorous softness of the atmosphere, the peace of quiet old towns, and that easy carefree attitude of the people, all tends to relax the purely physical, and to free the spirit.

I spent many hours wandering about the waterways and bridges of Venice. I had been warned by certain friends of mine who possess a practical and prosaic turn of mind, that I would be disappointed in Venice, that I would be disillusioned by the stench of the polluted canals, and that the old palaces would appear shabby, and that nowhere outside of a Turner canvas would I find the color one is supposed to find in this Queen of the Adriatic. But my friends must have been sadly lacking in imagination. I found Venice to be a veritable fairy-land of line and color and motion, and never twice the same; a city of many moods. Each time-worn stone had something to say; each wall; each old balcony; and one had only to psychometrize these objects by placing a sympathetic hand against them to read their past.

I went into the Cathedral of San Marco during a violent thunderstorm. I sat in the semi-darkness of the enormous nave leaning against a giant pillar while the organ roared forth its majestic tones and the thunder reverberated through the ancient walls, and lightening glowed quiveringly through high windows that

seemed stained with the very blood of time. There was an impressive ceremony of some sort going on at the quite dimly lighted altar, and as I sat there drinking in the magic of this beauty I saw processions of astral-people in gorgeous robes mingling with the mortals and assisting in the service.

In Milan, the great cathedral did not offer so much psychically to me, proving rather cold in that respect, but what it lacked was made up for by my visit to that most sumptuous of churches, Certosa di Pavia. Here, wandering about in its riot of colors and gloriously inlaid altars, I saw many fascinating thought-forms which the faith and veneration of the people had left intact.

After a short sojourn in Genoa where I wandered for hours among the narrow crooked streets watching the women washing clothes in the old squares, and workingmen bathing stark naked, and perfectly unconcernedly, at public street fountains, and listening to a riot of quarreling voices, laughing voices, and singing voices, I finally returned home to the hospitable Château Juan les Pins.

At the château I again took up my seancing. Here, during the autumn I made two very dear and excellent friends, the young Marquis de Potestad, and his mother the Marquise. There was at once a strong psychic attachment among us three, and the Marquise said again and again to me, "Georges, you really should have been my own son."

The Marquis, familiarly known to us as "Dunham," is a very fine operatic singer, possessing a high baritone of great power and beauty. Having heard spirits sing

through me in trance, Dunham felt that I, myself, possessed a voice, and insisted upon giving me instruction in the art of singing. Under his expert tutelage my voice soon began to develop and expand, and we spent many delightful musical hours together. And the Marquise always an excellent critic, often played our accompaniments. We had many interesting days together while dear Paul Ivanovitch, the Serbian Court-painter, did my portrait, making a striking likeness and a wonderfully colorful picture.

The seances did much to bring a certain joy and happiness into the saddened life of the Marquise, who suffered cruelly from a cancer. She, herself, so near to the borderland of the after-life drew immense comfort from her communing with her relatives and friends who had already passed over. She began to make a serious study of that land to which her soul was already rapidly journeying. Extremely psychic herself, no one has ever plumbed with such accuracy as she, the failings, the hopes, the despairs, and the few triumphs of my soul. We had many conversations about these things spiritual, and I am everlastingly grateful to her for much sincere comfort and advice. Nina de Potestad was one of earth's rare souls.

A strange illness which had thrown hints of its arrival for the last five or six years now began to come to a climax. This sickness which crept on me from years of too many seances, brought on spasms of the nerves of the stomach and caused an over-production of acid which finally burned off the stomach lining and caused great pain and nausea.

The dear Hudnuts did all in their power to help

me, obtaining the services of the best doctors at the American Hospital in Neuilly. I had to remain in Paris for many weeks. At first I lived with Mr. and Mrs. Hudnut at the Hotel Saint Raphael, but when it was decided that an operation would accomplish nothing, the Hudnuts returned to the south, and I moved over to the interesting little Hotel de la Bourdannaïs near the Ecole Militaire on the Left Bank, and overlooking the lovely Champs de Mars. As my friend, Mrs. Henry Weldon Hughes lived here also, under her guidance I soon learned to know the real Paris—not the Paris of the visiting Americans—but the Paris of old; of the writers, the artists, and the musicians. We spent days when I was not needed for observation at the hospital wandering from Montparnasse to Monmartre; from Notre Dame to Saint Julien le Pauvre, from the Ile Saint Louis to the Bois de Boulogne. Oh, what never-to-be-forgotten days of delight!

For the time-being the medicine the physicians gave me seemed to exile my troubles. I even was able to give a number of seances. These were usually held in the hospitable apartment near the Tour Eiffel of Maude Hayes, the daughter-in-law of one of our former presidents of the United States. Mrs. Hayes, a firm believer and an experienced investigator into the occult, creates a most sympathetic atmosphere in which to work. In her home I sat for various members of the English colony, chiefly friends of Mrs. Hughes', and for members of the Russian nobility.

At last the doctors said I was well enough to travel, and I returned to Juan les Pins, preparatory to sailing

for America. The Hudnuts were sailing also, but they had planned on the quick crossing from Cherbourg on the *Leviathan*, while I had decided to take the southern route back as it is infinitely more interesting to me.

When I said good-by to dear Nina de Potestad I knew I should never see her again in earth-life until she was able to come to me as a spirit. So it was with a sad heart that I boarded the ship at Villefranche. We had extremely rough seas until reaching Naples, and I had the opportunity of seeing some huge storm-elementals that resembled gigantic figures of prehistoric men.

I gave several clairvoyant seances on board ship, one with very good results to my friend Mrs. Fischer of New Rochelle, and one to Mr. J. Fritiof Johnson of Boston. And during this voyage many people who found out that I was the American trance medium came and talked with serious interest on the subject of spiritualism and theosophy.

While at Naples this time I had time to make a leisurely trip again to Pompeii. Fortunately on this occasion there were very few tourists there, so I was enabled consequently to glimpse clairvoyantly many of the earthbound who still linger in their old surroundings.

I also went up sinister old Vesuvius, and late one stormy afternoon I descended with a guide into the steaming and sulphurous crater, down to the base of the great central cone which rises sheer, like some terrible and Titanic smoke stack of Hades. The nobility and weird grandeur of the scene was appalling in

its malignity. I did not sense a single vibration which was not one of destruction except that which came from the guide when he proffered a grimy hand to help me over some quaking fissure which hissed ominously before me.

Every few seconds there would come the unearthly sound as of thundrous bellows being worked below, and a rush of yellow clouds would burst from the summit of the cone shot with mighty flames of rose or gold and sometimes of a murky violet. A continuous rain fell from the heat striking the cold of this high altitude.

A new cone about four feet high and perhaps a yard in diameter had commenced not far from the base of the old one, and we climbed upon smoldering lava ridges to look down into it. The heat from it was intense, but in its magnificent rose-hued depths I saw some rather small fire-elementals gyrating.

Suddenly the mountain shook with a thunderous roar and a shower of hot ashes and stones belched from the cone. Fortunately, most of them fell away from us, but a few fell too near for mental-comfort. Seizing me by the arm the guide shouted in my ear that we had not a moment to lose, so we made as quick a get-away as hot lava and the steep sides of the crater would allow.

On reaching a point at the crater's edge of comparative safety we looked back. This spectacle of Satan's fireworks—every vivid flash of color imaginable playing against a smoke-curtain of jet—was the finest and yet the most awe-inspiring that I ever expect to behold. Orders now came from the observation station

that all visitors must descend. It was with deep regret that I tore myself away from this fascinating living deva-force of destruction which men call Vesuvius.

From Naples I went to lovely Portugal. In the old cathedral of St. Geronimo in Lisbon I saw many spirits hovering before the altars and old pictures, and also in the cloisters.

I arrived in New York on May the first, and the Hudnuts arrived on the *Leviathan* the same day. We had all had a stormy passage and both our ships had felt the effect of the tidal wave which swept the Atlantic that spring. Being farther north the *Leviathan* felt it far more than did we.

Soon I was busy with seances again, and was just about to give a series for the American Research Society when the illness which had seemed cured suddenly attacked me with renewed vigor and for several days I lay at death's door. But my time was not yet come.

Dr. Samuel Jerwan, the chiropractor of whom I have spoken before, saved my life.

Mrs. Hudnut had arranged for one of the finest surgeons in New York to operate. My fever increased, and moreover Dr. Jerwan himself began to have grave misgivings, as I lay for hours unconscious. Finally, when it looked as though I were going to die at any rate, Dr. Jerwan thought perhaps I had better be taken to the hospital where I would at least die under the care of a recognized surgeon.

It is no crime for death to occur under the hands of physicians or surgeons, but it is a crime for a patient

to have the bad taste to shake off this mortal coil under the hands of a chiropractor!

Dr. Jerwan went to the phone and had just taken down the receiver when suddenly the loud voice of H.P.B. began to speak through my organism. "Put up that receiver, you fool," she commanded, "do you wish to have my instrument here murdered? Come back and get to work on him. This is the crisis and the fever will soon go down. He will live to do our work for many years."

Dr. Jerwan was so startled at this turn of events that for a few moments he stood dumfounded. But he hung up the receiver and came back to work on me. In about fifteen minutes my temperature suddenly dropped to below normal, and there it remained to his astonishment for many days. But from that fateful moment I began to recover. I was put on a fast for five days and after that on a very strict diet. But from that day to this I have never touched a drop of the physicians' prescriptions.



**D**URING this illness I left my body from time to time and experienced a totally different life in totally different places. But this particular going-out from the body in no way differed from my previous spirit-journeyings which have occurred more or less all my life.

Not only at night, during sleep, have I had such occurrences, but often during the day-time while lying down, or while in trance, or even while some other spirit entered my body, going right on with painting or writing, or other pursuits. At such times my friends have often remarked on the strange mood they seemed to find me in, not understanding that they were speaking to some other personality and not to me at all.

Of course I realize this fact is very difficult for any one to understand, let alone to believe.

It is only of late years that I have been able to remember my outside-the-body experiences with any degree of clearness. But my memory-retention in such matters has developed considerably as the experiences increased.

I have never been able to leave my body at will, but when conditions are right for it the experiences seem to take place, as it were, automatically. Because of this I have never been, in the usual sense of the

word, a medium. I, myself, have never been controlled by any spirit, for when my body has been used by such, I have been out and far away.

For some years under such circumstances as described above I have been going astrally to a place which seems like a monastery or lamasary in Tibet. The long stone building is built on the edge of high cliffs, and each story is set back from the other in a sort of terrace fashion. I am always met on one of the terraces by a man who, strangely enough, while looking to be old, radiates a spirit of youth. He is tall and thin and Mongolian in cast of features, with a long thin drooping mustache and a long thin Chinese goatee.

He never speaks but simply receives me and leads me within the building. I usually go to a long vaulted stone chamber where many white-robed students sit on the floor on mats and study from books or listen to lectures. I never have been able to remember any face among these students so I am not sure if any of us know one another. I, too, am always white-robed, but I have no recollection of how or where I became thus garbed.

The lecturers, men or women, are sometimes in the same vibration as ourselves and stand before us on a sort of dais. But when the teacher is in a higher vibration than we he appears in a blaze of light above the dais. These lectures are given us without a single word being spoken, by direct thought transference. And we seem to have no difficulty in receiving and understanding them.

There are times when I am led into other chambers

where I paint, or model, or compose music for voice and piano, and even for instruments which I have never seen in the earth-plane, some of these being harp-like, and others like long flutes, and trumpets. And I have seen musicians here creating wondrous music without any instruments at all.

Often I sing before large audiences, in what seems like a kind of theater, where I take part in great musical dramas. To find myself acting some stately rôle and to hear my voice soaring out over a great orchestra stirs my soul to its profoundest depths.

On a number of occasions I have been taken through what I call the Halls of Invention. I believe that the things I see in this place are inventions which will be given some day to the inspired minds of earth-plane inventors. In one hall there were small airplanes shaped like cigars, having very short, broad wings. A door opening on one side allows the pilot to climb inside and to lie face downward with his hands on the steering rod. The steering rod is connected to some sort of a battery by a little lever which, when pushed to one side, turned on the power. After that, as long as the hands were kept on the rod the machine was guided entirely by thought-force.

After the explanations had been given me, the details of which I cannot remember, I crawled in beside an experienced pilot and made a flight. We took off from one of the terraces and sailed out across the wide valleys. To me, at first, it seemed like a small boat in a choppy sea, for it would veer about suddenly as it struck strong air currents, and sometimes it would turn straight up and begin to climb.

But after I once got the knack of thinking calmly and evenly it flew very easily and remarkably fast. Its size made it possible to get in and out of comparatively small spaces between the rocky peaks, and at times we skimmed very low across productive meadows rising only to pass over patches of forest or habitations.

But, with all these experiences, my memory has retained only the wonder of it all and not the practical details. I feel this must be meant to be so, as it is probably not yet the time for any one to give them to the earth-world.

Also I have been several times through other halls of this great building where workers were making a sort of solidified fire. There were great vats where the fiery liquid was being poured off into molds where it condensed. This concentrated heat when finished appeared in the form of various-sized cubes, some as large as cakes of ice. In fact, it looked like ice, transparent, but with a pale golden glow. It was at a white heat and could not be touched.

In one department there were made receptacles to hold these cakes of solidified heat. These containers were very artistic, chiefly in what appeared to be Chinese designs, and seemed intended to be placed in the rooms of homes. They were heat-proof, and only when their covers were opened would the heat throw out its glow.

In one experimental chamber I was surprised to see a row of modern furnaces in which individuals were placing blocks of heat. It seemed that one of these blocks about the size of a good-sized cake of ice would

## A CURIOUS LIFE

easily run a whole furnace for a very long period of time, and a few blocks would run an entire factory.

And there were rooms which had a pale gold band painted as a border on the walls and which illuminated them with a clear even glow of amber light. Whether or not this could be shut off when desired I do not know. I feel that I am not permitted to remember too much of what occurs during these astral visitations.

**A**FTER I had recovered from my severe illness sufficiently to be upon my feet again, against the advice of Dr. Jerwan and even against the warnings of the guides of Mrs. Epstein, I left for California with Mrs. Hudnut. H.P.B. said it was perfectly safe for me to travel and that there was important work for me to do on the coast. That was enough for me. I never follow any spiritual guidance from other mediums unless it agrees with that given by my own guides. What is the use of having guides if one cannot follow them? I have always had excellent protection from my own forces.

The tour of the coast was a splendid success. My health improved steadily and I gave many seances in Los Angeles and San Francisco. In Los Angeles I met again the remarkable trance lecturer and message-bearer, of whom I have spoken before, Marion Carpenter Vail. I gave several seances, in her beautiful home on Wellington Road, for prominent people, among the sitters being Dr. Austin, the well-known editor of *Reason*.

In Los Angeles we stayed at the home of Mrs. Teresa Kimbal Werner, and it was a real treat to be once more with dear Aunt Tessy who knows so well how to bring out all that is good and best in people. And

here I saw once more my friends of former days and of whom I have told elsewhere, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Trainor.

In San Francisco, where Mrs. Hudnut is so well known, her arrival caused a sensation, and she was besieged with reporters and had to give many interviews regarding her views on spiritualism and theosophy. My work in this lovely city was excellent.

From San Francisco we journeyed to Salt Lake City, the childhood home of Mrs. Hudnut, and where a warm welcome awaited us. Mrs. Hudnut comes from one of the first Mormon families. Her grandfather, Heber C. Kimbal was, with Brigham Young, one of the first twelve Apostles, and helped much in the founding of Salt Lake City. He was a very psychic and prophetic man, and he was also a healer.

The winter of 1848-9 was a very severe one for the Mormons and the outlook for the future very dark. But Heber C. Kimbal prophesied "that within three years 'States Goods' would be sold cheaper in Salt Lake City than in New York." His wonderful prophecy was amply fulfilled when the daring gold-hunters from all over the world made Salt Lake City their "half-way house," leaving their merchandise, provisions and implements with the Mormons in exchange for means of more quickly reaching their goal.

Here, on one never-to-be-forgotten day, the Tabernacle was closed to visitors for a while, and Edward P. Kimbal, the grandson of Heber C., gave us a private recital on the world-famed organ. As the noble tones of this great instrument swelled and reverberated about

us in the lofty Tabernacle, I became very clairvoyant and was aware of the presence of numerous spirits.

And no wonder! For there I sat with Aunt Tessy, Mrs. Hudnut, and others of their relatives, all of them the direct descendants of those brave and daring pioneers who suffered almost insurmountable difficulties for the sake of the religion which they felt to be right. It was a soul-stirring moment, and I had never dreamed of "seancing" in the Mormon Tabernacle of Salt Lake City. But after all, what place more suitable for the communion of souls?

A force far stronger than I began to control me, although I was not unconscious, and I began to whisper rapidly the messages of those returned spirits. The messages were of a personal and intimate nature, and came from Heber C. Kimbal himself, and from his friend Brigham Young, and from Joseph Smith, and Lucy Smith (Joseph's wife who later became the wife of H. C. Kimbal), and from Emma Smith; and from Aunt Margaret Judd Clauson, from William Kimbal (eldest son of Heber C.), and from Phoebe Judd Kimbal, the mother of Aunt Tessy and Mrs. Hudnut.

At last these spirits faded away and I saw the whole interior of the Tabernacle shimmering in a glorious blaze of golden light, in the midst of which appeared in the air above the organ, the figure of a young man in blue robes holding a long trumpet of gold. From my clairvoyant description of this radiant being my friends recognized the spirit as that of the Angel Maroni, the son of Mormon who, it is said, led his fainting people across the plains and deserts to ultimate safety by showing his presence to them

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from time to time, as a beacon light of faith and love.

And what more infallible guide can any of us have than divine love? Angels of Light ever surround us, leading our faltering footsteps along the path of the Christ, ever upward on the spiraling way of progress and evolution to the very doors of God.

**S**INCE the bulk of this curious life-history has been written my extraordinary grandmother has passed on. I am happy though, that she lived to have most of the incidents read aloud to her. Her interest in the work was lively, and she encouraged me in it up to the day of her passing. She had become entirely reconciled to my using of my spiritual gifts professionally and thanked God that good had come of it.

Records in possession of my family show that five years ago a prophecy from White Cloud gave the exact details of my grandmother's death, which are as follows:

On the tenth of March, 1929, when in her ninety-second year, Grandmother Haslett passed into the life beyond. As related to me by my aunts, for I was not present, the manner of her leaving the earth-world was wonderful and beautiful.

In the early afternoon she had asked to have her room darkened and to be left alone. Some hours later my aunts heard her exclaiming, "Light—light—light." The family gathered in her room and found her sitting up in bed.

"Look," she said, "the beautiful light—can't you see it filling my room?" But none else in that hour of death could see the nearing portal to another life.

Grandmother stretched forth both her arms—one of

which she had not been able to move for eleven years—and cried out joyously, “Oh, can’t you see them coming for me—mother—father—Ben?” (Her husband.)

In rapid succession she greeted children and other relatives who had passed on many years before. “Why can’t you see them?” she inquired of the family. “All my loved ones are here waiting. It is the happiest hour of my life. At last I am going to them.”

The light of eternal spirit flashed into her aged eyes as she recognized face after face. She seemed to forget the assembled and awe-struck family in her eagerness to greet and embrace old friends of her childhood, calling each one by name distinctly.

At last she turned with a look, half reluctant, half expectant, as though she felt she had been delaying the time, and said clearly, “Now the light is silver, and brighter—look—the angels—and Jesus.”

Sinking back upon the pillows the old and worn-out body fell away from the shining spirit which stood reborn among a host of welcoming loved ones.

“She has left us,” mourns the family.

“She is dead,” says the material world.

“She lives on, and may we all be as blessed as she in our passing,” say I.

THE END







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